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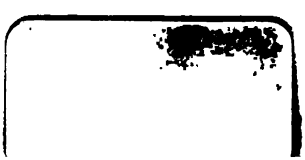

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

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FOR

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CONTENTS OF No. 287.

Page

ART. I.—1. Three Essays on Religion. Nature, The Utility of Religion, and Theism. By John Stuart Mill. 8vo. London: 1874.

2. Address delivered before the British Association assembled at Belfast, with Additions. By John Tyndall, F.R.S., President. 8vo. London: 1874.

3. Law and God. By W. Page Roberts, M.A., Vicar of Eye, Suffolk. London: 1874.

4. Religion as affected by Modern Materialism: an Address. By James Martineau, LL.D. London: 1874, ... 1

II.—History of the Indian Administration of Lord Ellenborough, in his Correspondence with the Duke of Wellington. To which is prefixed, by permission of Her Majesty, Lord Ellenborough's Letters to the Queen during that period. Edited by Lord Colchester. London: 1874, ... 31

III.—1. Mémoire pour servir à l'histoire de la Sphéristique, ou la Paume des Anciens. Par M. Burette. Acad. Roy. des Inscrip. et Belles Lettres. 1736.

2. Das Ballspiel (σφαιριστική), die Gymnastik und Agonistik der Hellenen. Von Dr. Johann Heinrich Krause. Leipsig: 1841, ... 52

IV.—1. Saggio delle Opere di Leonardo da Vinci, con ventiquattro Tavole fotolitografiche di Scritture e Disegni, tratti del Codice Atlantico. Milano: 1872. Edizione di 300 Exemplari.

2. Michel Ange, Léonard de Vinci, Raphael. Par Charles Clément; avec une étude sur l'art en Italie, avant le XVIeme Siècle. Paris: 1861.

3. Leonardo da Vinci and his Works; consisting of A Life of Leonardo da Vinci, by Mrs. Charles W. Heaton; An Essay on his Scientific and Literary Works, by Charles Christopher Black, M.A.; and An Account of his most important Paintings. London: 1874, ... 89

Digitized by Google

Page

V.—1. Reports of the Royal Commission on the Employment of Children in Agriculture (1867). 1868–70.

2. Reports from Her Majesty's Representatives abroad on the Tenure of Land in Foreign Countries. 1869–71.

3. Reports on the Condition of the Industrial Classes in Foreign Countries. 1870–2.

4. The Agricultural Labourer. By T. E. Kebbel. 1870.

5. The English Peasantry. By F. G. Heath. 1874.

6. The Seven Ages of a Village Pauper. By G. C. T. Bartley. 1874, ... 126

VI.—Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents. A Memorial by his Son, Thomas Constable. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1873, ... 149

VII.—1. The Supreme Court of Judicature Act, 1873.

2. Rules of Court under the Supreme Court of Judicature Act, 1873, 36 and 37 Vict. c. 66.

3. Second Report of the Select Committee on Civil Services Expenditure. Printed by order of the House of Commons. June, 1873.

4. First and Second Reports of the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Administrative Departments of the Courts of Justice. Presented to both Houses of Parliament. 1874, ... 179

VIII.—1. The Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. By Dr. George Schweinfurth. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer, with an Introduction by Winwood Reade. In 2 vols. London: 1873.

2. Ismailïa. A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. By Sir Samuel W. Baker, Pacha, &c. In 2 vols. 1874, 209

IX.—A History of Greece. By George W. Cox, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford: Author of 'Mythology of the Aryan Nations,' &c. 2 vols. London: 1874, ... 242

X.—The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin. Volume the First. London: 1875, 272

Note on Article I.

Professor Dumas on Science and Religion . . . 299

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS OF No. 288.

Page

ART. I.—Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G. Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington, K.G. In continuation of the former series. 5 vols. 8vo. London: 1867–73, ... 301

II.—1. Physical Geography of India. By Henry F. Blandford, Esq., F.G.S. Calcutta: 1873.

2. Geological Papers on Western India. By Henry C. Carter, Esq., M.D. Printed for the Government of Bombay: 1857, ... 330

III.—Mémoires de Malouet, publiés par son petit-fils le Baron Malouet. Deuxième édition. Deux Tomes. 8vo. Paris: 1874, ... 363

IV.—1. History of the Modern Styles of Architecture. Second Edition. By James Fergusson, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.R.I.B.A. London: 1873.

2. A History of the Gothic Revival. By Charles L. Eastlake, F.R.I.B.A. London: 1872, . . . 386

V.—Macready's Reminiscences and Selections from his Diaries and Letters. Edited by Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., one of his Executors. In two volumes 8vo. London: 1875, ... 416

VI.—1. Papers and Correspondence relating to the Equipment and Fitting out of the Arctic Expedition of 1875, including Report of the Admiralty Arctic Committee. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 1875.

2. The Threshold of the Unknown Region. By Clements Markham, C.B., F.R.S., Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. 8vo. London: 1873.

3. A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia, and an Account of the Rescue of the Crew of the 'Polaris.' By Albert Hastings Markham, F.R.G.S., Commander, Royal Navy. 8vo. London: 1874.

4. The German Arctic Expedition of 1869–70, and Narrative of the Wreck of the 'Hansa' in the Ice. By Captain Koldewey, Commander of the Expedition,

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Page

assisted by members of the Scientific Staff. Translated and abridged by the Rev. L. Mercier, M.A. Oxon, and edited by H. W. Bates, F.L.S., Assistant Secretary, Royal Geographical Society. 8vo. London: 1874.

5. Arctic Experiences; containing Capt. George E. Tyson's wonderful Drift on the Ice-floe; a History of the 'Polaris' Expedition, with the Cruise of the 'Tigress' and Rescue of the 'Polaris' Survivors. Edited by E. Vale Blake. 8vo. New York: 1874.

6. Mittheilungen über wichtige neue Erforschungen auf dem Gesammtgebiete der Geographie. Von Dr. A. Petermann. 4to. Gotha: 1865–75, . . . 447

VII.—Supernatural Religion: an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation. 3rd edition. In 2 vols. London: 1875, ... 482

VIII.—Invasion of the Crimea, its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. V. Battle of Inkerman. London: 1875, ... 522

IX.—The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance. A Political Expostulation. By the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London: 1874.

2. Vaticanism: an Answer to Replies and Reproofs. By the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London: 1875.

3. The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. London: 1875.

4. A Letter addressed to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, on occasion of Mr. Gladstone's recent Expostulation. By J. H. Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. London: 1875.

5. Il Grande Errore dei Moderni Farisei. Per Andrea Moretti. Bergamo: 1866.

6. Catholic Reform. By Father Hyacinthe. Translated by Madame Hyacinthe-Loyson; with a Preface by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. London: 1874.

7. Der dritte Altkatholiken-Congress in Constanz im Jahre 1873. Hirtenbrief vom 14 Dec. 1873, gegen die Encyclica Pius IX. Bonn, ... 554

INDEX TO VOL. CXLI., ... 585

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THE

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JANUARY, 1875.

No. CCLXXXVII.

ART. I.—1. *Three Essays on Religion. Nature, The Utility of Religion, and Theism.* By JOHN STUART MILL. 8vo. London: 1874.

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3. *Law and God.* By W. PAGE ROBERTS, M.A., Vicar of Eye, Suffolk. London: 1874.

4. *Religion as affected by Modern Materialism: an Address.* By JAMES MARTINEAU, LL.D. London: 1874.

IT is not by any choice of our own that we are led to recur, more frequently than we could wish, in this place, to the discussion of questions so grave and so abstruse as the origin of all things, the nature of man, and even the being and attributes of God. Little can be said on such subjects, even by the wisest and greatest of mankind, to concentrate in a focus and burning-point of knowledge thoughts which are directed towards the Infinite; and that little has been said in a multitude of forms for several thousands of years, from the Book of Job to Pascal, and from the Greek philosophers to Bishop Butler, with all the sublimity and strength of poetry, philosophy, and reason. But it is impossible to overlook the fact that at the present day, and in this as well as other countries, these questions are re-argued and debated with the most passionate interest. One might imagine that doubts had been suggested and difficulties discovered which are new to the human mind, instead of being, as they are, the very earliest products of human thought; and there are those who fancy that these attempts to sound the depths of our ignorance are to be ranked among the

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best and highest achievements of science, instead of being a relapse into the *incunabula* of philosophy. This fact is the more remarkable inasmuch as these questions have been revived by men distinguished for their acuteness in scientific research, who express themselves in language which attracts and commands attention. They claim to represent the most advanced philosophical opinions and conquests of the age. Through the press they exercise a considerable influence over the country, by the audacity of their hypotheses and the vivacity of their style. Yet that influence is pre-eminently destructive of all the most cherished convictions and beliefs of man. Not only religious creeds, but the entire fabric of society, of morals, and of law, would be subverted and overthrown if mankind were really persuaded to renounce its faith in the creation and moral government of the world, in the freedom of the will of man, and in the immortality of the soul; if we are to discern with Professor Tyndall in matter 'the promise 'and potency of all terrestrial life;' or to hold with Mr. Mill that the Maker of the world is one 'whose wisdom is possibly, 'and whose power is certainly, limited,' and that 'the notion 'of a providential government by an Omnipotent Being for 'the good of his creatures must be *entirely dismissed.*'

Extravagant as these propositions are, they are no more than the extreme but logical deductions of a school of philosophy which has powerful representatives in modern England. A system of metaphysics and psychology based entirely on the perceptions of the senses, like that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Bain, and the elder Mill—a system of morals recognising no test of duty but public utility in the interest of the race—the natural evolution of Mr. Darwin—the Lucretian doctrines of Professor Tyndall—the automatous frogs of Mr. Huxley *—the religion of Humanity of Mr. Congreve and the Comtists—the lamentations of Mr. W. R. Greg over the enigmas of life—and Mr. Matthew Arnold's last caricature of the Deity, have all a common source. They are the natural growth of a false and shallow philosophy, which excludes from its sphere of vision the very conception of a power *in* Nature, yet *above* Nature, and denies the evidence of the spiritual origin and

* Mr. Huxley has recently revived in a strange essay the most whimsical and least tenable of the theories of Descartes, that animals are to be regarded as machines or automata. But the learned physiologist betrays in this paper a very slender acquaintance with the philosophical writings of Descartes, and he appears to be absolutely unconscious that he was, as Dugald Stewart styled him, the true father of the experimental philosophy of the human mind.

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destiny of our being. To borrow a striking illustration from a German seer, men see the spinning-wheel but not the spindle, and then declaim against the senseless clatter of the world. Of the Understanding, or the faculty of judging according to sense, these eminent persons may be conspicuous examples: of Reason, or the faculty of apprehending eternal truths by the light of the intellect, they are strangely destitute. We regard them with sorrow, as the disciples of a corrupt and degraded school of thought—distinguished, indeed, by great ability in the natural sciences and in the faculty of observing and analysing material facts and phenomena, but apparently unacquainted with the very rudiments of a true philosophy of the human intellect. The best defence against this blast of scepticism is a more just conception of the origin and power of the human reason. For, as Sir William Hamilton remarked in his Lectures on Metaphysics, 'The phenomena 'of matter, *taken by themselves* (you will observe the qualification "taken by themselves"), so far from warranting any in- 'ference as to the existence of a God, would, on the contrary, 'ground even an argument to His negation; but the study of 'the external world, taken with and in subordination to that 'of the internal, not only loses its atheistic tendency, but, 'under such subservience, may be rendered conducive to the 'great conclusion, from which, if left to itself, it would 'dissuade us.' Accordingly, one of the noblest and wisest answers which has been published to these pretensions of modern Materialism is that of Dr. James Martineau, himself a metaphysician of a very high order and of a totally different school.

And here, although we are anxious to abstain from the introduction of any theological arguments which would be altogether out of place, and we propose to confine ourselves to the philosophical view of the matter, we must be allowed to make one remark on a point of fact. All the writers we have just named have, we believe, more or less expressly, recorded their entire disbelief of the Christian religion: they repudiate the bondage of creeds and churches, and have gone forth to seek for truth in the freedom of the human mind. What truths have they found? Are we to return to Paganism or something behind Paganism—to the flux of Heraclitus, the νοῦς of Anaxagoras, or the atoms of Democritus—are we to take our morals from Epicurus and our gods from Lucretius? Is it not the fact that in casting off the tradition and the law of Christianity they find themselves exactly in the conditions of thought which the civilised world was in for some three

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hundred years before that religion was made known to mankind? If these distinguished persons acknowledge any progress in social life since those remote times, they owe it to their position as members of a Christian community and to the advance of the physical sciences; but as philosophers they are strictly of the pre-Socratic age, since it was the glory of Socrates that he lashed the sophistical dreamers of Athens from the schools, and taught a philosophy more worthy of God and man which has been handed down to ourselves; for he held that the universe and the mind of man were no congeries of floating atoms, tossed together by force or fate,

> Ἀλλὰ φρὴν ἱερὴ καὶ ἀθέσφατος ἔπλετο μοῦνον
> Φροντίσι κόσμον ἅπαντα καταίσσουσα θοῇσιν.

We can conceive nothing more humiliating to the intelligence of this country, than that many of the leaders of thought at the present day should repudiate the grand traditions of English philosophy, which allied the truly religious spirit of Bacon, Newton, Locke, and Boyle with unbounded courage and independence in the investigation of truth; and that we should see our countrymen reduced to the nihilism of the latest school of German materialists, or thrown back upon the exploded delusions of primitive heathenism to darken knowledge by conceits which are a mere confession of total blindness. But as Lord Bacon said in that immortal Essay, which every Englishman ought to know by heart, 'a little 'philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in 'philosophy bringeth men's minds to religion.' Had we ourselves, or any other opponents of the materialist school of thought, attributed to these writers conclusions or opinions as extreme as those which are disclosed in the posthumous Essays of Mr. John Stuart Mill, we should doubtless have been accused of exaggeration and unfairness; for they appear to recoil much less from the blank horror of atheism than from the odium attached to the name of it. We have no wish to stigmatise them with harsh names, which they disavow, and their personal opinions concern nobody but themselves: it is the tendency of their opinions, of which they may be themselves unconscious, which it concerns us to examine, convinced as we are that they are false and injurious to mankind. They themselves have removed all doubt on the subject, if words are used in their ordinary sense and meaning. For to borrow a sentence from Archbishop Whately, who was certainly no bigot, 'By the word God, we understand an Eternal Being, 'who made and who governs all things: and if anyone should

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'deny that there *is* any such being, we should say that he is 'an Atheist.' From this point of actual denial, however, it must in fairness be stated that the writers we have named for the most part recoil. For the doctrine of a personal Creator and God, they would substitute the idea of supreme self-acting law. They assert that the existence of the Deity cannot be known or demonstrated, but even Mr. Mill does not deny the possibility of His existence. The distinction is a faint one, for it is obvious that the existence of anything which cannot be known or demonstrated, cannot by possibility be regarded as an eternal Truth. Moreover, as has been forcibly said by Dean Mansel, in his 'Bampton Lectures' (page 124, third edition), 'If we admit the arguments by which 'the consciousness of personality is annihilated, whether on the 'side of Materialism or of Pantheism, we cannot escape from 'the consequences to which those arguments inevitably lead '—the annihilation of God Himself. For if man is but the 'accident and the product of that which he seems to rule, why 'may not all other spiritual existences, if such there be, be 'dependent on the constitution of the material universe?'

It is with great regret that we find the Address recently delivered before the British Association at Belfast by Professor Tyndall contains passages which have exposed him to charges of this nature—charges which he has shown some anxiety to repel, but without giving a clear explanation of his real meaning. Professor Tyndall is a man of so much acuteness, and of so much authority in some branches of physical science, that we are unwilling to believe him to have adopted a shallow and irrational creed in matters of far greater moment. But we think that he committed a great error of judgment in making the chair of the President of the British Association a pulpit for the promulgation of highly speculative opinions on questions of abstract philosophy and metaphysics. The British Association is a meritorious society, which annually collects and garners in the scientific harvest of the year. Its business is to gauge and record the progress of actual knowledge. But our men of science of the present day are too apt to range beyond the proper field of inductive inquiry. They profess to entertain a great respect for the slow and certain methods of science, travelling on from fact to fact; but no class of men at present in existence indulge to a wider extent their imaginative faculties. Ingenious hypotheses, with scarcely a known fact to support them, have been proclaimed to the world with all the dogmatism of an infallible creed. The leading principles of some of these scientific discoverers have been changed half-a-dozen

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times in a single lifetime; and so far are they from having established any positive results, except where they stand on the firm ground of experiment, that nothing in the world is more unsettled and uncertain than what they are pleased to call 'laws' and 'doctrines.' This method of investigation does injustice to themselves and to the sciences they represent, for the province of pure imagination, unbounded as it may seem, is narrow when compared with the regions opened by truth and nature to our powers of observation and reasoning. Professor Tyndall owes his high reputation, not to a brilliant imagination and a picturesque style, but to his patient and substantial labours in the laboratory of the Royal Institution. We think he mistook his duty when he plunged, at Belfast, into the atoms of Democritus, the whirlpools of Descartes, or an imaginary conversation between Lucretius and Bishop Butler. The British Association deserved better things at his hands than so slight and perfunctory a performance. He states himself that it was written in the course of a ramble in the Swiss mountains—sent off by instalments to the printer—and apparently composed with no better assistance than two or three meagre compilations on the history of philosophy by Dr. Draper and Herr Lange. With these inadequate materials he attempted to sound the depths of Greek philosophy and to give a sketch of the progress of the human mind. His discourse accordingly bears not a trace of original research. Even when he refers to Bacon he seems hardly to have read the celebrated Essay 'De principiis atque originibus,' in which the great Chancellor unfolded the doctrines of Democritus and Telesius; and the paragraph he devotes to Aristotle is feeble in the extreme. It is impossible that Professor Tyndall should have formed his opinions of the greatest philosophical thinkers of antiquity and of the middle ages without having thoroughly mastered their original writings. But in this address he evidently speaks of them from memory or from hearsay. Such a production, full of loose and declamatory passages, may have been all that he had leisure to compose as a holiday task, and he seems to have thought it was all the occasion required of him at Belfast. But it would be a great injustice to so eminent a man to treat this paper as the deliberate expression of his settled convictions on the most momentous subjects, for in fact it proves nothing at all and has no strictly scientific character. He states himself, in his preface to the later editions, that 'it is not in hours of clearness and vigour 'that this doctrine (of Material Atheism) commends itself to 'his mind; and that in the presence of stronger and healthier

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'thought it even dissolves and disappears, as offering no solu-
'tion of the mystery in which we dwell and of which we form
'a part.'*

In consequence of the eulogy passed by Professor Tyndall on Dr. Draper's book, which is entitled a 'History of the 'Intellectual Development of Europe,' we inquired with some curiosity for this work, and have since examined it. It is evident that Professor Tyndall himself is largely indebted to it, as he states; but a more flimsy and superficial attempt to trace the history of Philosophy we have never met with. It seems that this gentleman, Dr. Draper, is a professor of chemistry and physiology at New York. His object, as he informs us, in this compilation, was to arrange the evidence of the intellectual history of Europe on *physiological* principles. The style is feeble and incorrect: and the analysis of the Greek philosophy positively ludicrous. As, however, it might be inferred from Professor Tyndall's Address that Dr. Draper was, like himself, a disciple and admirer of Democritus, we will give the American philosopher the benefit of citing his own appreciation of the atomic theory. After stating that 'the theory of chemistry, as it now exists, essentially includes 'the views of Democritus' (a point on which we bow to his authority), he proceeds thus, if we may be permitted slightly to abridge a very clumsy sentence:—

'A system thus based on secure mathematical considerations and taking as its starting point a vacuum and atoms—the former actionless and passionless; which recognises in compound bodies specific arrangements of atoms to one another; which can rise to the conception that even a single atom may constitute a world—such a system may commend itself to our attention for its results, but surely not to our approval, when we find it carrying us to the conclusion that the soul is only a finely constituted form fitted into a grosser frame; that even to reason itself there is an impossibility of all certainty; that the final results of human inquiry is the absolute demonstration that man is incapable of knowledge; that the world is an illusive phantasm, and that there is no God.'

Such is the sentence passed upon Democritus and the atomic theory by Dr. Draper, on whom Professor Tyndall assures us that he relies implicitly as an authority in the history of philosophy. Dr. Draper's account of the philosophical opinions and writings of Cicero is in the highest degree inaccurate; † but enough: we have done with him, and we advise Professor Tyndall to seek a better guide. Suppose, for example, he

* Preface, p. viii.

† Vol. i. p. 250.

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were to read the dialogue of Velleius and Cotta in the first book of the 'De Naturâ Deorum.' *

The posthumous Essays of Mr. John Stuart Mill, to which we shall devote a more minute examination, for they demand it, stand in a very different class of writings. They are, as we are informed by the Editor of this volume, 'the carefully balanced 'result of the deliberations of a lifetime.' There is something solemn in a voice which comes from the grave, though in the opinion of the author it be the grave of annihilation: and it was no light motive which induced Mr. Mill, having committed his thoughts on these subjects to paper, to withhold them during his lifetime, and to order them to be published as soon as possible after his death.

We remarked eighteen months ago, in reviewing the 'Per-'sonal Memoir of Mr. Grote,'† that the disciples of Mr. Bentham undoubtedly held certain esoteric doctrines on the relations of man to God and to a future state, which they did not willingly make known, and we expressed a charitable hope that these views had been buried with them. Having known these remarkable men well, we were not ignorant of these doctrines, but as long as they remained unpublished to the world it was not our business to expose and confute them. ‡ Mr. Mill has by a posthumous publication removed these scruples. This exposition of his opinions is clear and precise enough. As for the confutation of them we cannot but think that in many minds, even among those who have hitherto been his admirers and followers, the declaration of this 'carefully balanced result 'of the deliberations of a lifetime' will raise a suspicion that a teacher who calls on them from the grave to abandon, in the name of an inexorable logic, the belief in the power and

* We would especially recommend to those who are interested in this inquiry a careful perusal of Cudworth's 'Intellectual System of the 'Universe,' where they will find all the ancient authorities bearing upon the Democritick hypothesis collected and discussed with great learning and acuteness. Cudworth was one of the most powerful opponents of the philosophy and ethics of Hobbes, and his writings are singularly applicable to the controversies which have been revived in our time, but which were carried on with far greater learning in the seventeenth century.

† Ed. Review, No. cclxxxi. p. 227.

‡ There is in truth very little that is original in these views: they are most of them to be found in the works of Hobbes and of Helvetius, not to speak of the ancient philosophers of the materialist school to whom we have already adverted.

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benevolence of God and in a future state of existence must have been mistaken in the premisses from which he advanced to this conclusion. For it is well that it should be known, upon his own testimony, that if you are a thorough and consistent adherent of the Utilitarian philosophy and of James and John Stuart Mill, this is the point at which they leave you—this is the legacy they bequeath to their disciples. A melancholy result! That so much knowledge painfully acquired, so much logic ingeniously exercised, so noble and earnest a nature, so sincere a desire to benefit mankind, should all end in what Hamlet calls, with crushing energy, 'this 'quintessence of dust.'

As Mr. Mill has mainly to deal with what is termed Natural Religion, he wisely commences his work by an attempt to define the terms *natural* and *nature*. The task is not an easy one, for few terms in language have acquired a greater variety of significations. M. Littré, in a consummate analysis of the word 'nature' as used by French authors, in his admirable dictionary, assigns to it no less than twenty-eight shades of meaning, some of them extremely dissimilar. Dr. Johnson confined himself in English to thirteen, but he supplies us with the following pertinent epitome of Boyle's 'Free Enquiry into the received 'Notions of Nature,' to which we should like to have called Mr. Mill's attention:—

'Nature sometimes means the Author of Nature or "natura natu-"rans;" as, *nature* hath made man partly corporeal and partly immaterial. For *nature* in this sense may be used the word "Creator." *Nature* sometimes means that on whose account a thing is what it is, and is called, as when we define the *nature* of an angle. For *nature* in this sense may be used "essence" or "quality." *Nature* sometimes means what belongs to a living creature at its nativity, or accrues to it by its birth, as when we say, a man is noble by *nature*, or a child is naturally forward. This may be expressed by saying, "The man was "born so;" or, "The thing was generated such." *Nature* sometimes means an internal principle of local motion, as we say, the stone falls, or the flame rises, by *nature*; for this we may say, that "the motion "up or down is spontaneous," or "produced by its proper cause." *Nature* sometimes means the established course of things corporeal; as, *nature* makes the night succeed the day. This may be termed "esta-"blished order," or "settled course." *Nature* means sometimes the aggregate of the powers belonging to a body, especially a living one: as when physicians say, that *nature* is strong, or *nature* left to herself will do the cure. For this may be used, "constitution," "tempera-"ment," or "structure of the body." *Nature* is put likewise for the system of the corporeal works of God; as there is no phœnix or chimera in *nature*. For *nature* thus applied, we may use "the world," or "the universe." *Nature* is sometimes indeed commonly taken for a kind of semideity. In this sense it is best not to use it at all.'

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Mr. Mill's own definition is as follows:—

'The Nature of a thing means its entire capacity of exhibiting phenomena. And since the phenomena which a thing exhibits, however much they vary in different circumstances, are always the same in the same circumstances, they admit of being described in general forms of words, which are called the *laws* of the thing's nature. Thus it is a law of the nature of water that under the mean pressure of the atmosphere at the level of the sea, it boils at 212° Fahrenheit.

'As the nature of any given thing is the aggregate of its powers and properties, so Nature in the abstract is the aggregate of the powers and properties of all things. Nature means the sum of all phenomena, together with the causes which produce them; including not only all that happens, but all that is capable of happening; the unused capabilities of causes being as much a part of the idea of Nature, as those which take effect. Since all phenomena which have been sufficiently examined are found to take place with regularity, each having certain fixed conditions, positive and negative, on the occurrence of which it invariably happens; mankind have been able to ascertain, either by direct observation or by reasoning processes grounded on it, the conditions of the occurrence of many phenomena; and the progress of science mainly consists in ascertaining those conditions.'

We very much question whether this definition can be supported. To assert that Nature means the sum of all phenomena, *together with the causes which produce them,* is to assume the main question in dispute, and amounts in fact to saying that Nature includes the causes of Nature. A law of Nature is not the efficient cause—the *vera causa*—of any event. It is only the rule according to which the efficient cause acts.

The sum of all phenomena includes, we presume, the manifestation in every form of power and will with its results; yet these can hardly be termed natural, nor are they regular. Mr. Mill, however, is of the opposite opinion, for he says in the next page, 'Art is as much Nature as anything else, and anything which 'is artificial is natural. Art has no independent powers of its 'own: Art is but the employment of the powers of Nature for 'an end.' Yes; but the *employment* is the Art. That use or employment of natural elements is precisely the function of the intelligence and the will, which differs from Nature in its proper sense as the active differs from the passive. These philosophers do not always agree. If Mr. Mill had turned to a well-known dialogue of Voltaire, he would have found precisely the opposite statement:—

'*Euhémère.*—Et si je vous disais qu'il n'y a point de nature, que tout est art dans l'univers, et que l'art annonce un ouvrier?

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'*Callicrate.*—Comment donc, point de nature, et tout est art! Quelle idée creuse!

'*Euhémère.*—Vous m'avouerez que vous ne pouvez entendre par ce mot vague *nature* qu'un assemblage de choses qui existent et dont la plupart n'existeront pas demain—certes, des arbres, des pierres, des légumes, des chenilles, des chèvres, des filles et des singes ne composent point un être absolu quel qu'il soit: des effets qui n'existaient point hier ne peuvent être la cause éternelle, nécessaire et productive. Votre nature, encore une fois, n'est qu'un mot inventé pour signifier l'universalité des choses. Pour vous faire voir à présent que l'art a tout fait, observez seulement un insecte, un limaçon, une mouche; vous y verrez un art infini qu'aucune industrie humaine ne peut imiter: il faut donc qu'il y ait un artiste infiniment habile, et c'est ce que les sages appellent Dieu.' (*Voltaire*, Dialogue xxix. 2.)

Or to borrow a line from our own Cowper which expresses the same sentiment—

> 'Nature is but a name for an effect,
> Whose cause is God.'

We cannot conceive on what grounds Mr. Mill asserts that the office of man in the artificial operations of constructing an engine or composing a picture '*is a very limited one.*' The office of man in the invention of such works is strictly creative, for he makes something that did not exist before; it is the adjustment of the powers of Nature which produces the result; but the intelligence which contrives and the volition that constructs cannot be called powers of Nature without a distortion of language, since they are precisely the powers that control Nature. Take a tube of metal, place in it some vitreous plates fused of soda and sand, and ground to a particular curve by a rough powder —no great natural elements, but a good deal of skill in combining them. For this tube, by means of the laws of optics and the properties of light, will conquer distance, as a cord of wire stretched along a row of poles has, by the properties of electricity, conquered time. With this instrument man will range the solar system, and sound immeasurable depths of space beyond it, till he arrives at the mathematical truths which are the basis of the universe. Is the office of man in the construction and use of the telescope and the electric battery a 'very 'limited one,' because they are composed of natural substances and worked by natural agents; or is it Mr. Mill's purpose to lower the artificer, be he human or divine, to the level of the substances on which he works? The merit of these inventions is not merely an ingenious use of natural substances, but the discovery of the laws which natural substances obey. This confusion of terms is the more remarkable

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on the part of Mr. Mill, because the chief object of this Essay is to prove that it is the duty and glory of man to combat and subdue Nature—to conquer and resist our natural tendencies—and to amend the world by endeavouring to improve a world 'so clumsily made and so capriciously governed' (p. 112). No Calvinist ever took a darker view than Mr. Mill of this eternal conflict of Nature and Grace, only he calls it by another name: and we are not sure that something of the hereditary theology of Scotland does not lurk under all his philosophy. We must cite the following remarkable passage:—

'For however offensive the proposition may appear to many religious persons, they should be willing to look in the face the undeniable fact, that the order of nature, in so far as unmodified by man, is such as no being, whose attributes are justice and benevolence, would have made, with the intention that his rational creatures should follow it as an example. If made wholly by such a Being, and not partly by beings of very different qualities, it could only be as a designedly imperfect work, which man, in his limited sphere, is to exercise justice and benevolence in amending. The best persons have always held it to be the essence of religion, that the paramount duty of man upon earth is to amend himself: but all except monkish quietists have annexed to this in their inmost minds (though seldom willing to enunciate the obligation with the same clearness) the additional religious duty of amending the world, and not solely the human part of it but the material; the order of physical nature.

'In considering this subject it is necessary to divest ourselves of certain preconceptions which may justly be called natural prejudices, being grounded on feelings which, in themselves natural and inevitable, intrude into matters with which they ought to have no concern. One of these feelings is the astonishment, rising into awe, which is inspired (even independently of all religious sentiment) by any of the greater natural phenomena. A hurricane; a mountain precipice; the desert; the ocean, either agitated or at rest; the solar system, and the great cosmic forces which hold it together; the boundless firmament, and to an educated mind any single star; excite feelings which make all human enterprises and powers appear so insignificant, that to a mind thus occupied it seems insufferable presumption in so puny a creature as man to look critically on things so far above him, or dare to measure himself against the grandeur of the universe. But a little interrogation of our own consciousness will suffice to convince us, that what makes these phenomena so impressive is simply their vastness. The enormous extension in space and time, or the enormous power they exemplify, constitutes their sublimity; a feeling, in all cases, more allied to terror than to any moral emotion. And though the vast scale of these phenomena may well excite wonder, and sets at defiance all idea of rivalry, the feeling it inspires is of a totally different character from admiration of excellence. Those in whom awe produces admiration may be æsthetically developed, but they are morally uncultivated.

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It is one of the endowments of the imaginative part of our mental nature that conceptions of greatness and power, vividly realised, produce a feeling which though in its higher degrees closely bordering on pain, we prefer to most of what are accounted pleasures. But we are quite equally capable of experiencing this feeling towards maleficent power; and we never experience it so strongly towards most of the powers of the universe, as when we have most present to our consciousness a vivid sense of their capacity of inflicting evil. Because these natural powers have what we cannot imitate, enormous might, and overawe us by that one attribute, it would be a great error to infer that their other attributes are such as we ought to emulate, or that we should be justified in using our small powers after the example which Nature sets us with her vast forces.'

We should be stopped at every line if we attempted to state all the objections which this passage excites in the mind. It is a morbid and saturnine view of creation: the sense of terror exciting the abject superstition of a savage incapable of a sense of excellence—feeling awe without admiration, fearing vastness without a moral perception of universal wisdom and power. For if, as Mr. Mill says, he is affected not by these considerations but by mere enormity allied to terror, these sentiments are equally excited in the mind by the belief in a maleficent power; and as with the lowest order of Polynesian or African savages, Mr. Mill's best reason for the worship of gods is the fear of their capacity to inflict evil. We doubt whether so monstrous a theory was ever propounded by a cultivated man, and we shall presently see to what it leads.

His picture of man is charged with the same gloomy colours. Having sneered at p. 10 at most denominations of Christians for affirming that man is by nature wicked, he himself asserts at p. 46 that it is only in a highly artificialised condition of human nature that the notion grows up, or ever could grow up, that goodness was natural. On the contrary, man was a sort of wild animal, distinguished chiefly 'by being craftier than the 'other beasts of the field'—(he was then himself one of them) —all worth of character was the result of taming; and, in short, Mr. Mill holds that 'there is hardly a single point of 'excellence in the human character which is not decidedly 'repugnant to the untutored feelings of human nature.' That seems to us very like saying that man is by nature wicked, and much more akin to the teaching of the Genevese theologian Calvin than to that of the Genevese philosopher Rousseau. Man, according to Mr. Mill, is naturally a coward. Fear is his most constant attribute. It may fairly be questioned if any human being is naturally courageous. As Mr. Mill appears to have no conception of moral power or force

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in his view of our miserable nature, man is in his eyes the most degraded of material beings only to be stimulated by artificial discipline. He is not even a cleanly animal; selfishness is his most intense and natural characteristic, and he is a born liar.

Another great English writer has drawn a picture of his fellow-creatures which differs not materially from that of Mr. John Stuart Mill, but he called them Yahoos; but there is this distinction between them, that whilst Swift abhorred and despised mankind, Mill affects to believe in what he terms the Religion of Humanity as the last hope of an unbelieving world. Neither of these philosophers appears to have perceived that however degraded man may be by circumstances or by nature, there is in him the potentiality of the highest known order of finite beings—gifts which he does not share with perishable brutes, and faculties which require but to be awakened to reflect truths and ideas infinitely beyond his own present condition. It is this strange absence of the sense of beauty, order, and rational powers which seems to us to be the characteristic of Mr. Mill's system. Like his father, when he exclaimed 'How poor a thing is life!' he has destroyed life by rejecting all that ennobles it. It is a mere truism to assert that 'if Nature and Man are both the works of a Being of 'perfect goodness, that Being intended Nature as a scheme to 'be amended, not imitated, by Man' (p. 41). All philosophy agrees in the belief that it is the prerogative of Man to seek to penetrate the secrets of Nature, to control her elements, to apply her powers: and all civilisation and knowledge are the result of these efforts. But the faculties we bring to this great task are natural faculties; that is, they are the gift of the same Being who brought Man and Nature into existence, and who

> 'Binding Nature fast as Fate,
> Left free the human will.'

We now arrive at the central point of Mr. Mill's theory. Struck by the existence of evil in the world, recoiling with horror from the spectacle of pain and death, and the relentless tortures of the course of Nature, he arrives at the conclusion that 'if the Maker of the world *can* all that he will, he wills 'misery. . . . If the law of all Creation were justice and the 'Creator omnipotent, then in whatever amount suffering and 'happiness might be dispensed in the world, each person's 'share of them would be exactly proportioned to that person's 'good or evil deeds: no human being could have a worse lot

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'than another without worse deserts; accident or favouritism 'would play no part in the world, but every human life would 'be the playing out of a drama constructed like a perfect 'moral tale.' And again: 'Not even on the most distorted and 'contracted theory of good which ever was framed by religious 'or philosophical fanaticism can the government of Nature be 'made to resemble the work of a Being at once good and 'omnipotent.' It follows therefore from Mr. Mill's premisses that the Maker of the world is either not good or not omnipotent: and from this conclusion he does not recoil. 'If,' he adds, 'we are not obliged to believe the animal creation to be 'the work of a demon, it is because we need not suppose it to 'have been made by a Being of infinite power.' Thus Mr. Mill turns against themselves the argument of the teleologists; and as they contend that the beauty, harmony, and order of the world demonstrate the wisdom and power of God, Mr. Mill asserts that death, corruption, misery and disorder demonstrate the ruling power of a demon, or of a being incapable of perfect excellence.*

This passage is a paraphrase of the well known lines of Lucretius, twice repeated in his poem:—

> 'Quod si jam rerum ignorem primordia quæ sint,
> Hoc tamen ex ipsis cœli rationibus ausim
> Confirmare aliisque ex rebus reddere multis,
> Nequaquam nobis divinitus esse paratam
> Naturam rerum; *tantâ stat prædita culpâ.*'
>
> LUCRETIUS, ii. 177 and v. 195.

Mr. Gibbon remarks, in his own Life, that as soon as he

* The hypothesis of a God of limited power has been adverted to and confuted with great force by the Rev. J. D. Mozley in his admirable Bampton Lectures on Miracles. The passage, which is too long to quote here, begins (p. 109), 'A limited Deity was a recognised con- 'ception of antiquity. Confounded and astonished by the vastness 'of a real Omnipotence and the inconceivableness of the acts involved 'in it, the ancients took refuge in the idea as all that reason could 'afford of that God-ship which reason could not deny.' And it ends (p. 114) thus: 'The conception of a limited Deity, i.e. a Being really 'circumscribed in Power, and not verbally only by a confinement to 'necessary truth, is at variance with our fundamental idea of a God, to 'depart from which is to retrograde from modern thought to ancient, 'and to go from Christianity back again to Paganism. The God of 'ancient religion was either not a personal Being, or not an omnipotent 'Being; the God of modern religion is both.' This is precisely the argument we have endeavoured in this article to oppose to Professor Tyndall and to Mr. Mill. We are glad to find our own view corroborated by Dr. Mozley.

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understood the principles of mathematics, he relinquished the pursuit of them for ever; nor did he lament that he desisted before his mind was hardened by the habit of rigid demonstration, so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence, which must, however, determine the actions and opinions of our lives. These are Gibbon's words. Gibbon and Voltaire were not fanatics in religion, but they would have rejected with horror and ridicule the creed of Mr. Mill. We do not say, as has been said, that it is a rash thing to believe what Voltaire and Gibbon rejected, but it is undoubtedly a rash thing to reject what Voltaire and Gibbon believed. If the rules of rigid mathematical and logical demonstration are to be applied to subjects which infinitely transcend them, without the slightest regard for the finer feelings of moral evidence, they lead simply to the grossest absurdities. Mr. Mill does not appear to have perceived that the limited knowledge of a finite being renders it impossible for him to conceive and apprehend all the elements of the question. 'To have sufficient 'grounds for believing in God,' says Dean Mansel, 'is a very 'different thing from having sufficient grounds for reasoning 'about him.' Mr. Mill has not got the data necessary for his argument; and with a presumption which savours of infatuation he proceeds to arraign and convict infinite wisdom on finite evidence. 'To resolve to believe,' says Whately, 'that God 'must have dealt with mankind just in the way *we* could wish 'as the most desirable, and in the way that seems to *us* the 'most probable—this is, in fact, *to set up ourselves as his* '*judges.*' The conclusion of such reasoning is simply that an omnipotent and beneficent Being was bound by the conditions of his existence to banish evil from the universe, and if he did not do so that he was either not omnipotent or not beneficent. But it is surely more consistent with reason and probability to suppose that there are limits to the faculties and philosophy of Mr. Mill, than to the power and benevolence of God.

We shall not follow Mr. Mill into the most difficult of all questions, and the most impenetrable to the human understanding—the origin of evil. Be it enough to say that the conscience of mankind, and the voice alike of philosophy and of religion, reject with equal horror his alternative solution that the Creator of the world is either the Author of evil or the slave of it.*

* Every one of the arguments or objections advanced by Mr. Mill will be found in the second chapter of Cudworth's 'Intellectual System,'

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We are so sensible of the utter inadequacy of our own faculties, and indeed of the powers of thought and language, to deal with these speculations, into which Mr. Mill plunges with all the confidence of one who believes in the power of logic to explain a universe, that it is with the utmost diffidence and reluctance that we follow him to the brink of these abysses. The very terms 'Omnipotence' and 'Omniscience,' if they are taken to convey more than an assertion of unlimited power and universal knowledge, are unfathomable, for we can ourselves discern a limit to omnipotence inasmuch as a thing cannot exist at variance with its own conditions of existence, or be and not be at the same time; and the attribute of universal knowledge or prescience cannot be reconciled with what we know of the liberty of man. These propositions, and many others equally incomprehensible to us, are just as difficult of solution by our systems of logic as the existence of evil in a world created by a just and all-powerful Being.

There is, nevertheless, one unassailable method of dealing with such arguments as those Mr. Mill presents to us. It is a profound remark of Pascal that although man is always prone to deny the incomprehensible, yet nothing is demonstrably certain but those things *whose converse is manifestly false.* Hence whenever a proposition is unintelligible, instead of passing judgment on it and rejecting it on that account, the wiser course is *to examine its opposite,* and if that be manifestly false it may boldly be affirmed that the former proposition is true, though it may be incomprehensible.* Pascal applies this method of reasoning to some of the most abstruse and inconceivable propositions in geometry, such as the infinite divisibility of matter; and indeed something analogous to it is in common use in ordinary mathematical demonstrations. You prove the truth of a proposition by showing that the converse of it is absurd. This is a test which, if we are not mistaken, many of Mr. Mill's propositions will not support. They all converge towards the absurd. And however difficult it may be to meet affirmatively objections which are deeply seated in the nature of things beyond human knowledge, it is much easier to show that to these objections he supplies no rational solution, but, on the contrary, offers and adopts an absurd one.

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in which that author recapitulates the doctrines of Leucippus, Democritus, and Protagoras, for the purpose of refuting them. There is a noble passage in the tenth book of 'The Laws' of Plato in which he disdainfully describes them; for these opinions were professed in Greece long before Epicurus was born.

* Pascal, 'De l'Esprit Géométrique.' Ed. Faugère. Vol. i. p. 149.

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The Persian Sage in Montesquieu's Letters, said, long ago, 'S'il y a un Dieu, mon cher Rhédi, il faut nécessairement 'qu'il soit juste; car s'il ne l'était pas, il serait le plus mauvais 'et le plus imparfait de tous les êtres.'* Mr. Mill inverts the proposition, and as he holds that the world, created as we see it, is a scene of barbarous cruelty, disorder, and injustice, he concludes it cannot be the work of a benevolent, just, and all-powerful Being, or, to use his own words, 'that the scheme of Nature 'regarded in its whole extent cannot have had, for its sole or 'even principal object, the good of human or other sentient 'beings' (p. 65); whence he infers that beneficence and justice are armed at best with limited powers, and that it is the duty of man to strive to amend the course of Nature by bringing it more nearly into conformity with a high standard of justice and goodness. He expressly asserts that 'there is no evidence 'whatever in Nature for divine justice, whatever standard of 'justice our ethical opinions may lead us to recognise' (p. 194); and adds: 'If man had not the power by the exercise of his 'own energies for the improvement both of himself and of his 'outward circumstances, to do for himself and other creatures '*vastly more than God had in the first instance done*, the Being 'who called him into existence would deserve something very 'different from thanks at his hands.' In another place, 'the 'purposes might have been more fully attained, but the Creator 'did not know how to do it' (p. 186).

Whatever be the limited powers of the Creator, according to Mr. Mill, he will scarcely deny that the Power which called into being the universe, filled the globe we inhabit with animated beings, and gave birth to that intellect of man, which, with all its imperfections, is able in some faint degree to conceive and love the attributes of its Author, is a Power of a very high order, and there is something incredibly absurd in the conception that it is the duty of man to supply the deficiencies of the Being who gave him life and every faculty he can exercise or enjoy. But, says Mr. Mill, it is incomprehensible to me that the Creator should be at once all-powerful and just. This is the old argument of Callicrates: either God could not expel evil, and in that case, is He omnipotent? or He could, but has not done so, is He then just? The answer appears to us to be that which we gave a few lines back in the words of Montesquieu—if God exists, He must be just, for to conceive him otherwise is to conceive him as the worst and most imperfect of beings, which is impossible.

* Montesquieu, 'Lettres Persanes.' Lettre xxxiii.

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But Mr. Mill resorts throughout these Essays to the strange hypothesis that as it is impossible to believe that an all-powerful Being created a world, as he terms it, 'so clumsily made and 'capriciously governed,' the Demiurgus, or maker of the universe, must be held to be a Being of limited powers.* This hypothesis appears to us to leave Mr. Mill little choice but in Polytheism, Manicheism, or devil-worship. For if the powers of the Maker of the world are limited, they must be controlled by the superior power of some being greater than himself. There is therefore a plurality, or at least a duality, of these supernatural existences, of which man and nature are at once the creatures and the victims. The Jupiter of Homer laments that there is a Fate, which even he cannot overrule. But as, according to Mr. Mill, the scheme of Nature cannot be supposed to have for its object the good of sentient beings, it follows that the Evil principle is more powerful than the Good principle, or, if these supernatural beings are beings of limited powers, there is no reason to assign any limit to their numbers, and we relapse into something not unlike the system of the Hindoo mythology. Mr. Mill has told us that the feeling chiefly excited in his mind by the contemplation of the grandeur and vastness of the physical universe, was that of terror —not admiration, not gratitude, not humility, not religion. But if terror at the vastness of the physical universe is the sentiment excited in the mind of man instead of the religious sentiment, the ultimate conclusion would be precisely that of the savage who seeks to avert the wrath of an infernal deity, and sees the Supreme Being in an incarnation of destructive ferocity. He must needs worship and propitiate whatever is Most High and most powerful, but by this theory the Most High is not a God but a devil; therefore religion assumes in his mind the form of devil-worship. We will carry this extraordinary chain of reasoning but one step further. Mr. Mill holds that the design of Nature is no evidence of any moral

* Mr. Mill is not entitled to the merit of originality in this view of the Creator. He was to a great extent anticipated about one hundred and twenty years ago by Soame Jenyns in his 'Free Enquiry into 'the Nature and Origin of Evil' (1757). Jenyns laid it down that Omnipotence cannot work contradictions: which is true enough; that all evils owe their existence to the necessity of their own nature; and that the Almighty is limited and circumscribed by the nature of things (pp. 14, 16). This however is very vague language. Who created the 'nature of things' by which the Almighty is limited and circumscribed?

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attributes, and its end is not a moral end at all (p. 189). Indeed throughout this work it is hard to trace any sense at all of those finer perceptions of moral evidence which, as Mr. Gibbon says, really govern our thoughts and motives. Mr. Mill's sole conception of a moral end of our being appears to be the hope that some thousands of years hence the world may become, by dint of the enlightened exertions of the human race, a little less intolerable than it is at present.

We might apply severe language to such propositions as these, for they are more offensive to the most cherished sentiments of mankind than those which Voltaire denounced as horrible and impious, and we do not remember that in the whole range of sceptical literature any writer ever adopted conclusions so atrocious. But our object in quoting such passages is simply the demolition of Mr. Mill's argument by the weight of its own absurdity. 'I cannot understand,' we hear him saying in substance (the words are our own), 'that the power 'and goodness of a Supreme Being are compatible with what 'I see around me. Therefore I resort to the converse, and 'have arrived at the conclusion that if there be a Deity at all, 'he must be a Being of limited power or malevolent dispo-'sition,' or (as he says elsewhere, p. 184) 'a single Creator with 'divided purposes.' But, we rejoin, your converse proposition is manifestly absurd and totally incompatible with the very existence of God or any rational scheme of Nature. Bishop Berkeley remarks that the expression 'a blind agent' is a contradiction in terms, for an agent, to merit the name, must have intelligence and will. Much more is the idea of an impotent and maleficent God a preposterous contradiction, if God be the 'Ens summè perfectum et absolutè infinitum.' Therefore, we say, applying the test of Pascal, it is much easier to believe that in some way unknown to our finite intelligence the power and goodness of God are compatible with the existence of evil, than that the world is the work of an inferior demiurgus or of a demon.

We confess that it is a relief to us, after dealing with these monstrous paradoxes, to fall back on the more sober argument of the teleologists, who, no doubt, cannot prove from the works of creation infinite wisdom, goodness, and power, but who do prove an amount of wisdom, goodness, and power which satisfies the mind. Take, for instance, the charming and instructive volume of Sir Charles Bell on 'the Hand,' and say whether it is possible to follow him through the niceties and beauty of adaptation which he demonstrates, without acknowledging an inconceivable amount of ingenious contrivance and benevo-

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lent design. Mr. Mill admits that the argument from marks of design in Nature is one of the most important proofs of superior intelligence in creation. But here he strangely misconceives or misstates the well-known illustration of Paley's watch. Mill says, 'If I found a watch on an apparently desolate island I should indeed infer *that it had been left there* by a human being; but the inference would not be from marks of design, but because I already knew from direct experience that watches are made by men:' and he adds that he should draw the same inference no less confidently from a foot-print, as geologists infer the past existence of animals from a coprolite. But Paley did not introduce this illustration of the watch merely to prove the former presence of a human being. He infers from the inspection of the watch that its parts are framed and put together for a purpose; viz. to measure time with great mechanical accuracy, and that consequently it had a maker who comprehended its construction and designed its use. Mr. Mill's illustration of the foot-print or the coprolite suggests no such inference: they prove no more than the mere passage of a man or an animal. We are surprised at so gross a misstatement of a well-known proposition. In the same chapter he deals with an equal want of candour or intelligence with the argument derived from the faculty of sight. The structure of the eye and the combination of the organic elements which enable an animal to see are no doubt the result of some common cause, though Mr. Mill is not disinclined to favour the Darwinian theory that sight and the organs of sight are only the result of 'the survival of the fittest,' which has led by gradual evolution to the extraordinary perfection of structures and functions which exist in the eye of man and of the more important animals. Mr. Mill is pleased to say for Mr. Darwin that this theory is not so absurd as it looks. But when they have by this process endowed the animal with an eye, they are as far as ever from the faculty of sight. That consists not only in the particular structure of the optic nerves and all the marvellous parts of that living instrument, but in the adaptation of this organ to the influence of light emanating from sources hundreds of millions of miles from this planet. The adaptation of the retina to the momentum of light, says Dugald Stewart, is one of the most astonishing facts that falls within the sphere of our observation:—

'How beautifully is the same organ adapted to that property of light in consequence of which it alters its course when it passes obliquely from one medium to another of different density, insomuch that the course of the visual rays through the humours of the eye, till they paint

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the image on the retina, may be traced on the same dioptrical principles on which we explain the theory of the telescope and the microscope.'*

The argument of design is not adequately stated until it is shown that the parts of creation, the most remote, are indissolubly adapted to each other. Rays of light which have been travelling to this earth with inconceivable velocity for thousands of years, from the more distant stars, are received by the eye of every animated creature, and even exercise a mysterious influence over the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. Is it possible to conceive a more direct proof that He who said 'Let there be light,' also provided the organs and functions to which this ocean of light was to bear the countless impressions of sight and life? The argument is far beyond a mere argument of analogy: it is the argument of causation by intelligence and will, which includes things the most remote in a common purpose.

For, in fact, it includes all things in a common purpose. Mr. Mill speaks of the nice and intricate combinations of vegetable and animal life as an argument of considerable strength. But this is a very narrow and contracted view of the theory of design. It is not enough to trace in the combinations of vegetable and animal life the combinations which subserve the existence of the individual or the species. These, it may be conceived, might be the results of evolution caused by the wants or hereditary faculties of each particular race of beings. But every individual and every species, in every act and incident of its existence, bears some necessary relation to everything else existing in the universe. 'According to the 'doctrine of infinite divisibility,' says Berkeley, 'there must 'be some smell of a rose at an infinite distance from it.' And these combinations are infinite in number and extent. The harmony and adjustment of these countless elements is the greatest marvel of creation: every created thing has its function and its place in relation to every other thing, however remote from it. 'All natural consequences,' says the Duke of Argyll in his 'Reign of Law,' 'meet and fit into 'each other in endless circles of harmony and purpose. And 'this can only be explained by the fact that what we call 'natural consequence is always the conjoint effect of an in-'finite number of elementary forces, whose action and reaction 'are under the direction of the Will which we see obeyed and 'of the Purposes which we see actually attained.' The reduc-

* Stewart's Philosophy of the Moral Powers, chap. ii. § 2.

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tion of this infinite variety of causes and results, all interdependent on each other, to unity of purpose in one great Whole, is the most direct evidence of omniscience and omnipotence which we can arrive at, because it is inconceivable that any Power short of an infinite intelligence and will should embrace and direct an infinite multiplicity of effects, every one of which is more or less dependent on all the rest. The government of the material and moral universe by fixed laws, or in other words the substitution of a Kosmos for a Chaos, is precisely the most evident proof of the prodigious power and wisdom which controls all phenomena, and has been well pointed out by Mr. Page Roberts in some simple village discourses that contain a great deal of sound philosophy. When laws exist they cannot be broken with impunity. The effect of an interruption of these is destruction. Hence the very laws which are designed for the good of sentient beings and are necessary for their existence, become when they are violated the cause of suffering and death: the evidence of a sovereign will is as strong in the one case as in the other.

If we may be permitted to repeat a passage which appeared in these pages many years ago, but which we would willingly recall because it bears directly on the present argument, we would say now as we said in reviewing Mr. Buckle's second volume:—

'As every individual man now living in the world is the descendant of innumerable progenitors, ascending in geometrical progression from his own parents to their parents, and so on in an extending series, every event is the result of an infinite number of causes—some great, some small, some visible, some imperceptible—but all in their degree tending to each particular consequence. "It were infinite," said Lord Bacon, "to judge the causes of causes and their impulsions one of "another." To embrace this infinite series is in the power of Omniscience alone; and as the omission of a single unit in an intricate calculation disturbs the whole result, so in the great reckoning of human history no positive general knowledge can be reached without faculties far surpassing those of man. In the divine order of the universe, doubtless each particular event, becoming in its turn the cause of innumerable other events, has its appropriate place and object; the great mystery of creation is that every event conspires to promote the progress of the whole, although the freedom of the will of intelligent beings remains unfettered in all parts.' (*Edin. Review*, vol. cxiv. p. 211.)

Mr. Mill coldly admits that there is a large balance of probability in favour of creation by intelligence. We contend that creation, and more especially the harmony of the infinite variety of the universe, is absolutely inconceivable without it.

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For, to borrow an expressive sentence from Dr. James Martineau's address:—

'It is precisely here and now that a Divine Agent is needed, to be the fountain of orderly power and to render the tissue of laws intelligible by his presence; his witness is found not only in the gaps but in the continuity of being—not in the suspense but in the everlasting flow of change; for the universe as known, being throughout a system of *Thought-relations*, can subsist only in an eternal Mind that thinks it.' (P. 11.)

If this be true of the material conditions of the universe, it is still more true of the moral ends for which the universe subsists, as far as we can discern them. Mr. Mill denies that Nature affords evidence of any moral end in creation: we think, on the contrary, that it is solely for moral ends that creation subsists at all, that all material life and being is but the mechanism subservient to that moral purpose, and that the moral purposes of God will survive the dissolution of the universe. The difference between us therefore becomes more palpable. Mr. Mill, confining his view to the functions of life and nature in the globe, or extending it at furthest to the terrestrial condition of mankind in future ages, sees no moral end at all but the improvement of society, and on that the bearing of each individual life and effort must be so small that we derive no consolation from the 'Religion of Humanity,' and must confess that we are wholly without faith in it:—

'For all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!'

It is the correlation of the moral purposes of being with the functions of life and matter which gives a meaning and purpose to existence: but this adjustment of the visible and the invisible, of the finite and the infinite, though here and there discernible even to ourselves, demands for its preservation an amount of wisdom and power immeasurably beyond the most sublime results of the material universe.

This consideration alone may suffice to refute, in passing, Mr. Mill's strange propensity to favour the Manichean doctrine, or to represent the Author of the world as a God of divided purposes and limited powers. The difficulty is sufficiently great for man to conceive a Supreme Being of such infinite wisdom and power, that all the issues of creation resolve themselves into one universal Whole, governed by law and directed by unity of purpose. But this difficulty is increased beyond the verge of possibility by the theory that there is not one Supreme Being, but two principles in active hostility, the one perpetually frustrating the designs of the other—that the rela-

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tions of every part to the whole are not guided by one intelligence, but torn asunder by conflicting wills—and that the conception of Deity as the source of Law, Order, and Power is degraded to the strifes of a mythological Olympus. Intolerable discords and total anarchy would then take the place of harmony, and the universe itself would sink into chaos.

It follows from the mutual dependence of all things and of all the conditions of existence, that those conditions of life which appear to Mr. Mill to be noxious, cruel, and unjust are just as necessary and useful as those which he conceives to be pleasurable; for, except in the utilitarian philosophy, to seek pleasure and to fly from pain are not the sole ends of existence. We do not assert that Omnipotence could not have made a different sort of world, but we do contend that the world, being designed for the moral purposes we discern in it, could not be very different from its actual condition. Take for example the great facts of mutual destruction, disease, decay, and death, which appear so revolting to Mr. Mill. These are obviously the inseparable conditions of a state of being of brief duration, by means of which an inexhaustible *flow* of successive generations passes onwards through a limited sphere of space and time, and the world is perpetually renewed.* Life supports life, but by losing it, for whilst vegetables draw their nutriment directly from the chemical ingredients of the soil, animals only subsist upon organic productions. Water and salt are perhaps the only inorganic exceptions in the diet of man, but these alone will not support life, though they are essential to it. If the globe were inhabited by a fixed number of creatures, incapable of destruction or of increase, the whole movement of animated nature would cease: we should live in what Professor Tyndall calls the stagnation of the marsh instead of the leap of the torrent. So in the moral world, if it had pleased the Creator to place us in a perfect state of being, all those faculties which Mr. Mill admires in common with ourselves—energy, resource, effort, thought, self-sacrifice—would have lacked all

* Mr. Mill himself observes that 'the destroying agencies are *a* '*necessary part* of the preserving agencies; the chemical compositions 'by which life is carried on could not take place without a parallel 'series of decompositions.' Nothing can be more profound and true. If Mr. Mill had followed that line of thought, it might have guided him a long way. A stranger who seeks the tomb of Lord Bacon in St. Michael's Church, near Gorhambury, may still read upon his monument the words placed there by the faithful Meautys, '*Composita* '*solvuntur*.' That is perhaps the secret of the world. For, as Tertullian has it, '*Omnia pereundo servantur; omnia interitu reformantur*.'

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scope of action. A perfect state of existence, being alike incapable of change or improvement, differs not materially from the Nirvana of the Buddhists; it is the extinction of the active powers and an absorption in the perfection of God. These are happily not the conditions of human life, and we prefer it a thousand times, with all its pains and perils, its brevity and its obscurity, to a state of being in which man would lose all the incentives and the freedom of action.

We now proceed to consider Mr. Mill's chapter on the Immortality of the Soul—not the least singular and painful portion of this volume. A writer who would speak of the immortality of the soul labours under some difficulty when he entertains doubts of the existence of any spiritual faculties and nature in man. 'Those,' says Mill, 'who would deduce 'the immortality of the soul from its own nature have first to 'prove that the attributes in question are not attributes of the 'body but of a separate substance.' The body is certainly perishable: hence if we hold that '*all thought and feeling* has 'some action of the bodily organism for its immediate ante-'cedent and accompaniment,' and that 'our senses are all that 'we have to trust to' (both these propositions are laid down by Mr. Mill), it is not easy to imagine that out of this purely material frame should spring an immortal and spiritual being. But here we come across one of those singular contradictions which we had occasion to notice some time ago in reviewing Mr. Mill's answer to Sir William Hamilton. For though he seems in places to deny the existence of mind, it is in reality matter and material certainty that he holds to be undemonstrable. Thus he says:—

'Feeling and thought are not merely different from what we call inanimate matter, but are at the opposite pole of existence, and analogical inference has little or no validity from the one to the other. Feeling and thought are much more real than anything else: they are the only things which we directly know to be real, all things else being merely the unknown conditions on which these, in our present state of existence or in some other, depend. All matter apart from the feelings of sentient beings has but an hypothetical and unsubstantial existence: it is a mere assumption to account for our sensations; itself we do not perceive, we are not conscious of it, but only of the sensations which we are said to receive from it: in reality it is a mere name for our expectation of sensations, or for our belief that we can have certain sensations when certain other sensations give indication of them. Because these contingent possibilities of sensation sooner or later come to an end and give place to others, is it implied in this, that the series of our feelings must itself be broken off? This would not be to reason from one kind of substantive reality to another, but to

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draw from something which has no reality except in reference to something else, conclusions applicable to that which is the only substantive reality. Mind (or whatever name we give to what is implied in consciousness of a continued series of feelings) is in a philosophical point of view the only reality of which we have any evidence; and no analogy can be recognised or comparison made between it and other realities because there are no other known realities to compare it with. This is quite consistent with its being perishable; but the question whether it is so or not is *res integra*, untouched by any of the results of human knowledge and experience. The case is one of those very rare cases in which there is really a total absence of evidence on either side, and in which the absence of evidence for the affirmative does not, as in so many cases it does, create a strong presumption in favour of the negative.'

These metaphysical proofs, however, weigh as little as the arguments of Plato, derived from the composition of the soul, in favour of the immortality of man. It must be conceded that natural religion, and philosophy herself, furnish no demonstrative proofs of it. Mr. Mill says fairly enough that weighed by the light of Nature there is rather more to be said in favour of our immortal nature than against it. We ourselves should go further. The inference to be drawn from the brevity and incompleteness of human life seems to us to warrant the strongest belief that this is no more than a phase of existence; and that the greatest realities lie beyond it; whilst it is obvious that nothing but a future state of being can fulfil our conceptions of justice and moral responsibility. These Mr. Mill peremptorily rejects, and we do not think his whole work contains a passage more entirely destructive of faith and morals than the following:—

'Nothing can be more opposed to every estimate we can form of probability, than the common idea of the future life as a state of rewards and punishments in any other sense than the consequences of our actions upon our own character and susceptibilities will follow us in the future as they have done in the past and present.' (P. 211.)

That is, in other words, to say, if we understand the author's meaning, that there is no objective law of rectitude, administered by a Being to whom all hearts are open and all desires known —that no consequences follow the performance of any human actions except those which they may produce on our own characters—and consequently that the ideas of retributive justice and moral responsibility are delusions or impostures. This opinion, if it were entertained, is obviously subversive of all law whatsoever. It is the negation of the moral government of the universe, and that is the logical conclusion to which a reasoner like Mr. Mill is led, when he disputes the

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most essential of the Divine attributes and the immortality of the soul. For, as has been demonstrated by Mr. John Austin, himself a Utilitarian writer, the first principle of ethics and jurisprudence is that there can be no such thing as a law without a sovereign and without a sanction. Mill annihilates the sovereignty of the Deity by reducing the conception of him to that of a being of limited powers, and he annihilates the sanction of law by denying the system of retributive justice. His conception of the evil results of crime would seem to be purely subjective, that is, he holds that the consequences of our bad actions may unpleasantly affect our character. Such a theory would let loose all the bad passions of the human race, and turn earth into hell, just as we have seen the mere temporary suspension of human law in a great city open all the sluices of destruction. Mr. Mill, as a moralist, would certainly contend that he does not underrate the moral obligation of man to do what conduces to the welfare of mankind, but of the extent of that obligation each man is himself the judge. The objective laws of right and wrong disappear with the lawgiver: and, to borrow another sentence from Dean Mansel, 'If man is absolutely a law unto himself, his duty and 'his pleasure are undistinguishable from each other; for he is 'subject to no one and accountable to no one.' (*Bampton Lectures*, p. 112.)

If this be all the evidence in favour of religion and a supreme morality which Mr. Mill and the advanced thinkers of our age are able to draw from the study and comparison of Nature, it must be acknowledged that their failure supplies an argument of considerable strength in favour of Revelation. If without Revelation man cannot be assured of the existence of God or of the immortality of the soul, that is an additional reason for believing that those great facts have been communicated to man by some messenger of divine truth. Mr. Mill acknowledges that, admitting the existence of God, 'there are 'grounds which, though insufficient for proof, are sufficient to 'take away all antecedent improbability that a message may 'really have been received from him.' Indeed Mr. Mill's chapter on Revelation is by far the least irreligious portion of his book; and he seems at moments to have been brought, by the stress and vacuity of scepticism, almost to the verge of Christianity. Indeed he is at one with the most exclusive and dogmatical of Christian sects in affirming that by nature the secrets of life and religion are totally impenetrable, whence they draw the corollary that if solved at all they must be solved by what theologians call the gifts of grace.

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If this be so, and if it be impossible to ascertain or demonstrate the first elements of religious truth by any evidence derived from Nature or by any effort of the human reason, the probability is greatly increased that God should by supernatural means have imparted some knowledge of his existence, his attributes, and his moral law to his creatures. Mr. Mill seems to admit as much, and he adds that 'the Christian 'religion is open to no objections, either moral or intellectual, 'which do not apply at least equally to the common theory of 'Deism.' That is a large concession, for it extends very nearly to the length contended for by the Doctors of the Roman Catholic Church, that there is no halting ground in strict logic between their own dogmatic theology and atheism. Mr. Mill then acknowledges that the only question to be entertained is one of evidence. Can any evidence prove a Divine Revelation? Does such evidence exist in support of the Revelation believed by Christians to be divine? Mr. Mill rejects, as might be expected, all miraculous evidence of Revelation, but the historical evidence in favour of Christianity obtains even from him some acknowledgment. It is impossible to deny that the Christian religion exists—that it has existed for more than eighteen hundred years—that it has changed the face of society —that, as he himself expresses it, 'religion, since the birth of 'Christianity, has inculcated the belief that our highest con- 'ceptions of combined wisdom and goodness exist in the con- 'crete in a living Being, who has his eyes on us and cares for 'our good. Through the darkest and most corrupt periods 'Christianity has raised this torch on high—has kept this 'object of veneration and imitation before the eyes of man.'

'Above all, the most valuable part of the effect on the character which Christianity has produced by holding up in a Divine Person a standard of excellence and a model for imitation, is available even to the absolute unbeliever and can never more be lost to humanity. For it is Christ, rather than God, whom Christianity has held up to believers as the pattern of perfection for humanity. It is the God incarnate, more than the God of the Jews or of Nature, who being idealized has taken so great and salutary a hold on the modern mind. And whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left; a unique figure, not more unlike all his precursors than all his followers, even those who had the direct benefit of his personal teaching. It is of no use to say that Christ as exhibited in the Gospels is not historical and that we know not how much of what is admirable has been superadded by the tradition of his followers. The tradition of followers suffices to insert any number of marvels, and may have inserted all the miracles which he is reputed to have wrought. But who among his disciples or among their proselytes was

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capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee; as certainly not St. Paul, whose character and idiosyncrasies were of a totally different sort; still less the early Christian writers, in whom nothing is more evident than that the good which was in them was all derived, as they always professed that it was derived, from the higher source.'

If all the phenomena of life succeed each other with undeviating regularity, whence came this astounding apparition? In a semi-barbarous province of the Roman Empire, in a brutal age, amongst the lowest class of a fanatical people, appears one figure absolutely unparelleled in history and in fiction—one man who displays in perfect humility the qualities of transcendent humanity, completely free from all human infirmities of passion, of false judgment, and frailty. A few simple sentences delivered from his lips, and preserved in the scanty pages of a broken record, suffice to regenerate the world, as he himself announced. Nothing *aut simile aut secundum* has been known to exist, or has even pretended to exist, in the history of our race. But that he did exist, and did hold this language, and did produce these effects, is as indisputable as any occurrence in the annals of mankind. The evidence of the fact is certain. Can the fact be explained by natural causes? Are any natural causes known to us which could lead to such a result? If not, is not the supernatural origin of Christianity by far the least improbable solution of the question?*

According to Mr. Mill, 'the whole domain of the super-'natural is removed from the region of Belief into that of 'simple Hope;' but he admits that the imagination of man stands greatly in need of wider range and greater height of aspiration for itself and its destination, than human life affords. Other writers of the same school have acknowledged that however inconsistent religious belief may be with what they call scientific reasoning, yet that it is essential to purify and elevate the emotions of man. This faint homage to the Power they have sought to dethrone cannot alter our judgment of the fatal perversity of their systems. The primary condition of religious belief is the Truth of the objects to which it is directed—that

* This argument is pursued with great ability by Mr. Henry Rogers in an excellent work, entitled 'The Superhuman Origin of the Bible,' being the Congregational Lecture for 1873. Mr. Rogers is a philosophical writer of very high merit, as is well known to the readers of this Review, and without any appeals to dogmatic theology, he has in this volume set forth the overwhelming difficulties to be surmounted by those who assign to the Bible a merely human origin.

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Truth being the basis of all other truths, and without it there being no truth or certainty at all. To substitute a dream of imagination, or a thrill of emotion, for that which is, if it exist at all, the foundation of all Being and all Knowledge, appears to us to be but a feeble attempt to dispel the gloom of this philosophy of despair. When the light that should lighten the world is darkened, how great is that darkness!

ART. II.—*History of the Indian Administration of Lord Ellenborough, in his Correspondence with the Duke of Wellington. To which is prefixed, by permission of Her Majesty, Lord Ellenborough's Letters to the Queen during that period.* Edited by Lord COLCHESTER. London: 1874.

THIS volume is an interesting rather than an important contribution to Indian history. Published, as the noble editor tells us in the preface, without introduction or comment, according to the desire expressed by the late Earl of Ellenborough, it has also been published without any notes to explain who were the personages and what the places and events to which the correspondence refers, and thus assumes a much greater knowledge of Indian affairs than most readers possess; while to those familiar with the subject there is little to be found in the volume, as regards the actual history of the time, which was not known before. The interest of the book is derived more from the light it throws upon the character of the late Governor-General, and from the letters addressed to him by the Duke of Wellington, than from any revelations afforded regarding the events with which it deals.

It consists of two parts, Lord Ellenborough's letters to the Queen, and his correspondence with the Duke of Wellington. As regards the former, we believe his practice was a novel one, and that this was the first time that a Governor-General of India, who was ostensibly a servant of the East India Company, corresponded directly with the Sovereign. We have reason to know that this correspondence originated in a generous and good-intentioned suggestion made by Lord Melbourne, when he was leaving office in 1841, to Lord Ellenborough, who gladly acted upon it, and asked and obtained permission to address these letters to her Majesty. Lord Melbourne's object was to facilitate the transaction of business between the Queen and her new Ministers, and to increase the interest of the youthful Sovereign in the affairs of her Indian Empire. We can only regret that a better use was not made of such an

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opportunity. The letters of Lord Ellenborough to her Majesty are stiff and formal, forming a sort of diary, very incomplete and interrupted, of the course of events in India, which would need to have been read in connexion with the newspapers and records of the time to be at all intelligible to the illustrious recipient. We therefore pass on to the larger and certainly more interesting portion of the book.

Lord Ellenborough, who had filled the situation of President of the Board of Control three times, first in 1829, under the premiership of the Duke of Wellington, next during Sir Robert Peel's first administration of 1834-5, and again when that statesman returned to office in the summer of 1841, was appointed to the Governor-Generalship of India in the following autumn, being then in his fifty-second year, and therefore older than most of the distinguished men, including Lords Cornwallis, Wellesley, Dalhousie, Canning, Mayo, and Northbrook, who have filled that office were at the time of their appointment. His employment at the Board of Control, although on each occasion of brief duration, had furnished him with the means of insight into Indian affairs, and except that one instance to which we shall presently refer appears to indicate the defect of judgment which became afterwards so conspicuous, there was nothing, so far, in his general conduct of office, to show that he would not prove to be a reasonable and prudent ruler. His speech delivered at the parting banquet given by the Court of Directors is altogether free from that spirit of vanity and desire for reputation as a military strategist and administrator which afterwards became so strikingly apparent; in it he declares the objects nearest to his heart to be the restoration of peace to Asia as well as to India, the promotion of works of utility, to stimulate the production of cotton and to promote the happiness of the people of the country. At that time our occupation of Afghanistan had almost ceased to be disturbed, and the only military operation on foot was the war with China, productive of expense and trouble rather than anxiety for the issue.

Lord Ellenborough embarked late in the autumn of 1841, and arrived at Calcutta at the end of the following February, the first intelligence of the disasters at Cabul having reached him when his ship touched at Madras. Thus, instead of the state of peace which he had expected, he found that with a considerable contingent of the Indian troops beyond the sea on service in the still unfinished Chinese war, a grave military crisis had arisen, while to add to the difficulty a very mutinous disposition had manifested itself in the Madras army. Hence-

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forward we find no reference in Lord Ellenborough's correspondence to the developement of public works or the production of cotton, or even the happiness of the people of India, except so far as it was to be secured by the restoration of the gates of Somnath. His brief administration from first to last was concerned almost entirely with military affairs, and its merits must be judged by his conduct of them. There is a striking resemblance to this disappointment in the circumstances attending the arrival of Lord Wellesley in India, and which is pointed out in a memorandum addressed by that statesman to Lord Ellenborough shortly after the latter had entered on his office. I too, said Lord Wellesley, was told that I should have nothing to do in India but to keep things in the quiet state in which my predecessor had left them, yet my government was wholly occupied in extensive wars and conquests. There is no forecasting the course of events in India. Lord Wellesley's memorandum is so remarkable in one respect that we are tempted to give an extract. 'When I took leave of Mr. Pitt,' he says, 'at a great dinner which he gave to all our friends—Lord 'Cornwallis, and Mr. Hy. Dundas (afterwards Lord Mel-'ville) were present—in the month of November 1797, Lord 'Cornwallis assured me that I should have no trouble; that '*he had settled everything*; that I had nothing more to do than 'to send for Barlow (now Sir George, then secretary to the 'government), and to follow his advice in everything. I could 'not resist the temptation to ask what I was to do if Barlow 'were dead, or sick and gone to Europe for health. The ques-'tion produced a general laugh, which greatly discomposed old 'Cornwallis, then tottering on the brink of the grave.' This curious extract illustrates very strikingly the danger of trusting to the reminiscences of even the ablest men about the events of their younger days. When Lord Cornwallis succeeded Lord Wellesley in the government of India, which happened in 1805, or eight years later, he was then indeed on the brink of the grave, although not by any means a very old man, and no doubt the latter had in his mind the recollection of Lord Cornwallis as he appeared at that time. But on the occasion referred to he was only fifty-nine years old, and in the prime of his faculties, and was shortly afterwards to be entrusted, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, with the delicate and difficult duty of carrying out the Union. It is proper to add that Lord Wellesley when penning that memorandum was himself eighty-two; he died three months afterwards.

The China war did not afford much opportunity for testing the capacity of the new Governor-General, while the interest

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which it had created at first in England was soon extinguished by the absorbing excitement of the events on the North-west frontier, and this part of the correspondence will be read chiefly for the sake of the valuable memoranda furnished by the Duke of Wellington. The reader will mark the military prescience with which he discusses the chances of a successful advance by the Peiho on the capital of China, as was effected eighteen years later, and the importance he attaches to a proper supply of transport and provisions for the invading force. The Duke says little about the strength of the army to be employed, or as to the selection of the leaders. He seems to have been satisfied that any man chosen would suffice to deal with the sort of antagonists opposed to him, and that there would certainly be as many troops available as could be properly fed; the anxiety he expresses is solely that there should be harmonious action between the naval and land forces, and that the transport department should be complete and sufficient. To the reader of these wise state papers, impressed with the sagacity that dictates so clearly the conditions of a military operation to be conducted in a distant part of the globe on an almost unknown shore, the question naturally occurs, what would have been the effect on the Crimean War if the Duke had still been alive at that time, and still able to give counsel to the State? Knowing his prejudices on certain points—prejudices strengthened by age, we may infer that his influence would probably not have been exerted towards appointing a staff very different from that which took the field. The generals, we may suppose, would have been largely selected from the peerage, and without much reference to their qualifications. Just as certain leading men at the universities in the age lately past used to argue against the supposed necessity for academic reform, on the ground that the great mass of young men were so hopelessly stupid it mattered not what or how little they were taught, provided the culture of the few able minds were cared for, so we think may be discovered among the great leaders of armies, and certainly in the writings of our great Duke, a sort of indifference about the appointment of officers for military commands. Knowing himself what a difficult game war is, and how, except in the case of a few masters of it, it is generally a mere clumsy blundering on both sides, he may perhaps have thought that in the absence of any man of marked genius, it did not greatly matter who was in command, one officer being pretty much as good as another.

Lord Ellenborough landed in India to find the European

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community in a state of panic, and the native courts and population throughout the country exhibiting manifest tokens of excitement at the full tidings of the Cabul disaster, while he also found that Lord Auckland had taken no measures—or at any rate no adequate measures—to rescue the British Government from the peril which his policy had brought upon it. Everything was left to the new Governor-General to do, and the occasion was eminently one to call forth the display of those qualities of firmness, decision, and resolution which fit a man for the post of command in perilous times. The first danger to be encountered arose from the demoralised condition into which the native army had fallen, and especially some of the regiments on the frontier; a condition which could hardly have been worse if that had really happened which was commonly believed to have happened in circles which ought to have been better informed, and a whole British army had been destroyed. That the catastrophe in Afghanistan was on this scale is indeed the sort of impression which might be carried away from a perusal of Sir John Kaye's otherwise excellent history of the war, whereas the situation might really have furnished grounds for perfect confidence as to the final issue of the affair. The facts were that — not a British army — but one out of three brigades of the force stationed in Afghanistan had been destroyed, not in fair fight, but miserably shot down while in a defenceless state to which it had been brought by a combination of cowardice and folly such as happily has never been manifested by British officers and soldiers on any other occasion. The two other brigades, stationed at Candahar and Jellalabad respectively, were holding their own without difficulty, and there had been nothing in the conduct of the Afghans, either during the military operations connected with the first occupation of their country three years before, or during the events of the period in question, to give ground for the belief that they would be formidable opponents in the field. With all enemies, and with Asiatic enemies especially, boldness in action and a vigorous offensive are the safest and most prudent form of defence, and at that crisis every consideration of honour and policy pointed to the need for presenting a firm front and striking vigorously in retaliation; it was of vital necessity towards holding our situation in India that our prestige should be promptly and thoroughly restored. But we do not find these considerations actuating the conduct of the new Governor-General.

Lord Ellenborough had an opportunity for earning a repu-

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tation for statesmanship and the gratitude and esteem of his countrymen, by at once opposing a policy of spirit and determination to the hesitation and despondency which marked the last measures of his predecessor. But although his letters show that personally he kept up a brave heart, his policy was shaped to accord with the general despondency of those about him, and the sole object he held before himself at first was how to get the rest of his troops away from Afghanistan. Provided this could be accomplished, it was matter of comparative indifference whether the prisoners should be left to their fate. It may be argued that the condition of India itself was very critical. Everywhere there were symptoms of rising and rebellions; but this was surely the more reason for boldness in policy. All India was waiting to see whether or not the new Governor-General would take any action to wipe out the stain which had been inflicted on British arms, and even if he had succeeded in withdrawing the troops from Afghanistan without first striking an avenging blow, which is in the highest degree doubtful, it appears certain that the political supremacy of the British would have sustained irremediable injury, far graver than that already occasioned by the misconduct of the unhappy Elphinstone. Such, however, was the policy of Lord Ellenborough, so far as he can be said to have determined on one, and although he showed vigour in pressing on supplies and reinforcements to the general commanding on the frontier, that officer appears to have received but cold support in his efforts to restore the spirits of the panic-stricken troops under his command, while the confidence he expresses in the success of an offensive campaign is treated as the folly of a brainless man. The original papers quoted in the lately published life of Sir George Pollock show that the force assembled at Peshawur under his orders was thoroughly cowed and disorganised, the European officers in many cases as bad as the men, openly avowing their conviction of the impossibility of a successful advance into Afghanistan, and so far perhaps justifying for the time the timidity of the Governor-General. But when Pollock has got his troops into shape, and having effected the relief of Jellalabad with ease, is contemplating a farther move onwards by way of retaliation and to recover the prisoners, he is stigmatised by the former as a weak man without any real mind, 'in the hands of the boys about him' (p. 257). 'There 'is such a real madness in some military men,' says Lord Ellenborough, 'with respect to Afghanistan,' the military men referred to being those who wanted to advance, and not to retreat. Happily for India, and England too, something of the same

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madness was manifested by military men and civilians also during the Mutiny. Judged by what is now known, Pollock appears to have been a man who, without possessing marked ability, had judgment, firmness and temper, and he certainly performed the one military operation entrusted to him with distinguished success. But indeed, discernment of character, one of the surest marks of ability in ruling men, was not among Lord Ellenborough's qualities. He observes of General Nott soon after his arrival, 'I regret to say that in Major-General 'Nott I do not entertain the smallest confidence as an officer. 'He is a brave man; but his own troops do not respect him as 'a general' (p. 252). This gallant old soldier is undoubtedly not to be placed among the first rank of generals, and he had great faults of temper, but he certainly knew how to hold his own among his officers and men, and to make himself felt in his command, being in this respect a marked exception to the ordinary general officer of the day, who was too often a mere dummy in the hands of his staff.

Another specimen of this faulty judgment is to be found in Lord Ellenborough's first letter to the Duke after his arrival in India:—

> 'The business of the Government is conducted on a bad system. . . There are few men of business. Lord Auckland told me I should find a great want of *instruments*; I could find them more easily in the army than in the Civil Service.' (P. 183.)

Lord Auckland's practice, at any rate, was opposed to this opinion. No Governor-General was ever more completely surrounded by civilians or under their influence, and he appointed his civilian foreign secretary, the unfortunate Sir William Macnaghten, to the post of Envoy at Cabul, giving the second post only in the mission to the person, a military officer, whose antecedents pointed him out as by much the fitter man for the appointment. But in fact such an opinion carries absurdity on the face of it. It could not be pretended that there was any innate superiority in the quality of the raw material with which the Indian army was recruited, the two services being both filled up by nominees of the Court of Directors; and certainly the duties upon which the members of the Civil Service were usually employed were much better calculated to develope their faculties for administration than the humdrum routine of regimental duty with sepoys, which was then the lot of the Indian officer. Curiously enough, the body of men with whom the new Governor-General found most fault, exhibiting a stronger prejudice against them than even against the Civil Service, were the soldier 'politicals,' as

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they were called, the agents of the Government attached to the staff of the different generals in the field, to conduct the diplomatic business arising with the native states, whether hostile or friendly, through whose territories the troops were moving, and who, although military officers, were acting in a civil capacity and not under the orders of the general, but communicating direct with the Foreign Office of the Indian Government. Lord Ellenborough cannot conceal his indignation at the conduct of these gentlemen. If the general disagrees with their advice, it is presumption on their part to offer it; if, as more often happens, he acts upon it, then he is said to be a mere puppet in the hands of a parcel of harebrained boys. Lord Ellenborough does not seem to have apprehended the fact that, constituted as the Indian service was, the employment of these political agents was a simple necessity. The generals appointed to Indian commands were either elderly British officers sent out after a more or less prolonged retreat on the half-pay list, and utterly ignorant of the politics and circumstances of the country in which they were placed, unable even to communicate personally with the sepoys they were supposed to command, and at most competent to conduct a few manœuvres respectably on parade; or if Company's officers, they were appointed solely on the ground of seniority, every officer in the Indian army being entitled as of right to a divisional command when it came to his turn, which usually did not occur till age had unfitted him for the post. The mode of appointing the staff was not much better. That too was filled up, from the Company's officers only, by nomination and seniority, an officer appointed to the adjutant or quarter-master-general's department usually rising by mere force of living to the highest place in it, without the least reference to competency. In this state of things, what was called political employment formed the only outlet for escaping from the stagnant current of promotion by seniority, and was eagerly sought after by the younger men of spirit and ability; and it is to be remarked that the officers serving in this line, whose proceedings seem in an especial degree to have aroused the anger of the Governor-General—Henry Lawrence, Outram, Rawlinson, Macgregor—were all men who subsequently rose to distinction in the service. It is true that this ebullition of temper on the Governor-General's part is to a certain extent approved by his illustrious correspondent, whose characteristic letter on the subject will be found in this correspondence; but the Duke of Wellington, who was his own 'political' when at the head of an army in India, and whose

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consummate mastery of Indian politics is recorded in the volumes of his wonderful Indian despatches, might naturally look with disfavour on a system different from that with which he had achieved his great successes; and it is probable that he may have overlooked the change which had come over the Indian services since his time, and the difference between the humdrum, commonplace mode of administration bequeathed by Lord Auckland to his successor, and the freshness and vigour of Lord Wellesley's government forty years before. The only case in which a general was entrusted by Lord Ellenborough with uncontrolled authority over the issues of war and peace was certainly not favourable to pursuing the plan. Sir Charles Napier, commanding the troops and holding supreme diplomatic powers in Scinde, discarded the advice of the diplomatic agent, Major Outram, picked a quarrel with the Ameers, overthrew their forces, and seized their country, under circumstances which, as we now know, were thoroughly unjustifiable. It is proper to add that Lord Ellenborough seems to have felt some misgivings as to the morality of the transaction; but his naïve justification of his highhanded proceedings was that he could not 'have accomplished the object of retaining possession 'of a commanding position on the Lower Indus without a breach 'with the Ameers' (p. 356); while, he adds, 'subsequent 'events and discoveries *seem to have proved* that I was right 'in believing them to be at once hostile and not to be depended 'on' (p. 357). Lord Ellenborough was nick-named a Brummagem Napoleon; but in his dealings with Scinde his conduct bears only too close a resemblance to the political unscrupulousness of that scourge of modern nations.

The story of the reoccupation of Cabul has been told so often that it need not be repeated here. As dealt with in this correspondence the matter is noteworthy principally as illustrating the Governor-General's want of generosity. There is no retractation of the unfair comment in previous letters on the character of the two generals who carried out the operation, and which had been amply refuted by their judicious and well-arranged advance. To read the Governor-General's confidential account of the matter, it might be supposed that the success was due to his inspiriting support, the fact being that the generals had extorted from him an unwilling consent to the movement, which left them charged with the full responsibility for acting on it; while the recovery of the prisoners may be said to have been accomplished almost against his orders, and was due mainly to one of those strokes of good fortune which have so often befriended us in India. It should

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be noted, as showing how false was the Governor-General's estimate of the danger and difficulty of the operation, that Pollock's advance on Cabul was accomplished with a facility that showed how discreditable were the gloomy forebodings expressed regarding it. The enemy nowhere made a respectable stand; they were driven from one position to another in what for the most part were mere skirmishes, and the total loss sustained by the force engaged was comparatively insignificant. But if Lord Ellenborough had been chary of support before the event, he made up for it afterwards. The army returning from Afghanistan was received in state by him on its arrival within British territories, the men were fêted, and promotions and decorations were showered upon the officers. It may no doubt be good policy to put an army on good terms with itself, and some allowance may be made for the reaction which had succeeded to the despondency of the past few months. The garrison of Jellalabad too might reasonably, under the special circumstances of the case, be made the recipients of exceptional distinction, although we would take the liberty of expressing an opinion that the sort of gallantry exhibited in defending a post calls for by no means the same high order of military quality as that required to carry out vigorous offensive war. The one is negative, the other positive. In India especially it is always a much safer course to hold out in a fortified place than to evacuate it; and without any disparagement to the spirit displayed in the defence of Jellalabad, it would have been utterly inexcusable if its garrison had capitulated so long as any food and ammunition remained. In this view it has always seemed to us that the defence of Lucknow was not remarkable so much from the defenders having sustained a siege with firmness, because certain death awaited them on surrender, as for the aggressive character of the defence, and especially for the extraordinary spirit and magnitude of the offensive mining operations carried out by the engineers— a truly admirable performance, the few surviving performers in which have nevertheless remained almost unnoticed and unrewarded. However, if the exploits in Afghanistan were somewhat over-lauded, the scale of reward was at least moderate compared with that which has since come in fashion.

The Scinde war, already referred to, was followed by the brief and decisive campaign against the Gwalior army; and it is due to Lord Ellenborough to remark the firmness and decision he showed in putting down the turbulent forces which had been collected by this Mahratta power in the very centre of

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the British territories, thus getting rid of what might have proved a source of extreme danger and embarrassment when the impending struggle with the Sikhs took place. This was the fourth and last war in which he was engaged during his brief tenure of office, and it is worth noting that the British Government in India, although not often at peace for a long period together, has seldom had more than one war on its hands at a time. We remained on good terms with the Mahrattas until Mysore had been conquered. The Bhurtpore difficulty did not arise until the first war with Burmah had been brought to a conclusion. During the four years' occupation of Afghanistan we remained at peace with all the powers of India, but our troops had hardly returned to their own territories when the war with Scinde broke out, to be followed by the campaign of Maharajpoor just referred to, and that, after two years' interval, by the desperate struggle on the banks of the Sutlej, renewed in a little more than two years' time. The Punjab conquered and annexed, there occurred the second war with Burmah, and as soon as that was off our hands an army was sent to Persia. It seems at first sight a fortunate circumstance that several of these undertakings did not come upon us at one time, but in reality there was nothing fortuitous about the matter. The truth is that the choice of peace or war with any independent native state must always rest virtually with the British authorities, and the native governments are at once so primitive in their notions of international law, and so touchy about points of etiquette, that it will always be easy to get up a quarrel if you wish to do so, while the peculiar relations subsisting between most of the native states and the British, under which the latter exercise an implied or admitted jurisdiction in a greater or less degree, involving the right of interference at any point, furnish the ready means for discovering a difference of views. Strain the law of nations at all tightly, or profess to apply the standard of European morality, and there is not a native potentate in the East whose habits may not be made to furnish a *casus belli*; and although these native powers have not usually any desire to appeal to the arbitrament of arms, they are easily driven to hostilities through a feeling of despair. These considerations will, we believe, serve to account in a measure for the circumstance that Indian wars and annexations have usually followed in succession, and this without imputing any Machievellian deepness of policy to Anglo-Indian statesmen. It is not that we have submitted to pocket affronts when our hands are full, but that the offence is only to be seen if there

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is plenty of leisure to look out for it; while on the other hand a native power will seldom, without strong provocation, offer any such indignity to the British power as it would be impossible to overlook. With respect to the brief Maharajpoor campaign, indeed, it must be admitted that the condition of affairs which led to the Governor-General's interference was not of that chronic sort which made the time for interference a matter of indifference, inasmuch as a revolution had occurred at the court of Gwalior; but the cause which actually precipitated the catastrophe was the march of the Governor-General at the head of an army upon that capital, tempting the Mahratta troops, actuated by that spirit of recklessness and craving for excitement which distinguishes native armies under such conditions, to try the issue of a battle. But for that step there is good reason to suppose that the actual outbreak of hostility to the British Government would have been averted, and if Lord Ellenborough's hands had been full of other affairs, he would at least have temporised. In a letter to the Duke of Wellington written in the spring of 1843, when the most prominent danger to the maintenance of peace in India was on the side of the Nizam, he writes:—

'The Nizam's Government is on the brink of open bankruptcy, which, as you know, in India, means mutiny of troops for their pay. I must endeavour to stave off any crisis there till I am ready for it, which I shall not be till November in any case. Depend upon it, I will never, if I can possibly avoid it, have two things on my hands at a time.' (P. 361.)

A month later he says, 'I must, if I can, defer any financial 'catastrophe in the Nizam's dominions till all is settled else-'where, and especially in Scinde.' And again, shortly afterwards, 'I am afraid the Arabs in the Nizam's territory may 'give trouble before I am quite ready for them; but the 'Madras army is strong—only I want to do one thing at a time' (p. 382). This difficulty of the Arabs in the Deccan, although frequently threatening, has not even yet actually occurred. The state of affairs in Gwalior, on the other hand, did certainly afford a legitimate *casus belli*; a hostile army, practically uncontrollable by the government it nominally served, was a standing danger to the British Government, and if it had not been broken up before the irruption of the Sikhs, might have given a different and disastrous turn to the course of events. Having put down the Mahrattas thoroughly, Lord Ellenborough dealt with the case in a very moderate way. The turbulent army was disbanded, and a contingent officered by British officers was raised in its place, which speedily became an

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efficient military body, and which if it subsequently proved to be one of our most troublesome opponents in the great struggle of 1857–58, would probably never have mutinied had not the example first been set by our own army.

The case of the first Sikh war also was an exception to the general rule above stated. The collision with the Sikh army was entirely unprovoked by the British, and could not have been avoided by any care or forbearance on our part. It is due to Lord Ellenborough to add that he clearly foresaw the conflict to be inevitable, and even predicted the exact date at which it occurred; and if he made the mistake of under-estimating the strength and military qualities of the Sikhs, he merely erred in common with all those who had equally good means of judging, this erroneous impression arising no doubt from their inefficiency when acting as our allies in the Afghan war, partly also perhaps from the traditional superiority of Indians over Sikhs in the wars of previous generations. At any rate, Lord Ellenborough was as fully impressed with the gravity of the impending crisis as anyone in India, and his later letters to the Duke of Wellington are full of the subject, and of the preparations he was making to be ready for it. This brings us to his dealings with the Indian army, the business with which he was principally occupied throughout his term of office, and which he evidently considered the strong point of his administration. It is quite plain from these letters that Lord Ellenborough believed himself to possess a special talent for military affairs, while we think it must be equally plain to the impartial reader that his administration of the Indian army was throughout weak and faulty.

The first matter with which he was called to deal was a serious mutiny in the Madras army, the news of which reached him on his arrival on the coast and before he had entered upon his government; almost the last which he had to deal with was a mutiny of several regiments of the Bengal army, on being ordered to proceed to Scinde, the army which he had declared a few weeks previously to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of devotion to duty. These two alarming outbreaks occurring at the extreme ends of the country might have indicated to the Governor-General the unsatisfactory condition of the whole Indian army; they demonstrate conclusively that he found it in a thoroughly bad state, and left it so. His only notion of dealing with soldiers, indeed, seems to have been to lavish praises and rewards on them when they did their duty, and to treat misconduct with the slightest possible penalty. A characteristic instance of this is furnished by his

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action in regard to a regiment of Madras infantry when he was at the Board of Control in 1841. Writing to the Duke of Wellington in October of that year, he says:—

'I wish to mark in some especial manner the good conduct of the company of the 37th regiment of Madras Native Infantry, which, being separated from the rest of the troops, formed itself into a square and resisted, with bayonets only, some thousands of Chinese until they were rescued by the marines. It occurs to me that the company might be made grenadiers—there are none in the Madras army; and in order to reward officers and men in the manner in which I believe they most like to be rewarded, perhaps it might be expedient to give six months' entire batta to the company. Of course, the regiment will have Canton on its colours, and I will write to the officer who commanded the company.' (P. 153.)

It would be interesting to know what was the extent of the danger undergone by this heroic company, as indicated by the casualties incurred in killed and wounded, in executing what was apparently the safest manœuvre possible for it. It had not, so far as can be understood from the description, the option of running away, while not to have resisted would have involved its destruction by the armed rabble surrounding it. To treat men, whose business it is to fight, as heroes whenever they show a front to the enemy, is surely to degrade rather than elevate the military character of an army. Lord Ellenborough when he arrived in India repeated this mode of reward freely, by the conversion of sundry of the Bengal regiments returning from Afghanistan into light infantry and grenadier corps, and one of the gallant bodies thus selected for distinction justified the honour not long afterwards by refusing to march to the frontier, alleging that it was not its turn to proceed on active service, but was, nevertheless — this was after Lord Ellenborough's time — maintained on the muster-rolls of the Bengal army until it disbanded itself in 1857. The honours and flattery bestowed on the army generally have been already referred to. In Lord Ellenborough's own words, 'praises, honours, and substantial rewards . . . were lavished upon them' (p. 303), while, as he says in another letter, the general orders issued were 'a little in the French style' (p. 195). They were in truth complete parodies of the French style, trifling skirmishes being extolled in language only suitable for describing an Austerlitz or Marengo.

Of the mutiny which occurred at Ferozepore in 1844, and which took the form of a refusal to march to Scinde, because certain allowances previously granted to troops serving there

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had been withdrawn on its becoming a British province, Lord Ellenborough writes :—

'The 6th Irregular Cavalry marches to Sukkur [in Scinde]; the promotion given in the regiment by adding two rissalahs [squadrons] to it, and the present of 1,000 musketoons, will keep it right, and show others that the Government acts by reward as well as punishment. Punishment of the 34th Native Infantry and of the 7th Cavalry there must be, as our army is no better than that of the Sikhs.' (P. 429.)

In other words, a regiment is to be rewarded for not refusing to obey orders. These frequent mutinies in the Indian army, revealing the state of indiscipline which culminated in the great outbreak of 1857, most frequently arose on questions of pay and allowances, as might be expected in the case of mercenaries, and the reader will find a valuable memorandum on the subject by the Duke of Wellington (p. 263), in which the great warrior, while insisting sternly on the need for maintaining discipline, enlarges with true wisdom on the faultiness and complication of the regulations relative to the 'batta' of the native troops, and the necessity for making them both easy to be understood and not liable to capricious variation, the whole memorandum being couched in a spirit of generosity which is thus shown to be not inconsistent with the determination of a strict disciplinarian. It does not, however, appear that Lord Ellenborough profited by the advice. In itself the withdrawal of the extra allowances granted in Scinde on its becoming British territory was no doubt both justifiable and proper; but the time for making the change, before the troops had become accustomed to the occupation of the province, and when the garrison there was afflicted with sickness almost amounting to pestilence, was certainly inopportune, while no preparation seems to have been made for dealing with the manifestation of ill-feeling which the experience of similar instances might have shown was likely to occur. The mutiny took the Governor-General by surprise, it was dealt with in a feeble hesitating fashion, and left the Bengal army with a serious flaw unrepaired.

With respect to the European officers of the army, the principal defects apparent at that time were those arising from the system of undiluted seniority obtaining, under which men seldom rose to a position of responsibility till they were too old to fill it properly, and the degradation into which regimental duty with the regular troops of the native army had been allowed to fall, by the greater emoluments and advancement attached to every other description of employment. An officer probably gained, and certainly did not lose, by accept-

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ing any sort of work, civil, political, or quasi-military, which took him away for the time from his regiment; at the worst, he could always claim to come back and command it on promotion to field-rank, superseding those who had been doing the drudgery during his absence; and thus regimental duty came to be looked on as the most ignoble and unimportant of all duties, which every officer of spirit and ability sought to escape from. This feeling, which, as the number of special appointments continued to increase with the extension of British territory, was rapidly destroying the efficiency of the army, Lord Ellenborough made no effort to check; on the contrary, he encouraged it by his own appointments. Thus he tells the Duke, on the return of the troops from Afghanistan (December 1842):—

'I do not find that General Nott has any very high opinion generally of his officers as men fit to command out of his sight. Brigadier Wymer, who more than once commanded a distinct corps in action, is, he says, an officer upon whom he could entirely depend for the exact execution of orders; and, besides, he had with him, as brigade-major, Captain Scott, of the 39th Bengal Native Infantry, an old staff-officer of General Nott's, in whom he had entire confidence, and he knew that on any occasion of unforeseen difficulty Brigadier Wymer would consult and take the advice of Captain Scott. I have made Captain Scott paymaster of pensions at Lucknow.' (P. 313.)

The paragraph is characteristic of Lord Ellenborough's depreciatory style of thinking and writing about his subordinates, and also describes with unconscious irony what used to be only too common in Indian campaigns, that the brigadiers who commanded the troops were themselves virtually commanded by their own staff; but it is quoted here as showing that the Governor-General thought that the best way of rewarding a good soldier was to shelve him in the lucrative but unmilitary office of a pension-paymaster.

Of the evils of seniority, and that the senior officers of the army were old and inefficient, Lord Ellenborough complains frequently throughout this correspondence, but he nowhere appears to have taken any measures to introduce reforms in this respect. He says a great deal also about the preparations he is making in the army, and that he is getting it in readiness quietly for the impending struggle with the Sikhs, but the only preparations seem to have been in the way of augmentation; there is nothing to show that he improved its efficiency or discipline. He obtained, indeed, the assent of the home authorities to a small increase in the number of European officers, but this did little more than fill up the gap caused by

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the additional staff appointments which had been created; the evils of the system remained unchanged. He lays great stress on the importance of having a sufficient force on the North-west frontier, with well-filled magazines at hand; Ferozepore and Loodiana are to be fortified, and the Delhi magazine to be moved to a safer place; but none of these things were done. Those two frontier places were left *en l'air*, with nothing deserving the name of defensive works, held by small garrisons, and with their supports at a distance. When the Sikhs did cross the Sutlej, which happened exactly at the time Lord Ellenborough predicted for the war, the British troops had to be collected together in a hurry and in insufficient numbers to meet the invasion; Ferozepore and Loodiana were for some days in extreme danger, and when the Sikhs were repulsed after the desperate struggle of Ferozshah, a long delay occurred until the needful supports and reserves of ammunition could be brought up, and the enemy dislodged from the position to which they had retired on the banks of the Sutlej at Sobraon. It is true that to have taken adequate precautions against an irruption of the Sikhs, by massing troops on the frontier, and establishing magazines there, might, by exciting the fears of that people, have precipitated the very danger which it was designed to guard against. Still, as a matter of fact, the British army and government were taken by surprise on this occasion; and if the state of things Lord Ellenborough bequeathed to his successor constituted military preparation, it would be difficult to say what is meant by want of preparation.

Writing in April 1844, he says: 'We are altogether very 'ill-provided with officers for the higher commands. The whole 'army requires a great deal of teaching, and I am satisfied the 'eighteen months I ask are not more than enough to make 'it what it ought to be.' The facts may be freely admitted, but it does not appear that the Governor-General took any measures to supply the army with better officers, or to furnish the teaching it unquestionably required. In those days, indeed, military education and training were at their lowest point. The British troops, fighting as bravely and as well-disciplined as ever, were in other respects living on their Peninsular reputation. Military instruction seldom went beyond battalion drill and formal parades, and whenever the army took the field, brigadiers and staff had to be improvised for the occasion, for the most part utterly ignorant of their duties. It may be said that in this respect the Indian army was no worse than that at home. Even on the continent of Europe military affairs about the year 1844 appeared to re-

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ceive less attention than at any time before or since; military science was everywhere asleep. But then in India the army had been engaged for some years in active service, it was encamped amidst hostile peoples, and was now expecting to undergo a fresh trial of strength. And even if the Governor-General might not have been sufficiently powerful to carry out a radical reform in the mode of appointing to the higher commands and the staff of the army, he could at least have turned the assemblage of the troops in large bodies together to useful purpose for instruction. In England at that time the means did not exist for massing bodies of troops, and the feeling of Parliament and the country would have been opposed to incurring the needful expense for camps of exercise; but the Governor-General was practically uncontrolled. Again, the inordinate amount of baggage attached to an Indian army attracted Lord Ellenborough's attention; and he says in a letter to the Duke—

'I do not know what may have been the baggage of an Indian army when you knew it. It is now awful, and I am satisfied that some day or other some terrible catastrophe will be the consequence. Officers seem to carry with them the whole furniture of their bungalows.' (P. 416.)

The same thing appears to have struck many other persons who have seen an Indian army on the march, and the case was just one of those where a Governor-General would have been able to interfere with effect. But it does not appear that Lord Ellenborough took any steps to put a stop to the evil.

It may, perhaps, be said that, after all, Lord Ellenborough merely failed to do what others, before and after him, also failed to do. There is this difference, however, between the two cases, that whereas other Governors-General have given only a part of their attention to army matters, regarding them as secondary to the general business of civil and political administration, and as more properly to be dealt with by the officials designated for the purpose, Lord Ellenborough evidently considered the administration of the army as his speciality. He is nothing if not military. Here and there in his letters there is a reference to finance and revenue, but they are principally filled with army matters and what he terms his mode of administering them. Not only so, nobody but himself is fit to deal with this sort of business. Of his Council he says (p. 186) that 'the members of it are well-meaning men. Mr. Prinsep 'is a clever man, and full of local information; Sir William 'Casement is an honest soldier, with much knowledge of the 'army, but little of anything else; and Mr. Bird, the senior

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'member, with some knowledge, is very weak indeed. He and 'Sir William Casement too are so very strongly prejudiced 'against the Madras army that I rather dread their indiscre-'tion.' Later on, indeed, he says that Mr. Bird, 'as President 'in Council,' has 'really done very well during my absence,' but he evidently did not look for assistance to his Council. His opinions of Nott and Pollock have already been quoted; of Lord (then Sir Hugh) Gough, who succeeded Sir Jasper Nicolls as commander-in-chief, he writes: 'I ought not to 'conceal from you that the anxiety I feel not to be called too 'suddenly into the field is much increased by a want of confi-'dence in Sir Hugh Gough, who, with all his personal courage 'and many excellent qualities, certainly does not appear to 'possess the grasp of mind or the prudence which is essential 'to the successful conduct of great military operations' (p. 435). It is evident that one person only in Lord Ellenborough's estimation possessed the needful grasp of mind and prudence combined, and that was Lord Ellenborough himself, and that he views the strategical dispositions referred to throughout this correspondence as his own with extreme complacency. But although there is a great parade of figures, we doubt if the Duke of Wellington or anyone else could have gathered from them any clear arrangement of the general distribution of the forces in India, or the number available for moving on any particular point. The thing that is most apparent is the ludicrous egotism of the writer; a Frederic or Napoleon who had created his army and was absolute master of it could hardly speak of it as more completely his own than does Lord Ellenborough of the troops under the orders of the Indian Government while he was Governor-General. As for judgment, perhaps the most singular instance exhibited of the want of that quality, after the famous episode of the gates of Somnath, is to be found in the remark (p. 359) that he should endeavour to remove the indifference towards the Government manifested by the people of India, by throwing over English prejudices and acting in the spirit of a native, not of a foreign, governor. As regards the Somnath affair, by the way, we may remark that the defence made in Parliament of the Governor-General by Sir Robert Peel, that the wonderful Somnath proclamation was intended to bear solely a political, and no religious signification, is distinctly refuted by this volume. Lord Ellenborough tells the Duke in one of his letters:—

'I have every reason to think that the restoration of the gates of the Temple of Somnauth has conciliated and gratified the great mass of

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the Hindoo population. . . . Our true policy is to conciliate the Hindoos, without doing anything which should in reason tend to create disaffection in the Mussulmans.' (P. 322.)

These remarks, while indicating Lord Ellenborough's utter want of discretion, display also a ludicrous misconception of the Hindoo character. One might as well expect to conciliate the Irish by 'restoring' to them a bundle of Celtic flint implements dug out from a Yorkshire barrow. Certainly, had he remained with his Council, so monstrous a blunder as the issue of this proclamation would never have occurred.

Having rejoined his Council at Calcutta, by the strongly expressed advice of the Duke, he writes to him:—

'I arrived here a month ago, and the experience of that time satisfies me that although the communications necessary with the Council consume time and delay business about twenty-four hours at least, more commonly forty-eight hours, they do not in the slightest degree affect the ultimate decision.' (P. 384.)

This is pretty much as if a cabinet minister were to say—the passing of bills through Parliament consumes time, but does not affect the ultimate form of the measures I propose for the good of the country. The government of India being entrusted by law to a Governor-General and Council, the assumption thus made that it delays business to transact business through a council, still more that the business ordinarily coming before any government suffers inconvenience from a trifling delay of this sort, is what might be expected from some impulsive young man just entering on public life, rather than from an old official of fifty-three. In fact it would appear as if the position of Governor-General had turned Lord Ellenborough's head. That office is in some respects more exalted than the position of any minister or even any monarch. The minister has his colleagues, and is to a certain extent on terms of equality with every member of his own House of Parliament. Even a king can throw off his state at times, and may have friends among whom he can unbend in private. But the Indian Viceroy, although his court is only a provincial one, is probably without a single personal friend about him, and lives always in public. In the eyes of the native population he is a greater man than is the monarch of any European country to his subjects; while, notwithstanding the restrictions placed on him by law, a state of war will often render him practically the uncontrolled arbiter of the fate of subject states and princes. The feeling of all this grandeur being his seems to have been at first too much for Lord Ellenborough, certainly at all times a weak and vain man; but

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there is a palpable change in his sentiments as time went on. Towards the end of this correspondence he appears to allow that other people besides himself were not altogether devoid of judgment and ability; and perhaps had he remained for the full term of office he might have developed even into a reasonably sober and judicious ruler.

A curious foil to these letters of Lord Ellenborough are those addressed to him by the Duke of Wellington, as conspicuous for the sagacity, good sense, and moderation of the writer as those of the former are the reverse. There was a staunch friendship between the two men, utterly unlike as they were in disposition and habit of mind; the most pleasing feature brought out in Lord Ellenborough's letters is his warm admiration and respect for the Duke, and his readiness to consult him and take his advice. The Duke, although he must have disapproved of a great deal that was said and done by the Governor-General, and the claptrap of his proclamations and his egotism must have been repulsive to his own taste and common sense, always sticks by his friend, defends him in Parliament, applauds his conduct when he thinks meritorious, and never ceases to give him sound advice. One derives some idea from this correspondence to how large an extent the Duke, then in his seventy-fifth year, was consulted by the ministry of the day, and upon matters not merely military; while in his letters and memoranda on Indian affairs, whether it be on the arrangement for transports in the China war, or the masterly suggestions for the military occupation of Upper India, or his memoranda on such technical points as the defence of Delhi and Agra, or lastly in the excellent advice offered to the Governor-General on the mode of conducting public business, the reader cannot fail to be impressed with the grasp of principles and details manifested, the sagacity apparent in everything he says, the kindliness and even delicacy with which reproof is administered. In some respects, indeed, the great Duke in his old age was not in accord with the times, and the old man and the Tory come out in the subjoined amusing extract about the effects of the newspaper press, with which we will conclude our notice of what is in one sense a valuable as well as interesting volume.

'Some twenty years ago such a question as this [the conquest of Scinde] would have been merely local; the Government would have had no occasion to take cognisance of it—the utmost that would have been done would have been for the Secret Committee to observe upon the transaction in a despatch to the Governor-General; but at this moment in particular everything that occurs in that part of the world

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is of importance, and becomes an imperial question, and must be treated accordingly with great care and deliberation.

'To this add that we have established throughout India at every head quarter of every cantonment, and nearly of every regiment, a licentious press, which publishes as fact every false report, every exaggeration, every scandal. These latter communicate with Bombay, those at Bombay with the newspapers in France, Germany, and England, and this in six weeks! Only conceive the mischief which they have it in their power to do in the way of impression, and how hopeless to attempt to counteract their effects by subsequent contradiction! No! I advise you to be very cautious, not only in respect of your acts, which I don't doubt that you will be, but respecting the modes of execution which you may adopt (especially to your agents), your writings, your conversations, even in private. It is lamentable to reflect that we are living under the influence of such a despotism: its influence and its tyranny are greater than that of the Inquisition ever was in the southern counties of Europe.' (P. 348.)

ART. III.—1. *Mémoire pour servir à l'histoire de la Sphéristique, ou la Paume des Anciens.* Par M. BURETTE. Acad. Roy. des Inscrip. et Belles Lettres. 1736.

2. *Das Ballspiel* (σφαιριστική), *die Gymnastik und Agonistik der Hellenen.* Von Dr. JOHANN HEINRICH KRAUSE. Leipsig: 1841.

A VERY large proportion of our elementary acquaintance with the abstractions which in later days we learn to call gravitation, velocity, momentum, elasticity, incidence and reflexion, friction, revolution, &c., are unconsciously derived from our experiences in the games of childhood and youth. In these the ball is *facile princeps*—not only is it the first toy (for the coral and india-rubber ring are devices of the doctor and dentist disguised as toys), but the ball survives them all, and remains master of the situation among the mature recreations of manhood. Long after the hoop has ceased to trundle, the top to spin; when the toy boat has turned into a steam yacht, and the kite only flies financially and metaphorically in the ill wind of the flier's own raising, which blows nobody good but the usurer—the ball, unwearied and unwearying, still rolls on the billiard table, bounds on the cricket ground, is pursued by mounted cavaliers in the polo field, and reigns supreme over all pastimes in the royal game of Tennis.

Games are good in proportion to the measure in which they exercise and reward the skill, vigour, activity, pluck, and judgment of the player with continuous certainty. Skill is cognate

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with schooling. Games of skill not only take much learning, but from them much is learned. Though the natural man, and still more the natural boy, has a distaste for what he is pleased to call 'dry science,' none the less does he delight most, from his youth upwards, in such games as show him natural laws in action. Skill in his games, or unusual quickness in acquiring skill, implies that a boy observes with more than common attention the phenomena his game exhibits, and has the faculty of codifying to himself (usually in some unutterable digest) the laws which govern its motions.

We often underrate the reasoning powers of children, because, in their ignorance of terms, they are too hopeless of being able to explain themselves, even to make the attempt. To judge of a boy's faculties we should watch what he does, not ask him questions, under the vain impression that, without having been crammed for the purpose, he will be able to give an articulate account of the knowledge which is in him. And we shall judge with much more certainty when there is no doubt as to the earnest use of his full ability, because he is striving for victory in his favourite game. We are not in the least desirous of advocating play to the detriment of work; nor of muscularising Christianity at the peril of our young Christians growing mere musclemen. Boys should work as much as their strength will allow without damage to their health. But when they play, the more perfect the game the more effectual and rapid will be the recreative stimulus to blood and brain. For, as Aristotle says, 'the boy being unable to work 'at long stretches (*συνεχῶς πονεῖν*), must (*παίζειν ὅπως σπουδάζῃ*) 'play in order to work with a will.'

Tennis, the most perfect of games because with the most continuous certainty it exercises and rewards all the faculties of the player, has only been prevented hitherto from becoming as popular as it deserves, from its being, under its original conditions, so expensive, so difficult to learn, and so puzzling to count, as to discourage those who were not 'to the manner 'born' from touching it. The last of these impediments is merely superficial. Half an hour of intelligent explanation to a schoolboy of ordinary capacity would put him in possession of the whole theory. The second difficulty does not offer any great impediment to those whose previous education has prepared them for it. To attempt Tennis without having played the ordinary games, of which cricket and fives are the most conducive, would be like plunging into algebra without knowing multiplication and rule of three. A moderate player at fives and cricket, from the first hour he sets his foot in the

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tennis-court will find it thoroughly amuse him. The first difficulty of expense seemed, for the many, insuperable—until this recent Revival turned the ancient and noble but almost moribund game out to grass, and introduced the rudiments of it (shorn of every occult feature and with nothing mysterious about it save a sesquipedalian name out of the lexicon) to the broad levels of a thousand English lawns. To build a tennis-court cost from 3,000*l.* to 4,000*l.* Now a few rackets, a few sixpenny balls, and a net, with some streaks of whitewash to mark your limits, and *le jeu est fait.* Of course when a court occupied space enough in a town for at least four good street-houses, the play must pay the rent and something for the marker. There are not enough available hours of daylight to make even one self-supporting court pay in London. The *one* which existed in the Haymarket struggled and gasped for years in a hopeless decline. Tompkins the younger, probably as capable a man as could be found in England to manage it, failed to make it pay, after a spirited attempt. It is now an army-clothing warehouse. The outside is unchanged, and the carved escutcheon, inscribed 'James St., 1673,' still adorns its well-built brick walls.*

The tennis-courts at Prince's and Lord's are not self-supporting, but dependencies of clubs or societies which rely on a variety of attractions for their pecuniary success. In Paris the last of the hundred and fifteen tennis-courts which flourished when the world seemed to exist only for the amusement of *beaux seigneurs*, and Louis Quatorze was king, disappeared to make way for the new Opera House. A most perfect court it was, somewhat resembling the one in Hampton Court Palace, but rather smaller, with a slight slant of the floor rising from the net to the ends, which made the play more lively. It stood near the end of a *cul de sac* called L'Impasse Sandrier, which debouched on a depressed siding of the Boulevard des Italiens. After it was gone the late Emperor built yet another in the Tuileries gardens with a view to the exercise of the Prince Imperial. Truly, now that the *Jeux de*

* The tennis-courts at present existing in England are, we believe, sixteen. The Universities have four. London has two at Prince's and one at Lord's. Hampton Court Palace. Brighton, Leamington, Goodwood, Woburn, Hatfield, Strathfieldsay, Brougham, and Crawley (near Winchester), make up the number. None of the private courts are, we believe, older than that at Goodwood, which the Duke of Richmond thinks was built about 1760. The Hatfield court was built by the late Lord Salisbury thirty years ago; that at Woburn is a little older than the century.

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Paume seem to have all but received their *coup de grâce* in the country where tennis-courts in their present form originated, it is time for the grand old game to make the best shift it can to live upon the lawn; and our present purpose is to give as intelligible a description as we may of the intramural game, in order that the large majority of lawn-tennis players who are unacquainted with tennis in its complete form, may gather some definite idea of the true spirit of the game, and preserve under the modern modification as many of its real merits as can be secured within a moderate expenditure.

Accident is so much more prolific of happy suggestion than human ingenuity, *hians in vacuo*, that we need scarcely be surprised, on entering a tennis-court, to observe that it must probably be the reproduction of a fortunate congeries of forms constructed with a practical view to some other end than the game which has been adapted to them, instead of their being made for the game. Along three sides of what seems, and no doubt originally was, the large oblong interior court of some *château*, a covered passage has been built, for all the world as if merely to shelter those who might have to go round it in wet weather for supplies of wine, wood, or whatever else might be stored in the cellarage of the basement. The slanting roof of this passage called the Penthouse, from *pente*, slope (all the terms of tennis are French), rises 3 feet in its exterior width of 6 feet, being 7 feet high at its edge and 10 feet where it meets the main wall. The passage, just about wide enough for two to pass, is walled half way from floor to slope, and above this low wall (called the Battery) are net openings between pillars or posts supporting the penthouse. These net lights of the passage along the side wall are called 'Galleries,' and the posts divide them into Last, Second, and First galleries, the Door, and the Line. These openings extend about two-thirds of the whole length of the passage; and where they occur the court is only solidly surrounded by a wall a little over three feet high.* On entering the court as spectators we find ourselves in what seems most like a long stage box at a theatre with two or three rows of benches. This accommodation for lookers-on is called the 'Dedans,' pronounced in Anglo-French 'dedong.' It is the largest 'opening' in the court, and if ladies are there a net curtain is usually drawn; but habitués prefer to have their view of the game unobstructed, and trust in case of a ball being 'forced' into it

* A wooden wall of this height, say 3 ft. 6 in. in the lawn game, very nearly represents the virtual enclosure of the real tennis-court.

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to get out of the way, an arrangement which makes it prudent to watch the game attentively. The Dedans faces nearly the whole of the service end penthouse. On the right, the wall is without openings to the height of eighteen or twenty feet, at which level there are windows all along both sides of the court. The only feature of this length of blank wall is that it makes a short turn at an angle of 45° about half way between the net (called 'the Line' dividing the court in the middle) and the end wall. After this angle, called the 'Tam-'bour,' the wall returns to its former direction, but the rest of the court after this turn is narrowed about half a yard by the slanting projection, off which the ball is apt to glance in a manner very difficult to judge. This tambour was probably in the original a square projection—the thickening of a wall where some tower above required a more massive foundation than the rest—which had to be faced with a slant of wood, and by its hollow resonance earned its name. But it has been reproduced in the solid wall of all subsequent courts, just as the abutment of the stone stair, by which the Eton masters go up into chapel, has been reproduced in all fives courts modelled on the purely accidental Eton 'four-wall' where the flagged space between the last two buttresses is enlarged at a slightly lower level by the broad landing of the chapel stairs. Even the sink-hole, where from a defect in the grating we sometimes lost the precious sixpenny ball, unless the gap was carefully stopped with a greek grammar or a gradus, is, if we remember right, stereotyped also. From this sinkhole is derived the expression 'in holes.' The boy 'in holes,' i. e. stationed near the sink-hole, was the foremost partner of the 'out' side. His duty was to take the service which the foremost boy of the '*in*' side 'put up' to begin the 'bully.' The struggle which in Eton fives is called a bully, is in tennis called a 'wrest,' no doubt an ancient substantive of the verb wrestle; to wrest may have easily been warped from originally meaning 'to struggle or use 'force' to its present *nuance* of 'taking away by violence,' and the adjective restive or restiff should probably be written wrestive.

The bird's-eye, panoramic ground-plan of a tennis-court, supposed to be seen from the centre of the roof, will, if its impossible perspective be condoned, give the reader an idea of its shape, proportions, and the names by which its parts are called. It is to a scale of $\frac{1}{10}$th inch to the yard. The untinted oblong in the middle represents the floor. The lines marked on it, beginning at the service end, are the chases. Six lines across the court, a yard apart (with short lines in-

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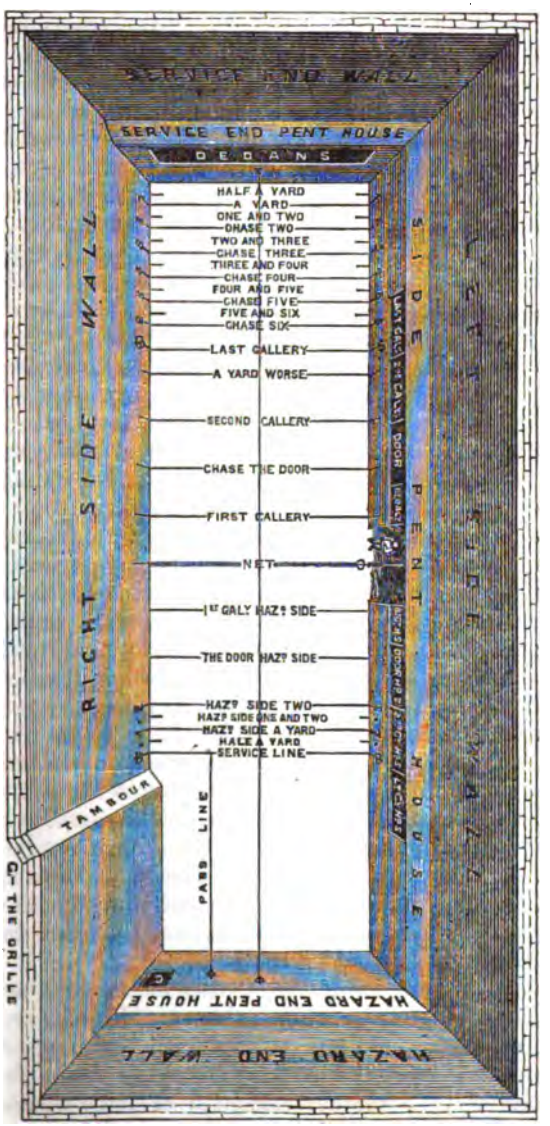
dicating the half yard), are called chase a yard, chase two, chase three four, five, and six. The half yards are called



chase half a yard, chase one and two, chase two and three, &c. Thus, chase five and six means five and a half yards from the

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back wall. The next line, also at a yard's distance, is called the last gallery. A ball falling at second bound on this streak of the floor is considered equal with one which goes into the nearest division of the side openings. After seven yards have been thus disposed of, the remaining nine yards to the net are roughly divided into four strips about two yards wide, and in value corresponding with the four other openings on this side the net, from which they also take their names of 2nd gallery, chase the Door, 1st gallery, and chase the Line. On the farther or 'hazard' side of the net, only the four large chases, hazard-side the line, hazard-side 1st gallery, hazard-side the door, and hazard-side 2nd gallery, are reproduced: the last being divided into yard and half-yard chases, after which the graduation of the floor ceases at the service line; and we perceive the meaning of the 'hazard,' viz., that in this chaseless part of the court we must return the ball or lose the stroke: whereas, where there are chases marked, we can let the ball fall untouched—the marker sees what line it fell on, cries its distance from the end wall, and when, from the other side, we try to make a shorter chase, he can determine whether we fall nearer or farther from the end wall, thus losing or winning the chase which is a stroke in suspense. We have also learned that the mysterious lines on the floor are mere graduations of a rule which serves to measure on itself the values of strokes, which rank entirely according to longitude, without any reference to latitude. The division along the middle of the court lengthwise, has no effect except when 'half the court' is given by a superior player; in which case he must confine his play to the half he reserves, each ball he involuntarily plays into the other half counting against him. The pass line, parallel to this division, is the lateral limit of the area within which a service must fall on the floor after touching the side penthouse on the hazard side. A service which fulfils the penthouse condition and drops within the service line but beyond the pass line, is not a 'fault' but a 'pass,' and if it intervenes between two faults wipes off the first, as would a service.

Here, then, we are inside the court: let us look and listen. It is an unintelligible jargon, with some familiar words and numbers, strangely, if not nonsensically, strung together. 'Game and set!' cries the marker, emerging from his hole at the net, raking up a clothes-basketful of balls with a rickety old racket, and, shuffling forward to replenish the two ball-wells in the dedans and last gallery. We are told a fresh 'set' is commencing, and prepare to open our eyes and ears in the

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faint hope that, beginning at the beginning, we shall perhaps be able to follow the game. The player near us takes a handful of balls from the well. He looses a ball from his left hand and strikes it violently with his racket, apparently taking a deliberate aim at the marker, who ducks into his den like a startled rabbit, and without any tone of injury or remonstrance, cries 'One fault!' The player moves a little, hits another ball more mildly, it rolls along the side penthouse over the marker's head, but apparently does not get far enough to do any good; for when it comes down on the floor the player at the other end makes no attempt to return it. The marker cries 'Two faults,' and adds 'Fifteen love!' This is rather a shock. No stroke worth mentioning has been made, and here they have got to fifteen already. The server tries again; this time it is returned, but it comes so quick into the corner farthest from the server, that he makes no attempt to return it. The marker cries 'One and Two' in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone, as if it could be both one and two at once; and that it was in perfect sequence to count one and two after fifteen! We cannot repress an exclamation, and our friend says, 'Don't 'you see, it's a "chase." That's where it fell second bound— 'at that streak of whitewash between chase a yard and chase 'two yards. It means a yard and a half from the back wall. 'You'll see when there are two chases, he'll change sides and 'play them off.' We reply, 'Oh! we see,' though we don't see it quite—being confused, while we listen, by another service having been given, returned and hit by our man into the net, upon which the marker cries, 'Thirty love!'

'Why thirty?'—'Oh! don't you see,' says our Mentor, 'two faults, that is when he fails to serve properly twice run- 'ning, counts as a stroke against him. A stroke is called 'fifteen; two strokes make thirty; three strokes forty.' 'Why 'not forty-five?'—'Well, it ought, but forty's shorter. Pro- 'bably they call the strokes in large numbers not to confuse the 'numbers of the strokes with the names of the chases. If they 'cried "Two all, chase two and one and two," it might seem con- 'fusing. At any rate the same system of counting fifteen, 'thirty, forty, game, exists in "Pallone," the ancient Italian 'game through which Tennis probably descends to us from the 'Ball games of the Romans, who had them from the Greeks, 'who say they came from the East; so that it is presumably 'founded on some "Asian mystery," veiled in the twilight of 'one of the darkest corners of the (very early) morning land.'

We begin to have a glimmering, when the marker cries, 'Forty thirty—chase one and two—change sides.'

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'Now he is going to play off the chase. If he can make the 'ball drop, second bound, nearer the wall than a yard and a 'half, he wins it; if it drops farther off, he loses it. A chase 'is a stroke in suspense; and chase half an inch can only be 'won by hitting into the dedans. One and two is a pretty 'good chase, but not too difficult to be worth trying for 'on the floor, but he will most likely lose it. There, that 'would have won it! but you see the server saw it would win 'it, and returned it. There! he leaves the next—it fell two 'and three, a yard farther from the wall.' Marker cries, 'Lost 'it—game—one game love.' 'It seems soon over!'—'Yes! 'there were only six strokes.' 'Didn't you say they would 'change sides when there were two chases? They changed 'when there was only one.'—'Yes; but at forty--thirty, the 'player who made the chase was within one stroke of game, 'and the chase had to be decided. But when there are *two* 'chases they change sides, even though the *two* strokes may 'not be enough to make either of the players game. It is not 'considered safe to charge the marker's memory with more 'than two chases.' 'But how many strokes made by a player 'make him "game"?'—'Four, unless they have each made 'three strokes, in which case the marker cries "Deuce" (a '*deux* in French) after which, when one of the players wins a 'stroke he is "advantage;" and if then he wins a second 'stroke he is game. But if, when he is "advantage" his 'adversary wins a stroke, they are at "Deuce" again. So that 'if they continued to win alternate strokes they might go on '"deuce, advantage," "deuce, advantage," to the end of time.' But what wins a stroke?

The player on the service side wins a stroke in several ways. 1st. By giving a service, which his adversary fails to return over the net, or hits up to the roof or windows. 2nd. By his adversary failing to return a ball which has fallen at second bound beyond the hazard-side chases. 3rd. By hitting a ball into the last gallery of the hazard side, which, as it has no corresponding chase on the floor, is a winning stroke; while the last gallery on the service side, which can be easily won by dropping a ball, at second bound, within its corresponding line on the floor, is merely a bad chase. 4th. By hitting the ball into that little blind window in the corner, called the 'Grille,' which from its name, no doubt, had a grating in the first ancestor of tennis-courts to keep cats out of the larder, or serving men, who properly had no business on the hazard side, out of the cellar.

The player on the hazard side wins a stroke, first, by

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returning the service or any subsequent stroke of the server in such a manner as to induce his adversary to hit it, and fail to return it clear of the net, windows, and roof which always make a stroke foul. If, however, his antagonist, though attempting to hit it, does not touch the ball with his racket or any part of his body, the ball makes a chase where it touches the floor at second bound, if there be no chase pendent which the stroke was to decide; second, by winning a chase—that is, by striking the ball so as to make it fall at second bound within the distance from the end wall where, while on the service side, he had, whether voluntarily or involuntarily, let a ball make its second bound without touching it; third, by hitting a ball into the dedans, which, like the 'grille' and 'last 'gallery' of the hazard side, is always a winning stroke; fourth, by hitting the ball into any of the galleries, or making any chase whatsoever on the service side, when his adversary has a hazard-side chase to play off. This is because by a lawful stroke, which under ordinary conditions would merely make a very bad chase on the service side, he cuts off his adversary from winning the hazard-side chase; for this is as much lost by his being prevented from getting a chance of winning it as by his failure to win it if he gets a hit.

By parity of reason, when there is a chase being played for on the service side, any hazard-side opening becomes a winning stroke to the player at the service end; for if he hits it into any of them it finishes the wrest without his antagonist having been able to fulfil the chase. If in attempting to win a chase, the player drops his ball at second bound exactly at the same distance from the back wall as the ball which made the chase, the stroke in suspense is redeemed, but not won; the marker cries 'Chase off,' and neither side scores anything.

'Why is there so much about *second* bound in the theory of 'chases? it is not play in any game of the family of fives and 'racquets to hit a ball second bound.'—'Nor in Tennis; and 'for that very reason the chase is marked where the ball 'touches the ground a second time. Till then the ball is alive, 'that is "in play;" but where it dies, the chase is its monument 'if it die in a part of the court where chases there be.'

'But why do chases exist at all—would not the game be 'much simpler and better without them?'—'Simpler it would, 'but better it would not. A tennis-court has a vast area for 'one player to defend; a length and breadth in which alterna-'tions of violence and feebleness of stroke might answer almost 'as well as vigour tempered with skill, if there were nothing 'to distinguish a good stroke from a bad one, except the

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'simple fact of its clearing or not clearing the net. By hitting 'hard and high enough against the end wall, over the pent-'house, you might draw the player forward to the net; then 'lob it over his head, so as to send him flying back to reach 'it; and then put it only just over the net, so that he could 'scarcely get back to it at all. This mixture of brute force 'and dodging weakness you might call skill, but it is quite 'foreign to the spirit of Tennis. The low skimming cut (from 'angle to angle of the court), which just clears the net, at the 'lowest part of its catenary curve, lands a little short of the 'end wall, bounds with the minimum of rise, and on touching 'the wall, drops dead, as near as possible into the nick, is the 'typical stroke in Tennis. It is beautiful in itself from its 'neatness of execution, as well as most usefully telling in the 'game. It is most difficult to return if taken, and to win if 'left as a chase. In moderate play you see many such strokes 'cut from easy services, or from bad returns, which give the 'average player a chance; but wrest after wrest long con-'tested in a succession of such strokes, heavily cut to and 'fro at the half volley, can only be seen in matches between 'the great players of the world, who may be counted on your 'fingers.'

'What is the precise process by which a stroke comes to be '"heavily cut"?'—'Observe closely the way in which the 'player at this end holds his racket! You see while he strikes 'the ball, the plane of his racket is hardly ever parallel with 'the planes of the end walls. He does not pat the ball with 'a flat surface at right angles to the direction in which the 'ball goes away. He holds his weapon obliquely, and gives 'the ball a sort of slanting wipe, which makes it spin with 'a shrill whistling whisper, as you may hear when he serves. 'When purely cut it spins in the same direction as a hoop 'thrown forward, with a retrorotatory spin, that it may roll 'back to the hand of the thrower. You may have observed 'in the movements of the hoop, for all who see it for the first 'time are a good deal struck by the trick, that its bound is 'curiously affected; and no wonder, for instead of making frank 'and solid impact in the direction of the hoop's travelling 'motion, the part impinging slips away on the ground, so that 'the elasticity of the spring seems benumbed. It cannot 'get hold of the ground. The detraction from the bound of 'the hoop, as far as the height of the bound is concerned, 'would be the same if the ground were slipping away forward 'at the speed of the hoop's retrorotation.

'The same action in a minor degree takes place in the

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'case of the cut ball. Its base of operations in bounding 'slips forward from beneath it, and it rises much less than the 'normal reflexion to its incidence if travelling without a spin. 'The floor is very smooth, so that little of the spin is sub-'tracted by the friction of impact; and accordingly when the 'ball reaches the end wall, which is much rougher than the 'floor, the proper reflexion is still more distorted from normal 'harmony with incidence, the ball's retrorotation giving it a 'tendency to roll straight down the surface of the wall instead 'of coming off it. Of course all these phenomena are much 'modified by the proportion of speed through space to spinning 'speed. A ball on which a greater proportion of the stroke's 'force has been converted, by the friction of the catgut web on 'the rough flannel, into spin, travels more slowly, and the 'strength of the stroke is shown by the ball's shooting almost 'into a roll on the floor and dropping like lead at the end wall. 'This is called a "heavy cut." A light cut is where the 'travelling speed is greater and the spin less.* A cut can 'hardly be too heavy if it does not shorten the ball's flight 'so as to make a bad chase or to lose a good one. Young 'players often pass through a stage of exaggerated cutting, 'which causes them to bungle a great many strokes by hitting 'the ball with the wood instead of the catgut; to send a good 'many balls into the net instead of over it, while the few that 'do get over, fall short of the good chases.'

'But if the racket be slanted why does not the ball rise in 'proportion to the racket's obliqueness?'—'So it would, if the 'slanting racket were moved parallel with the floor; but the 'striker deflects the direction of his stroke as much as the ball 'would rise, by the obliqueness of his racket, if it were moved 'horizontally. Besides the effect of a cut on the floor and 'walls, it affects the ball's flight in the air. For the normal 'friction is greatly increased on the side of the ball where the 'rotatory movement encounters the resistance of the air, and 'greatly diminished where the surface of the ball is receding. 'This action of spin on air-resistance is much more perceptible 'in *twist* than in *cut*. When a ball has severe twist on it, 'you may see it move in a lateral curve that cannot be con-'founded, like the result of cutting, with the normal trajectory 'which it but slightly modifies. In twist the problem may be 'solved, racket in hand, for the benefit of unbelievers, by

* The more learned terms are translation and rotation. But to the public translation might only seem identical with 'translation' as a courier may seem to the unfluent in foreign tongues to be synonymous with an interpreter.

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'making the ball touch a flat wall twice in its flight. Of 'course it must touch it at the slightest possible angle to begin 'with, and the underhand twist which does it, is not very easy 'to guide; but after a few trials any moderate hand may 'do it. What you see proved to your eyes in the one case 'you learn to believe in the other; and as the refractory limb 'of the ball is below and the accommodating limb above, in a 'heavily cut ball the atmospheric aberration from the normal 'trajectory is upwards, which accounts for many balls, which 'by their speed and direction we should expect to be stopped 'by the net, clearing it as if by magic, or the powerful volition 'of the superior player, who usually seems to have marvellous 'luck.'

'What is the difference between twist and cut? many of 'the strokes you call heavily cut seem to twist on the floor, 'and still more after they have touched the walls making all 'sorts of unaccountable zigzags?'—'Cut is a wipe *below*, and 'twist on either *side* of the ball; overhand twist is on the '(striker's) right-hand side, underhand twist on his left-hand 'side. On the floor the ball turns from the side on which it 'has received the twist, because on the floor, as in the air, it 'tends to the course in which there is least resistance. The 'side which has received the friction-push, and is spinning 'forwards, finds stronger friction-resistance on the floor than 'the unwiped side, which is spinning backwards. When a 'twisted ball reaches the end wall, its aberration is reversed in 'the rebound. If a twisted ball glances from the side walls 'its aberration from normal reflexion depends on whether the 'friction it receives from the wall is on the side revolving for-'ward or the side revolving backward. In the first case the 'friction arrests the twist—the ball seems to halt on the wall, 'losing its speed in a hesitating suspense, which, if foreseen, 'makes it easy to hit. In the second case the friction adds to 'the twist; the ball shoots along the wall at an increased 'speed and diminished angle. The diagram shows a ball hit, 'with underhand twist, against the right-hand side wall, at an 'angle of 45°. Instead of leaving the side wall at the same 'angle, which would take it to *a*, it makes its first bound 'on the floor at A. Here the original twist, increased by the 'friction of the wall, distorts its forward bound from the 'straight line, and it touches the back wall at B instead of *b*. 'On the smooth floor the distortion is comparatively small, and 'the loss of rotatory speed accordingly but slight. It is when 'the ball reaches the back wall, (which being very much rougher 'than the floor, and where impact is direct instead of oblique,)

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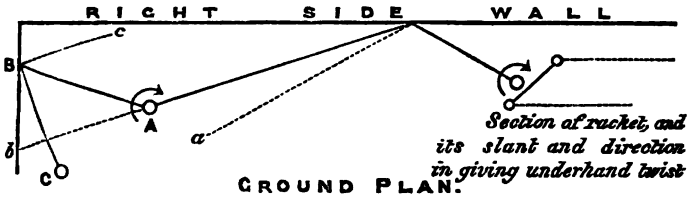
'that the most startling divergence takes place towards C in-
'stead of *c*. The lighter lines and italics show the course which
'apparently ought to be, and the dark lines and capitals that



GROUND PLAN.

'which really results. Here the ball seems to have suddenly
'gone mad, coming off the wall actually at right angles to the
'direction in which it ought apparently to have been reflected.
'Until the player finds that there is method in this madness,
'and learns to discount the values of friction in his calcula-
'tions, he will continually be in the wrong place; and this
'want of "judgment" no swiftness of foot can repair, for his
'speed only takes him farther away from where he ought to
'be. Nor is it only balls which come from the racket with an
'original twist, which mislead him thus: every ball which
'glances off a wall at great velocity acquires a considerable
'twist, especially "boasted" balls. "Boasting" consists in
'hitting the wall obliquely, so that the ball may make a long
'flight after its impact, and is resorted to when the position
'of the player makes it difficult or impossible for him to hit
'the ball to the desired destination in the direct line. Some-
'times there is not room to get his racket behind the ball, or
'he may be too late to do anything else. When well executed,
'as an escape from difficulty, it is a pretty and telling stroke,
'but adopted unnecessarily it becomes, by frequent and gra-
'tuitous repetition, an ugly trick. Some players are very
'fond of "boasting," so as to drop from the side wall into the
'dedans. On the whole, but little is gained by it, if anything,
'over the ordinary expedient of direct "forcing." It may be
'adopted with advantage when the antagonist is very strong
'in his volley.'

Taking a ball at the volley is, of course, more difficult than at the normal half bound, when a good deal of its speed has been lost by the friction of the floor. Still more of the impetus of the original stroke is lost when after a first bound on the floor the ball makes its natural rebound from the back wall in a slow, rising arc, about the culminating point of which, being then at its slowest, it offers to the player who has placed himself properly, the greatest facilities for making

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a severe stroke. An inexperienced player very frequently defeats himself by taking his adversary's stroke at the difficult volley, or perhaps still more difficult half volley, when by stepping out of the way and waiting for its rebound, he might take it with much greater ease and certainty from the back wall. Even if he succeeds in clearing the net with his volley or half volley, there is so much more of the random element in a stroke made at great velocities, that he probably neither places nor manipulates it so as to make it difficult to his adversary. It is not improbable that the encomium on Piso's skill at *Pila* by Saleius Bassus, on the terms of which the learned Becker seems dubious, refers to the contrasted methods of half volleying or overtaking the ball after the energy of the first bound is expended.

'Nec tibi mobilitas minor est si forte volantem
Aut geminare pilam juvat, aut revocare cadentem
Et non sperato fugientem reddere gestu.'

'Nor is thy play less deft whether it best suit the game to pick up the shooting half volley, or get back for the bound, and, taking it as it falls, recover and return it by an unexpected stroke.'

'Geminare,' to make a double hit, not improbably implies the player's hitting the ball almost simultaneously with the ball's hitting the earth. The action seems simultaneous, though there is from $\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{30}$ of a second between. We cannot suppose the ancients were such slovenly players as to allow, still less to praise, double hits after the manner of children at battledoor and shuttlecock, i.e. intercalating a supplementary stroke in the air when a direct repercussion seems too difficult. Seneca's celebrated illustration of an ethical proposition in his treatise 'De Beneficiis,' ii. 17, which gives the most graphic and complete account we possess of the 'lusio pilaris,' and which we therefore quote, will, we think, dispose of any such derogatory idea of the skill of the ancients in their much loved and continually practised ball play.

'Volo Chrysippi nostri uti similitudine de pilæ lusu; quam cadere non est dubium, aut mittentis vitio, aut accipientis. Tunc cursum suum servat ubi inter manus utriusque, apte ab utroque et jactata et excepta versatur. . . . . Si cum exercitato et docto negotium est, audacius pilam mittemus, utcunque enim venerit, manus illam expedita et agilis repercutiet: si cum tirone et indocto, non tam rigide, nec tam excusse sed languidius, et in ipsam ejus dirigentes manum, remisse occurremus.'

When players are about equal, it is difficult, in a wrest, to recover from the results of a feeble stroke, which gives the

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other side facilities for making one severe return. The struggle goes on growing more and more unequal, as each successive return, under increasing difficulties, adds opportunity of execution to the player who has once got the ascendant. Sometimes a beautiful stroke 'non sperato gestu' will suddenly redress the balance, but nothing can prevent a heavy percentage of loss to the player who habitually chooses the wrong moment for his stroke. Volleying is most valuable, nay indispensable, to return balls in direct flight for a winning opening. It also is quite legitimate to volley a service as it comes from the penthouse, if it seems likely to fall in the nick (i.e. the angle between the floor and back wall), where it would not bound. Half volleying is often necessary in order to return a heavily cut ball which rises but a few inches from the floor. It requires a most accurate sense of time. The racket has to be chopped down to the floor at the exact moment in which the ball, having landed about a foot in front of the catgut, is making its forward shoot. The racket should be in oblique downward motion at the moment of the ball's impact upon it; and as, by the hypothesis, there are but an inch or two which the hoop of the racket can descend below the course of the approaching ball without being arrested by the floor, an error of a very small fraction of a second will destroy the efficacy of the stroke. The slope of the arrested racket's surface may be enough to allow the ball's own momentum to return it from the elastic web of gut, so as to get over the net. But there will be no cut in the return. Moreover, the proper slant for cutting the half volley is not sufficient for the slovenly sort of return above described.

If the reader, inexpert in Tennis (for it is to him, or her, we are attempting to convey a definite idea of the game, such as exists without any telling of ours in the minds of those who have played it), is not wearied or bewildered out of attention by what has been already described, he will at any rate have formed some idea of the almost illimitable scope the game affords for the exercise of rapid judgment and prompt decision, as well as of swiftness of foot, skill of hand and eye, to say nothing of the control of temper which is more difficult when the blood is heated and hurried far above fever point by vehement exertion. To a looker-on who knows nothing either practically or theoretically of the game, it seems the most natural thing in the world that each player should be in the right place at the right moment. The strokes seem perfectly natural and easy. He feels certain he could do it better than the fair average player he sees missing absurdly

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easy strokes—these fair average players having perhaps played twice or thrice a week for half-a-dozen years. If his confidence in his own untaught genius is so rashly outspoken that he is encouraged to seek practical disillusion for the amusement of the 'Dedans,' he will generally find himself at several yards' distance from where he ought to be in order to touch the ball when played away from him; and when in treacherous benevolence it is played to him, he usually misses it altogether, bungles it most signally with the wood instead of the gut of his racket, spoons it up to the roof if he gets hold of it at all, and not unfrequently ends his desperate gambadoes by a serious fall on his back, and a scarified elbow adds actual bloodshed to his discomfiture.

Of course we are taking a case in which presumption is (as in most of such instances it would be) founded on a great want of perception of the difficulties. Those who by the practice of analogous games were capable of making a promising beginning in Tennis would foresee the embarrassment which a want of experience in estimating time and space, under new conditions, must cause them. Even an old tennis-player who had not played for years would require some practice to get his hand in again. But the old knowledge has only rusted over superficially, and soon comes back like a once familiar language; and in the new modifications of tennis which have sprung up of late on the lawns of England, the old players who have known the intramural game may be recognised both by a nobler style of play and a sounder theory of the game. For Lawn Tennis having come into existence with a sudden spring which amply attests its vitality, is still in an inchoate and undeveloped stage, with a fluctuating variety of dubiously recognised rules, which yet remain to be agreed on and codified. Like all novelties, Lawn Tennis is a thing of considerable antiquity, as may be seen by the following extract from Nichols' 'Progresses of Queen Elizabeth,' quoted by Strutt:—'When 'Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Elvetham in Hampshire 'by the Earl of Hertford, after dinner, about three o'clock, 'ten of his lordship's servants, all Somersetshire men, in a 'square green court before her Majesty's window, did hang up 'lines, squaring out the form of a tennis-court, and making a 'crosse line in the middle. In this square they, being stript 'out of their doublets, played, five to five, with hand-ball, '"at bord and cord," as they tearme it, to the greate liking of 'her Highness.'

Hand-ball (*pila palmaria*), palm-play, *jeu de paume*, are

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all apparently older terms than Tennis, which, as well as fives, Strutt inclines to consider as derived from the *numbers* who engaged in the game. It is probable that the match played by the Somersetshire men was already an antiquated form of the game, for, as Strutt also relates, 'Henry VIII., in the 13th 'year of his reign, played at Tennis with the Emperor Maxi-'milian for his partner, against the Prince of Orange and the 'Marquis of Brandenborow. The Earl of Devonshire stopped 'on the Prince's side, and the Lord Edmond on the other, and 'they departed even-handed on both sides after 11 (?) games 'fully played.' This is most likely a misreading of Roman numerals for two, as it would be difficult for the most courtly 'stoppers' to divide eleven so as to make an equal number of 'games all.' Probably they played two 'sets' of eleven games each, and left off even, without finishing the rubber. 'Stop-'ping' may stand for marking, though, as the author quoted does not appear to have been an adept, it does not at all follow that 'stopping' was the term in use. But it suggests that two markers or umpires watched the game, one on behalf of each side, as at cricket; and indeed in a tennis-court there is a *double* station for the marker, which looks as if its original intention had been to hold two.

In a MS. register of Henry VII.'s expenditure, made in the 13th year of his reign, and preserved in the Remembrancer's Office, this entry occurs:—'Item for the King's loss 'at Tennis, twelve pence; for the loss of balls there, three 'pence.' 'Hence we may infer,' says Strutt in his footnote, 'that the game was played abroad (in the open), for the loss 'of balls would hardly have happened in a tennis-court.' The word loss, however, may stand for 'wear and tare,' as tennis-balls in a court, in spite of their great number subdividing the stress on each, wear rapidly, get threadbare, and have to be often reclothed in the felt-like flannel, which might be more durably replaced with chamois leather. The tennis-ball is hard and inelastic, being composed of shreds of rag and cloth bound solidly together with string, two inches and a half in diameter, and weighing about two ounces and a half.* It is a solid thing to stop, especially at a volley, and a strong racket is required to arrest and repel its vehement momentum. When fairly hit, with the full swing of a heavy racket tightly strung, it is a really formidable projectile. It was a tradition of the

* Πάλλα, says Hesychius, *σφαῖρα ποικίλων ῥημάτων πεποιμένη*. Hence the Italian Palla and Pallone.

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Haymarket court that a duke had been killed there; * and now that ladies have taken to tennis it is clear that lighter weapons and softer missiles must be substituted for the heavy ammunition of the courts. For, as Martial says (xiv. 47)—

> 'Ite procul juvenes, mitis mihi convenit ætas
> Folle decet pueros ludere, folle senes.'
>
> 'Begone swift-footed fiercely swiping youth,
> From me, too old for racketings uncouth;
> Old age, a second childhood, needs must fall
> Back upon childhood's large, light, soft, slow ball.'

And if ladies had played 'sphairistiké,' like Nausicaa, in his time, doubtless he would have recommended the follis, or at least the folliculus, to the ladies.

The follis (bellows) was a large inflated ball, of which the Italian pallone is the legitimate descendant. 'If we may 'trust,' says Becker, 'the copy given by Mercurialis ("De Arte '"Gymnast.") of a coin of Gordian III., the right arm was 'sometimes equipped with a sort of glove to assist in striking.' This sort of arm-guard is described by Strutt as a wooden brace, hollowed to fit the arm, and strapped on, to play at the game of 'Balloon.' Story gives a spirited description of Pallone in his 'Roba di Roma,' vol. i. c. vi. It is played between two sides, each numbering from five to eight persons. Each of the players is armed with a *Bracciale* or gauntlet of wood, thickly studded outside with pointed bosses. This hollow tube encases the arm nearly to the elbow, and near the closed end has a transverse bar which is grasped by the hand. The balls are large, made of leather, and so heavy as to be capable of breaking the arm, unless properly received on the brace. They are inflated by the *Pallonaio* through a valve with a sort of air-pump. 'The game is played on an 'oblong figure marked out on the ground or designated by the 'wall of a sunken platform; and across the centre is drawn a 'transverse line dividing equally the two sides. Whenever a 'ball falls either outside of the lateral boundary or is not struck 'over the central line, it counts against the party playing it.' The first ball is delivered by hand, usually underhand, with great violence. The server is called the 'Mandarino.' The best hitter of the side is always selected to receive it. As the ball leaves the mandarino's hand he rushes forward to meet and strike it as far as possible. When it flies over the

* This probably refers to Francis Duke of Bedford, who about 1804 died of an accident in a tennis-court. It was not in the Haymarket, however, but in a court he had himself erected at Woburn.

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extreme limit,* which from the weight of the ball is a great feat, it is called a 'Volata,' and counts a stroke. 'When this does 'not occur, the two sides bat the ball backwards and forwards 'from one to the other, sometimes fifteen or twenty times 'before the point is won; and as it falls here and there, now 'flying high in the air, and caught at once on the *bracciale* 'before touching the ground, now glancing from the wall, which 'generally forms one side of the lists, the players rush eagerly 'to hit it, shouting loudly to each other, and often displaying 'great agility, skill, and strength. The points of the game 'are fifty, the two first strokes counting fifteen each, and the 'other two ten each.'† A love game (i.e. the four strokes made without the antagonists scoring anything) counts double, and is called *Marcio.* 'Sometimes a cord was extended, over 'which it was necessary to strike the ball, a point being lost 'in case it passed below; but this is a variation from the game 'as ordinarily played, and can be ventured on only by the 'most skilful players.' . . . 'In the walls of the amphitheatre 'at Florence is a bust of a famous player whose battered face 'still seems to preside over the game, getting now and then 'a smart blow from the *Pallone* itself.' The inscription (which shows that the Italians recognise Pallone as identical with the ancient follis, and that 'serving and returning' are described in the very words used by Seneca) runs thus:—

'JOSEPHUS BARNIUS, PETIOLENSIS, VIR IN JACTANDO REPERCUTIENDOQUE FOLLE SINGULARIS, QUI OB ROBUR INGENS MAXIMAMQUE ARTIS PERITIAM, ET COLLUSORES UBIQUE DEVICTOS, TERRÆMOTÙS FORMIDABILI COGNOMENTO DICTUS EST.'

The folliculus was merely a smaller follis, apparently about the same size as the paganica, also a middle-sized ball, stuffed

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* We here observe a 'Goal' element in the game, which shows how Balloon play degenerated to foot ball. There is also a trace of it in the dedans counting as a stroke in Court Tennis. It is probable, by the way, that the word 'court' applied to Tennis is from 'Courte Paume' short tennis as distinguished from 'Longue Paume,' which is still played in the open on a greatly enlarged scale of distances. There is no such expression as 'Cour' de Paume: indoor or out alike, it is always 'Jeu' de Paume.

† Mr. Story, whom we have consulted for further particulars, thinks that at three strokes all (forty each side) 'Alle due' is called, and that another stroke makes the side which wins it 'Vantaggio,' and that these may alternate as deuce and advantage at Tennis. He also thinks that some number of games go to a match as in the set. The service is only given from one side of the court, and the parties change sides at the end of each game.

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with feathers, and therefore harder than the follis, which was only filled with air, but tenderer than the pila, which was probably as hard and heavy as our tennis-ball. Martial mentions all the three principal balls in a couplet—

'Hæc quæ difficili turget Paganica plumâ
Folle minus laxa est et minus arcta pilâ.'

'This paganica stuffed with stiff feathers is of tougher sub-'stance than the balloon, but of less compact substance than the 'tennis-ball'—laxa and arcta—as describing looseness and tightness of girth, beside difference of substance, imply difference of bulk. The paganica must have somewhat resembled Shakspeare's idea of a tennis-ball, where he says of Benedick's beard, 'The old ornament of his cheeks already 'stuffs tennis-balls.' Indeed, when tennis was played on grass, the ball was probably larger than the present tennis-ball, and lighter, for reasons hereafter to be explained, and for this sort of ball horsehair would be a very proper stuffing. The golf-ball is still stuffed with feathers. The new appliances of the game sold under the rather too learned name of 'sphairistiké' have been lightened without, like their ancient representatives, being increased in size. The rackets are the long, light, straight-handled rackets of the racquet-court, on which some old tennis-player is said to have vented his indignant disgust by exclaiming it was 'a moral impossibility to 'play anything like Tennis with this —— cross between a 'landing-net and a poached egg spoon!' This may be so, though the language is stronger than the occasion demands; for sphairistiké at its worst, when played in its most battledore and shuttlecock style—when the most insignificant and light-headed of balls is patted to and fro in lofty arcs by pretty young ladies tripping gracefully to the simple strokes which complaisant young gentlemen run about swiftly to recover from their random directions and make easy to return—even in its feeblest and most childish form, sphairistiké is a really pretty game to see, and a healthy cheerful game to play. It is the second childhood of outdoor Tennis, and probably not a little resembles its Homeric infancy, when Princess Nausicaa and her maids of honour diverted themselves with sphæristic sports while the fine linen of her trousseau was drying. High play was evidently then in fashion:—

'Along the skies
Tost and retost the ball incessant flies.'*

* Pope, *Od.* vi.

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England owes the inventor of sphairistiké a considerable debt of gratitude; for with all its shortcomings from what it might be, he has had the merit of reintroducing to its native swarded levels, and infinitely multiplying, a game which had come to be restricted to a handful of players in a few complicated courts, most expensive to build and keep up, and which, except as having preserved the traditions of a science hereafter to become truly popular, can be credited with no large national fund of amusement worth mentioning.

The most obvious criticisms on the game of sphairistiké may be put into an indictment of four counts:—

First. That pretending to be, and having a superficial appearance of really being, an adaptation of Tennis to lawns, it has not only taken its tools but its laws from the very inferior game of Racquets.

Second. That it has no walls, and therefore if enough space is marked out to give free scope for the sort of stroke which would be called good at Tennis, the area is too large to be effectually defended, unless by an increased number of players.

Third. That it provides no proportionate reward for a good stroke (i.e. the sort of stroke which would make a good chase in a tennis-court) over a bad stroke. Indeed, it encourages bad strokes: for if the adversary is well back, defending the further end of his court, where good cuts skimming low over the net would fall, it answers better to give the ball an ugly little feeble pat, and drop it just over the net, too far forward for him to reach, than to play a stroke worthy of Barre* himself.

Fourth. That 'service,' which ought, by the analogies of Tennis (where it is moderated by the penthouse), to be easier of return than an average stroke in mid wrest, is usually much more difficult of return than any other. In fact, it very often becomes a tyranny instead of a service. The present writer has seen a game run off by an unbroken series of services not one of

* Barre was the greatest tennis player within the scope of oral tradition. He was a Frenchman. Coxe the elder, of the Haymarket, was the best English player. Barre gave him half fifteen, and used to declare that old Coxe would have been his equal but for age. Still Barre always depreciated his own play, and always won his matches whatever he gave his antagonists, and there was an impression prevalent among those who saw him perform, that there was hardly any limit to what he could do if he chose. Everything came easy to his hand, and there was a calm mastery in his play which seemed so invincible and infallible that if on rare occasions he missed a stroke he was suspected of doing it on purpose to encourage a bet.

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which was returned; and in the same game ten had previously been made in succession by the weaker side. We will take these plaints in reverse order, beginning with the last, which, indeed, is the most important, and demands serious regulation to prevent it from swallowing up the game.

In service, the striker has the ball in his hand. He is free from all the haste and uncertainty which attends a return stroke. A cut or twist from the hand can accordingly be given with the maximum of severity, and from a much greater height than the bound of a tolerably played stroke. The area into which it falls in order to be play, viz., the half court behind the service line, defended by one player, contains, on the average of grounds, about sixty square yards. If the server aimed at his antagonist, the service would, delivered at such advantage, with a heavy cut or twist at great velocity, be a nasty one to return, as those who have had great basketfuls of balls cut to their feet by a marker for practice in half-volleying must know. But when the server plays as far away from his antagonist as the vast area allows him, a really severe and swift service becomes virtually unreturnable. We cannot do better here than quote the *obiter dictum* of a learned law lord, skilled alike in the courts of Themis and Tennis, who to the experience of an ancient sphæragonist adds the discrimination of the judicial mind:—

'Service ought not to be *too difficult* to return. A successful service is like chopping a fox, or infanticide, or anything else that stops the fun before it has fairly begun. In the court here, which is larger than yours (26 yards long), the rule is that the service shall be delivered from the racket, with one leg on the farther side of the extreme line which bounds the court; that is to say at a distance of thirteen yards from the net. This, they tell me here (*quæque ipse vidi*), prevents anything very desperate in the way of a smash-down, such as you say "is an insult to the human under-"standing." If mere distance won't do, I like best, because it is the *simplest*, the idea of a ribbon six or seven feet higher than the net, over which service must go.' A tape with weights through pulleys at top of a ten-foot post had been suggested by the present writer, as the best practicable substitute for the penthouse. No doubt if this suggestion be adopted, it will be in the face of a most indignant outcry from all the numerous squad of indifferent players with a powerful service on which they depend for victory in the absence of any power of return worth mentioning. They will raise a cry of 'white tapeism;' and 'doctrinaire crotchets from the tennis-court'

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will be reviled by the swiping regiment of racqueteers. The fact is, that that great moderator the penthouse does not exist in a racquet-court, and the game of racquets lacks the carefully balanced equality which is the crowning glory of Tennis. Still racquet players must allow that in the racquet-court itself the service-line is full as much higher than the play-line as we desire the tape to be above the net. Not to cripple the server too much, we would suggest that he might stand precisely where he pleased, which would be giving him more liberty than he has in a racquet-court. Over the tape and into the proper half court beyond the play-line should constitute service. The play-line theoretically ought to be, like the end of the chases on the hazard side, about half way between the net and the wall; and, as in a tennis-court, should limit both service and play, with this distinction—that a service should land within it, but in succeeding strokes the ball should die within—that is, if the ball lands outside, but would touch the earth at second bound within the line, it is play, and the recipient must return it or lose the stroke. Following this law, of the ball's destiny being determined by the place where it touches earth at its second bound, a ball which lands in but bounds out of and dies beyond the limits during a wrest should not be play unless touched by the recipient before it can prove itself out of play by making a second bound beyond the line. This adherence to the real termination of the ball's capability of being returned as the true criterion of its merits, is one of the most important and logical characteristics of Tennis; and though its highest developement is seen in the system of chases, it is no reason because chases are (from motives elsewhere explained) left out of the new game, that we should lose sight of the principle which affects it, in a minor degree, as truly as the old. If landing within limits, instead of ceasing to be play within limits, be the rule, low severely cut play at a temperate speed is obviously less paying than violent but low hitting with the flat racket, which goes at a greater speed than the best cut, lands just short of the back line, and bounds away seven or eight yards beyond it. To take such balls properly, the recipient should be always at least three yards behind his back line. This addition of virtually nearly fifty more square yards behind the apparent back line, which does not really limit the area of play, terribly extends the already excessive space to be guarded. Such a game should be played two deep on each side, and the half court divided into four.

Four on each side would bring us very near the number of the ten Somersetshire serving men, who may probably have been

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stationed two deep, with a captain to each side in the middle, to guard the front; for he must have been a superior player that could be trusted not to take what was better left for the players behind, as well as to get out of the way of their strokes.

But besides a misinterpretation of the true meaning of the limits of the ground by those whitewash lines which *should* enclose the movements of the ball while alive and in play, but which, as we have shown, are far from really doing so, there is another taint of the racquet-court which adds greatly to the iniquity of the present system of service. This is a law (existing both in fives and racquets), that when a player is 'in,' the strokes he makes, count for him, but if his antagonist who is 'out' makes a stroke it does not add to *his* score, but merely puts him in, and capacitates him to score his *next* stroke if he makes two successful strokes in succession. Thus a great premium is attached to second strokes, and a discount of simply 100 per cent. annihilates the scoring value of single strokes.

In order to test the logical result of the system, we may suppose a case, too regular to be probable, but still possible, and made uniform for simplicity of statement. A and B go in, alternately, five times each—A never makes more than the five successful strokes which five times put him in a position to score, but he scores nothing. Each time B goes in he makes three strokes running. The first stroke of each innings is subtracted. Twenty strokes have been made: A has won five of them and B fifteen. A scores nothing and B scores ten. All A's five strokes, and five of B's, have been uncounted. Just half of the strokes played have thus been thrown away. Surely this is in itself a confusion of justice and a waste of time. Counted as strokes are counted in Tennis, B would have scored fifteen and A five, and the result would have proved that B was just three times as good a player as A. But by the racquet system, what numerical proportion can be established between 0 and 10?

The absence of logical soundness in the 'in' and 'out' system of scoring is more manifest when there are two on each side, where it may be fairly said to reach its *reductio ad absurdum.* A and B are playing C and D; each side when in now has to miss two successive strokes in order to be put out. A is in, and doing his duty admirably; but his partner B misses a most disgracefully easy stroke. Does B therefore lose the innings he would have had after A had missed a stroke? Not at all. The side of A and B have lost a hand, and as they have two hands to lose before C and D can be in, the meritorious A goes out, and the culpable B reigns in his stead.

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Like Ahab, he not only destroys but takes possession. Here is injustice, not with a vengeance, but, alas! without it; for B, though he has such a feeble return, possesses a most powerful service or two, which he can twist over his antagonist's head, if he stand forward; or cut very short if he stand back. B, accordingly runs off the game by a brilliant series of unanswerable services, and poetical justice remains stultified most signally.

The objections to the present system of scoring on the ground of mere loss of time, are doubled in a four match. Supposing A and B go in five times, and C and D five times alternately; that each time A and B only win the two strokes necessary to put them 'in,' while C and D each time win four strokes consecutively. A and B win ten strokes and score nothing; C and D win twenty strokes and score ten. Thirty strokes have been played—ten only have counted. Making each stroke count, as in Tennis, A and B would have scored their ten strokes, and C and D their twenty. The inference would have been that C and D were just twice as good players as A and B; but how are you to determine that by the score of 0 to 10?

It will commonly be replied by those who found their rules on the racquet-court—and custom is stronger than reason—that it is as broad as it is long—that if the rules favour those who are in, and discourage those who are out; when you are in you are repaid for what you have suffered when out. But this is neither so in fact, nor likely to be so in theory. For it is not in the nature of an unjust law to be even impartially unjust to both sides, so as to redress the uneven balance by fair alternation of the unequal scales. The stronger side will, of course, much oftener make several strokes in succession, and the racquet-court rule of 'in and out,' has a perpetual drawing bias in favour of the strong player and against the weaker. The strong player, therefore, instinctively likes a regulation which redounds to his profit. It is of course the strong players who rule, and it is partly because in racquets they have made their game unjust to the weaker player that we characterise it as a less noble one than Tennis, where an absolutely just and curiously adjusted equality makes the game one of the most perfect of human inventions.* But besides this defect in

* The odds given in Tennis to equalise uneven players, are either in numerical points, or by barring portions of the court which if touched count against the striker. In the latter method the openings, the side walls, half the court, or all the walls may be given. In the former a 'Bisque' is one stroke in the set taken when the recipient pleases. Half fifteen is one stroke given in the second, fourth, and each alternate

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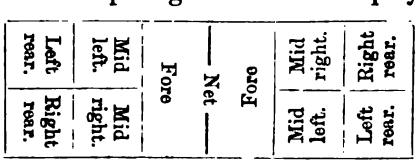
the spirit of the game, racquets are, in a corporeal sense, a sort of half tennis reflected by the back wall as in a looking glass. To get speed and directness of wall-return the exercise of human strength and velocity has to be maximised. Hence the light swift swishing racket and the tiny but most completely elastic ball which minimises the loss of its momentum in rebound. It is a wonderful game for vigour, swiftness, and dexterity, and second only to Tennis in its exercise of judgment. What it wants is weight; and the racquet-player's influence on lawn tennis is perceptible in the too great lightness of the balls used.

And now, having found some defects in this truly fine and vigorous lawn game, for which we augur a great future, whether it purge itself of its blemishes or not, we should at least suggest, for the consideration of players, a few remedies.

First, the service might be mitigated by having to pass over a tape ten feet high. In ordinary games of two on a side, it should fall into the half-court of the player who for the time is *leading* his side. This lead he should lose and be replaced by his partner as soon as he misses a stroke. The leading player should have power to bid his partner back him up in the rear of his court, or go forward to defend his front as he judges best. As regards the adverse side there should be no binding necessity for a return to be made by one partner or the other; as regards the enemy they should be as one man, and their tactics should be arranged between themselves so as to make the most of their strength without hampering one another's play, or either usurping more than his fair share. Each side of the court should be divided into five, thus:—A court should be composed of three squares. Three squares of twelve yards would make the court 36 yards long, and the distance of the



game of the set. Fifteen is one stroke given in each game. Half thirty is alternately one stroke and two strokes. Thirty is two strokes in each game. Half forty is two and three strokes alternately; and forty is three strokes given in each game. The openings are reckoned as worth about half fifteen and a bisque. The side walls about half thirty; half the court about thirty; and the walls forty; though these estimates will fluctuate a little in practice according to the idiosyncrasies of the players. If, for instance, the player who gave the openings were specially strong in 'forcing' and his antagonist specially weak in his volley, the openings might make a difference equal to giving fifteen.

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back line to the net eighteen yards. Many country-houses have not lawns large enough for this size; but the same principle will apply to squares of any dimensions. A convenient size is three squares of eight yards, making 24 the total length, and 12 from net to back line. Where there is only room for a court of this size we should recommend enclosing the ends of the court in two parentheses of wooden wall [ ]. Even 6 by 18 yards, with walls, increasing the size of balls as you diminish distances, will make by no means a contemptible game; most adapted, however, for single matches of elderly men, boys, ladies, and learners generally. In grand matches of five against five, which would only be played on great occasions by picked players in a full-sized court, thirty-six yards long by twelve wide, a permanent captain of each side should be chosen, with power to dispose his men according to his judgment of their capacities, and shift them about to meet the adversary's play. In such complete match, where all the divisions were fully guarded, the whole court might be in play, for service and stroke alike, each man being responsible for a division; and the score each individual won, or lost, being recorded to his credit or otherwise, as in a cricket match. The ball which he hit into the net or beyond bounds and those which fell untouched, at second bound, within his division, being recorded against him, and those he struck, and the adversary failed to return, being counted in his favour. Each player would have thirty-six square yards to defend, with the exception of the fore man, who having only to deal with slow and feeble balls, which just cleared the net, would be able to manage a double square of 6 × 12. Probably the captain would take this post himself, as from these high and feeble strokes much execution would be done of a difficult kind; and he would have to exercise a prompt discretion as to what heavy cuts he should volley. A captain who over-estimated his duties or his abilities in this delicate matter would soon be deposed.

The mid-right and mid-left would be chosen for their half-volleying powers. They would take balls which passed the fore man, but seemed too heavily cut to reach right rear or left rear under easier conditions. These last would be chosen for a well-directed long stroke at the bound. The whole ground might be guarded, though not so effectually, by three on a side, each player being responsible for a double square. The undivided oblong in front being across, and the other two taking two squares longitudinally.* When only two played on a

* This is probably a similar arrangement to that in the game of

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side, the foremost third should be subtracted from the area of play, and in single matches another third should be subtracted, leaving only what fell at second bound within six yards of the back line. Or, if preferred, in single matches the two squares of the middle might only be defended, and strokes falling at second bound outside their limits counted against the striker.

In games played for amusement, where the object in view is that each player shall get his fair share of practice, irrespective of the division of labour which might conduce to the victory of his side, each player should in succession have the right of selecting his division of the court, and hold it so long as he missed no stroke. Supposing the tape, which yet remains to be tried, prove so effectual in handicapping service as to make it expedient, in order not too much to oppress the server (who has hitherto been the oppressor), that service be allowed perfect freedom to fall at random into any part of the whole area under defence; it would soon become pretty well known whereabouts an antagonist's service habitually fell, and the leading player, having his choice of position, would usually take the service. If it be found that even over the high tape the server can, at pleasure, drop his service into the division guarded by a weak player in order to avoid the stroke of a better hand, and that he alters his naturally most effective service for this purpose, it will manifestly cease to be unfair to confine service to a definite division, and the player whose turn it is will hold this division till he misses a stroke. If one of his side miss a stroke, so that service has to be made, as it certainly should be, from the losing side, the leading player gives it. Where there are only two players on a side the rule for service is simple; it should always be given by the unculpable player of the side which has lost a stroke. In most instances the party which fails to return a stroke *has* the ball on its side of the net, so that time is lost by throwing it up for service at the other end. By our hypothesis also service is a slight disadvantage, and should, along with the trouble of picking up the ball, devolve on the culpable side; though the service, which must always (and the more handicapped the more room for dexterity) be a leading function, should be exercised by a player who is not to blame for the loss of the

Trigon, in which it is supposed three players on each side stood in a triangle.

> 'Ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum
> Admonuit, fugio campum lusumque trigonem.'

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stroke which has entailed the burden of service on his side. All strokes should count except, as in Tennis, when both sides are within one stroke of the game—or fourteen all. Then two successive strokes should be required to win. Instead of crying Fourteen all, the terms of Tennis may as well be adopted, and Deuce, Advantage—Deuce, Advantage, be cried while strokes alternate, and the game end when a second stroke is won by the side which is Advantage. In Tennis four strokes win a game, unless when the two sides are three strokes all before either of them get a fourth. The same principle in Tennis is sometimes applied to the games of a set as to the strokes of a game; when both sides are within one game of the set, 'advantage games' are played; that is, the player who wins two games running wins the set. The same method might with perfect ease be applied to Lawn Tennis. But the more frequent recurrence of the Deuce Advantage system would be against the weaker. The reason for lengthening the game of racquets and fives seems to have been that, by some misunderstanding of the law these minor games were imitating from Tennis, they made each stroke follow the slow process of decision which originally was devised to prolong the struggle beyond the scope of accident, when players performed with great equality. As we have seen above, this double-distilled decision, when adopted for every stroke instead of being reserved for the crowning stroke of each game, became a source of delay and a means of oppression.

Before we have quite disposed of the game of Sphairistiké, be it observed that the first idea of a game similar to Tennis, but out of a tennis-court, is due to the Duke of Beaufort, who twenty years ago put up a net in his gallery, and played a game called, from his residence, 'Badminton Battledore.' As balls were found to endanger the pictures, a swift and elastic shuttle-cock, with compressed feathers and weighted cork, was substituted. It was play to take this at the bound. The Badminton game has made the circuit of the globe, and having reverted to a ball, was beginning to be popular, when Captain Wingfield introduced better weapons and a regular system of marking out the ground. He is said to have worked out his system two or three years ago, but it is only this last year it has been eagerly taken up by the public, who seem tired of the long reign of Croquet.

Quite independent of Sphairistiké, another and, as it seems to us, a much more strictly analogous form of Tennis had simultaneously sprung up in another quarter of the globe. An English gentleman residing in Africa adapted the long clois-

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tered court of an ancient Moorish house to the game. We quote in his own words the description of his court and the genesis of its rules; but we have seen the reproduction of it with wooden walls on an English lawn, and are bound to confess that, though it also has its weak points, it is much more closely modelled on its true original than is the unenclosed congener.

'My court, when I had squared off the two ends (where the shape was irregular) with walls one brick thick and a metre high (about 3 ft. 4 in.), was only 50 feet long and 18 wide. I turned the walls round six feet at the angles so as to have something like corners to play into. My net was 3 ft. high. My floor a picturesque but unevenly tiled combination of red hexagons and green triangles. Our first ball was the size of a tennis-ball, but the inequalities of the floor so confounded its proper direction, that we had to enlarge it. Four inches diameter, with weight about equal to a tennis-ball, but much lighter in proportion to its size, slower in the air and not much affected by the tile-joints, answered best, after many experiments. The smaller the court the larger and slower must the ball be.

'In the absence of a penthouse we served by hand into a square of three yards, the front of which, produced on either hand, made the play-line at three yards from the net and five from the back wall. Our idea was to make a court with two hazard sides, and serve at either end. At first whoever had the ball served, but the ball lay usually on the side which had missed a stroke. Only an underhand twist was fair service, though ladies and boys were allowed to throw. It soon came to be recognised that service was a disadvantage, and should follow the loss of a stroke. At first those balls which cleared the net but did not go over the play-line were counted *lets*. Then we tried playing them off, like hazard-side chases, but finally we found it caused more loss of time and exercise of memory than it was worth; and it simplified and quickened the game to count these bad, short strokes against the striker. To encourage low play, it was made to count against the striker if his ball bounded over the back wall. It caused loss of time and required repressing. Still greater loss of time was caused by the ball going up on to the roofs of the cloisters, which accordingly counted two against the striker. For bats I happened to have an old tennis racket, by Case, of Hampton Court, and I tried my hand at making another. We had indeed two lady's rackets of the racquet-court pattern, but found them far too feeble. I did not servilely imitate my "Case," for as we had a larger and lighter ball, I thought a larger and proportionately lighter racket would be better. I found nettletree and pomegranate the best woods for the hoop. My middle pieces I made of cork-oak, or walnut, and instead of carrying my hoop down on either side to the end of the middle piece—as is usual—I stopped the hoop in a dove-tail half-way down the handle; so that the farther end was a solid piece of hard wood, which when well-shaped and sand-papered, required no washleather wrapping to make it comfortable to the hand. I strung these rackets with a round platted silk cord made by the Moors for braiding their vestments. When strung as tight as I could, I saturated

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this silk cord with varnish, which both tightened it further, and rendered the web proof against wet. Wet often damages rackets, when, as in England, they must often be used on damp grass—for when the sun is off the ground the dew soon begins to fall. In practice this silk wears greatly better than gut, which seems to be prepared with glue, and being twisted, tears itself to pieces as soon as an abrasion has weakened one part more than the rest. In England the best woods to hoop rackets are ash and Spanish chestnut, which may be got in the places where they grow ash saplings for cask-hoops and chestnut for hop-poles. A light racket for a lady may be made of hazel and willow. A lady's racket should be as large as, but lighter than, a man's. She does not want to hit so hard, but there is no reason she should have less chance of return. Everybody who played with my rackets in the court I set up with wooden walls to imitate my African game, found them so much easier to play with that I had to teach an intelligent carpenter * in the next village to make them on my model. To make a racket you must first cut out a shape in inch board, choose a good straight stick with as few knots as possible; strip and fine down the thick end nearly to the size of the thin end, limber it round your knee while it is fresh cut, and bend round the "shape," fetching in the neck gradually with a blacksmith's vice, which should be guarded with wood so as not to bite too deep. The hoop must be left on the shape three or four days, till the sap has dried out of it, when it may be fitted on a middle piece, glued and riveted. Any moderately handy man may thus make himself a racket of what shape and weight suits his hand. In stringing, the holes should be bored, from the inside, in a line as near the face as possible, getting sufficient hold of the wood by slanting down, so that the web is as much as possible "a fleur de bois," on the forehand side. The backhand does not signify, it is in the forehand cut that the high wood rim so often gets in the way.'

The wooden-walled court, in which we have seen the African game played, is twenty yards in length and eight yards in width. Eight by twenty-four would have been better. The walls (exceedingly simple and inexpensive in construction)† enclose an oblong or double square, eight yards wide and four yards deep at each end of the court. Each right-hand side wall has an additional piece a yard long, turned out at an angle of 45° to represent the tambour. ‡ The walls are 3 feet 8 in. in height. Each end is formed of four 'pieces' 12 feet

* W. B. Maslen, Oystermouth, Swansea.

† The merit of this simplicity was due, we were told, to the design of Mr. B. Bucknall, architect, the accomplished translator of 'M. Viollet 'Le Duc.'

‡ We should, however, prefer keeping the tambour on the left, as in a tennis-court, and the inventor, in concert with us, recommends the modifications shown in diagram.

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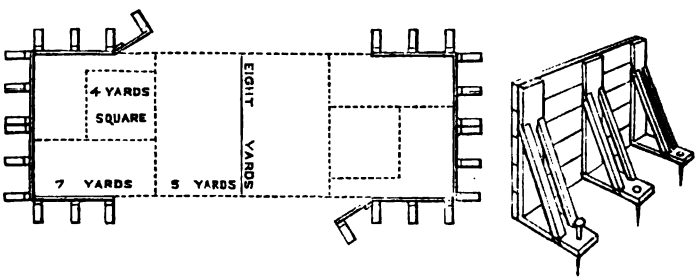
long, and the tambour piece. About five three-quarter inch boards 12 feet long are nailed to three L-shaped bracket buttresses to form each piece. The buttresses are made of two pieces of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wood, 4 inches wide, nailed at right angles and stayed triangularly by two dovetailed struts, which both tie and prop. Through the foot of each buttress, beyond the struts, there is a hole through which the wall-piece is pegged down to its place on the lawn. The tambour piece has its



boards at one end nailed to a ledge ending in a spike, and a buttress with two pegs, one within and one without the struts, at its unattached end. The play-line is drawn at three yards from the net and seven yards from the back wall. In the middle, its front, coinciding with the play-line, is a square of three yards, into which service delivered by hand must fall.

This hand service we consider the main blemish of the African game. First, because though, as we have seen, it exists in the older game of *Pallone*, it is foreign to Tennis and does not look well. Secondly, because when the server has to receive the return, he must very rapidly, after delivering the ball, get his hand to his racket, which is puzzling to a player at first. And thirdly, because the system of having service fall perpetually in one small square, causes the grass to be much worn by the feet of the recipient. The replies to these objections were, that service from the racket was found too severe at so short a distance; for it was vain to restrict what could be done with the racket if you allowed its use. To forbid cuts and twists made the racket service easier than the under-hand bowling, which might really be difficult if much side were put upon it by friction of the fingers in delivery. The inventor of the African game, however, agreed with the letter of the learned judge whom we had consulted concerning service, from whose reply we have previously quoted. He had not put up the tape, because in so short a court (20 yards long), he thought service by hand preferable; but if he

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enlarged his court to thirty yards he should certainly put up a tape at 10 feet high. As to the wearing of the grass, it was intended to floor the court with tiles or cement next year; and Mr. Prince, of Prince's Club Grounds, had said he should have to do the same, for even in the Sphairistiké system of service, which spreads it rather more into alternate sides of the court, play will predominate in some parts of the court so as to wear threadbare places on the lawn. The appearance of the walled court was not, as we had anticipated, unsightly. The bracket buttresses, at regular distances along the outsides, gave a businesslike constructional solidity to its architecture. It was whitewashed and decorated on the whitewash with broadly executed borders in distemper. On the side, in view from the windows of the house, the panels between the buttresses were blazoned with arms and inscribed with mottos in various languages.

> 'Rete decet, non claustra, ictu superare pilari:
> Reticulo obliquo vim moderante feri;'

which we venture to translate freely:—

> 'Over the net, but not above the walls,
> With moderation cut your tennis-balls.'

Another,—

> 'NON VI, VIRTUTE VALEBIS,'

was, we were told, the translation of one in Arabic hard by. The two tambours were filled with the crowned scutcheon of England. We were informed the woodwork had cost under 8*l.*; a little whitewash and pigments in powder mixed with weak glue had done the rest.

In this African court we witnessed a match between two gentlemen and two ladies, both sides very fair players according to their sex; but the ladies, as well as being much the fairer players in the obvious sense, were more above the average than the male side. No numerical odds were given, but the gentlemen gave the walls to the weaker sex, excepting the tambour. It made a very pretty match, as all the cuts had to be short and mild, for of course any male stroke which touched the walls counted against the striker. We were particularly surprised by the number of half volleys the ladies returned. Music seems to educate the sense of *time* which is the important element in the half volley. We observed, on both sides, that much fewer balls than usual escaped from the open sides, which we attributed to there being visible ends and corners to aim at. In open courts the corners

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should always be marked by a conspicuous post, or if that be in the way, a little white flag on a light hazel twig would do, and could not impale anybody who fell on it.

We also saw a single match between men. The play much more closely resembled Tennis proper than anything we have seen in open courts. One of the players was young, swift of foot, and a hard hitter of the racquet type; the other a gouty middle-aged gentleman who had played Tennis in his youth. In an open court the younger, swifter, and more vehement player would certainly have had the best of it; but the walls brought a great number of the hard low strokes back to the older hand, who, without much running about, had time to place himself, and by judgment and skill demonstrated that 'the race ' is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Some pretty strokes were made off the tambours, and we were, in short, fully convinced and persuaded that wherever there is not room for a court at least 30 yards in length and 10 yards in breadth, walls are almost indispensable to give proper scope for a free stroke of the true sort. The walls being as high as the battery of a tennis-court, catch and contain all the low-skimming corner-play which makes the cream of the original game. The play in the open courts seems very poor and monotonous after all the varieties of return which side and back walls multiply almost to infinity. From every stroke counting, and the quick recovery of the balls (whose continual escape is a fertile source of delay in the open game), this seemed to move with wonderful briskness. The ball was served from the side where it fell. No player, in the four-matches, suffered by the fault of his partner, each player in turn holding the lead, and defending two-thirds of the court till he missed a stroke. Sometimes ladies were allowed two innings by a male partner whose superior play required toning down to the level of two feebler antagonists. In a single match between ladies we saw many balls judged, waited for, and taken from the back wall, and some few from the side walls; the swift glancing balls being of course much more difficult than the direct and comparatively slow rebound. There were open courts in the neighbourhood on much larger and finer lawns, but practically the play of the neighbourhood gathered to the smaller court with walls, and fell into the code of the African game. The neat light Woolwich rackets too were soon discarded for local imitations of the African bat with varnished silken strings which defied the dew and contained space enough to manipulate the species of *folliculus* used on wet grass. The ladies like this *folliculus*, an india-rubber ball, four inches in

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diameter, not very tightly inflated, better than the regular ball of the court. This was the common sphairistiké ball wound nearly half an inch thick with knitting wool and covered with washleather. For serious play the heavier and less elastic ball was better while the grass was dry; but when dew began to fall the weight increased, and it is to be desired that a proper india-rubber ball, weighing 2½ oz., and 3½ inches in diameter, of regular and not too great elasticity, should be manufactured for the game. It should be of thick enough caoutchouc to depend on the strength of its shell, without confining the air inside, which gives too great spring. Moreover play soon bursts these india-rubber bubbles, which are, besides, too light. A small thick-skinned ball with a hole in it, exists, and shows that one of the right size and weight might be made on the same principle.

The best rackets we have seen for sale were at Frenche's in Churton Street. They were made in France and prettily inlaid, well shaped, well crooked, and well balanced: doubtless by a hand accustomed to manufacture for the tennis-court. The racquet-racket makers are said to be impenetrably unconvinceable that their old poached egg-spoon form must be modified; and when they concede a point to urgent entreaties they do so without faith and under protest. We have seen nothing so businesslike as the African model, of which Messrs. Prince, and Frenche have taken patterns. They both selected, however, out of the five samples of the amateur maker, his first, and not, according to his own view, his most efficient weapon, which the country carpenter alone has imitated. It yet remains to be seen whether a better racket than anything yet made may not be made of steel. Strength and elasticity enough might probably be got within the weight, and a steel hoop would leave the silken web almost free of the rim-impediment, which in strong wooden rackets unintelligently made, is an exasperating bar to execution in cutting and twisting.

We are of opinion that boys would do well to learn to make their own rackets, which would not require any superpuerile amount of strength and intelligence. Every school should have a workshop to encourage such work as conducing to the appliances of play would count as play itself, and have the effect of play as being a thorough change from school work. All available space in courtyards of school buildings should be utilised for graduated practice in ball-play, beginning with the simpler forms of hand fives and advancing, through the wooden spring bat, to racquet-play and as near an

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approach to tennis as there is room for. The unenclosed game is excellent for violent exercise, and twenty minutes of it would go as far in recreation as a whole afternoon employed in the milder functions of cricket, which is far too intermittent in its employment to be other than a holiday sport. We recommend to the teachers for their leisure reading the cloud of references they will find in the notices of Becker, Krause, and Burette on the ball-play of the Greeks and Romans. Much light remains yet to be thrown on the exact methods of the old games, which must have been reduced to a very definite science in days when every gymnasium had its *σφαιριστήριον* or *σφαιρίστρα*, a special place for the

'Pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem,'

when the spharisterium was ruled by a sphæristicus whose attributes should constitute him* *εὔρυθμος, εὐσχήμων, εὔσκοπος, ἐπίσκοπος, εὔτονος*; 'well cadenced, graceful, keen eyed, sure 'of aim, well spoken.' Such perhaps was Aristonicus the Carystian, *σφαιριστικὸς* to Alexander the Great, whom the Athenians honoured with citizenship.

The wholesome habit of daily exercise which the boys of old learned to love from this accomplished sort of functionary, was so engrained in their lives that as they grew old (so Suetonius relates of Augustus) the pila turned to follis in their hands.†

'Among the Romans,' says Krause, 'in the Republican as 'well as Imperial days, ball-play was universally delighted in, 'even more as a health-giving manly recreation, than as a 'puerile sport. Cato the Elder played at pila in the Campus 'Martius on the very day he had been accepted as a candidate 'for the Consulate.'

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* Pollux, ix. 107.

† With the Romans, however, the Pilicrepus seems to have degenerated somewhat from the professorial character, and to have become more of a marker. Seneca, lodging in the Hôtel des Bains at Baiæ, complains among other noises disturbing his epistle, 'Si vero Pili-'crepus supervenerit et numerare cœperit pilas,'—Pilicrepus seems to mean 'ball-crier' or 'ball-counter,' in the sense where 'qui crepet 'aureolos' means 'he who counts (with a chink) his gold pieces,' and 'neque ego leges crepo,' 'nor am I a law-cracker.' And the statue to the old wag Ursus Togatus, 'senem hilarem jocosum pilicrepum 'scholasticum qui vicit omnes antecessores suos,' seems to have been put up rather as a standing joke than in the serious spirit in which Florence recorded the prowess of Barnius.

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ART. IV.—1. *Saggio delle Opere di Leonardo da Vinci, con venti-quattro Tavole fotolitografiche di Scritture e Disegni, tratti del Codice Atlantico.* Milano: 1872. Edizione di 300 Exemplari.

2. *Michel Ange, Lévnard de Vinci, Raphael.* Par CHARLES CLÉMENT; *avec une étude sur l'art en Italie, avant le XVIème Siècle.* Paris: 1861.

3. *Leonardo da Vinci and his Works;* consisting of *A Life of Leonardo da Vinci,* by Mrs. CHARLES W. HEATON; *An Essay on his Scientific and Literary Works,* by CHARLES CHRISTOPHER BLACK, M.A.; and *An Account of his most important Paintings.* London: 1874.

WHAT history is there of Christian times which presents such endless sources of thought to the philosopher, such glorious visions of art and beauty to the man of taste, such mournful wonderment to the moralist, such insoluble enigmas to all, as the history of Italy towards the end of the fifteenth and during the sixteenth centuries? Seen by the light of subsequent times, there is nothing so astonishing as the glory of her apogee but the completeness of her eclipse—as the pride of her height but the humiliation of her fall—as the splendour of one side of the picture but the darkness of its reverse. The lowness of the level at which she lay—attractive only to friend and foe, to spoiler and admirer, for the trophies of her past—receiving even in our own time the most contemptuous appellation a country can bear, that of 'a mere geographical expres-'sion'—this was a stern and unmistakeable fact which endured for fully three centuries. All inquiry, therefore, resolves itself into the question of the soundness of her immediately previous prosperity; and no one can pursue the lives and careers of any of her grand and gifted children within that epoch without perceiving at every turn the deep hollowness which underlay the lovely land at the very time when its surface was most brilliant. The reasons for such corruption and collapse were doubtless owing mainly to the virtual absence of the vital functions of a nation's health, and to the interruption of such as had supplied their place. For that consciousness of a common country which the word 'nation' implies had never been in one sense the bond of the Italian race; while, towards the close of the fifteenth century, the spirit of local independence which had ensured the prosperity of her small states was rapidly becoming extinguished. Small republics, however internally wise and secure for a period, had never formed a nation; and, as the

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stronger coveted and obtained dominion over the weaker—as Florence over Pisa—and they in their turn yielded to usurpers from within or without, the conception of a common patriotism, as of a common strength, ceased even on this limited scale to exist. That a sturdy patriotism still survived in a few lofty minds who struggled and suffered in vain—a line never extinct even in her darkest hours—is one of the most touching features of this period of degradation. But the immediate and most mournful sign of the decay of 'rich and royal Italy' was the fact that the majority of her children ceased not to be gay and happy even in her bondage. Nothing strikes us more than the enjoyment of life and the activity of art and letters at a time and under conditions which must have filled a loyal and thoughtful heart with the gravest forebodings. For while the soil of Italy can produce, as it has never ceased to do, the noblest and most vigorous specimens of the human plant, her sun has also fostered the most poisonous and ephemeral. Bondage, dependence, and servility are as potent for the developement of evil as liberty for that of good. If we can imagine the light of our English freedom suddenly quenched, no result would be sadder to behold than the number and the class of minds who would accommodate themselves to the degrading conditions, and find, as the Italians did, some congenial sunshine to live and flourish, to bask and buzz in. It is indeed but just to the Italian race to confess—what was evident to many even before their present revival, and will not be disputed now—that any other European nation, once fallen so low, would have exhibited greater brutalisation of life and manners, though not perhaps the same effeminacy and demoralisation.

There were, however, secondary reasons for the indifference with which, towards the close of the fifteenth century, signs of approaching evil were regarded—and reasons more immediately perceptible and traceable. These lay partially in the nature of the letters then cultivated, as well as in the exclusive interest with which they were pursued. The brilliant epoch of the study of classic authors which ensued on the dispersion of ancient manuscripts in Italy, consequent on the taking of Constantinople by the Turks (1453); the ardour with which the various centres of Italy and her most learned men vied with each other in classic interpretation and research—all this, further promoted by the discovery of the art of printing, and hailed at the time by some thoughtful minds as an antidote to the prevailing ambition, profligacy, and avarice, had its deeply injurious effect on what we should now call the public welfare—the remedy ultimately aggravating the disease. Without

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the active principle of national and political life such studies were entrancing and benumbing, like the paradise of the lotus-eaters. Men occupied with disputes and discussions, however polite and graceful, on the literature of a dead Past, were readily diverted from the questions of a living Present. Minds absorbed in the restoration of ancient letters, and in the fancied revival of a Platonic philosophy, were least likely to miss the atmosphere of political liberty or of religious consistency. Palaces and gardens were used as places of debate on questions in which we now fail to see any practical utility. 'Accademie' were the order of the day, and unproductive pedantries were the consequence of such Academies. A fictitious activity and real license in topics worthless to a state took the place of all higher exercise of freedom, and the literary erudition which raised more than one Pontiff to the Papal throne has hardly bequeathed a thought beneficial to the human race. 'Beaucoup de beaux ouvrages, et peu 'de belles actions illustraient l'Italie: et tandis qu'on trou-'vait chez les érudits tant d'ardeur et de persévérance dans 'le travail, on trouvait peu de caractère chez les magistrats, 'peu de courage chez les guerriers, peu de patriotisme chez les 'citoyens.' *

There was one great reality, however, surviving all those by which Italy had led the van before every other nation in Europe—a reality never more grand and splendid than at the period we are considering—which has bequeathed monuments of national genius unequalled since, and in virtue of which she remains a lawgiver to the present day. This reality was her Art. In this form of national life Italy continued, even to the end of the sixteenth century, to be a great country, and her artists true patriots, for they endowed her with that which must ever excite the emulation and admiration of all really refined peoples. No careers more surely reflect the salient characteristics and social standards of a race than those of the children of Art. The painter is himself an *objet de luxe*. He germinates—a divinely dropt seed—only where the soil has ripened into the requisite richness to bear him. He is a superfluity which thrives only where there is the demand, no matter what its nature—superstition, variety, or taste—for the fruits of his pencil. He flourishes finally in courts and high places only where society has reached that culmination of a real or seeming prosperity, when the great and wealthy of the earth, sated with or secure of other pleasures, stretch forth their hands to grasp

* Sismondi's 'Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age,' vol. v. p. 290.

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those intellectual excitements to which genius alone can minister. The painter, therefore, is, in a certain sense, the sure thermometer of the atmosphere which he breathes; but he lives, or can live, in an atmosphere where higher things are stifled. For his inspiration is not injured by causes which mortally affect the man of moral or patriotic aims. Certain conditions there are which minister to his vocation; and these conditions, viz. a glorious climate, noble types in man and nature, a sensuous worship, and a luxurious society, no country ever possessed in greater perfection than the Italy of the *cinque cento.*

From Science, in the higher sense, the Italian painter had no rivalry to fear. May it not be accepted as an axiom that the Church which utilises Art as an auxiliary to the extent employed by the Papal hierarchy, will never tolerate the sterner sister? Such science as would help to destroy life, or animate an automaton, was readily welcomed, but he who ventured to assert that the earth revolved on her axis, and he who denounced the sale of indulgences, stood in the same condemned category at the court of Rome.

It would, however, be a grave mistake to infer that Italian art in the person of her votaries received the same tribute of real respect and sympathy now paid to artists in our less gifted times—a tribute becoming perhaps both indiscriminate and excessive, paid rather to the intellectual rank with which the great Italian masters have endowed the idea of the painter's vocation than to the real value of the work. Partaking of the condition of a labourer in the service of the Church, the artist of the fifteenth century was, in that capacity, equally controlled and dictated to. High-flown conceptions of the deference paid to the painter, to his sensitive nature and capricious inspiration, are soon overturned if we examine the estimates and contracts between himself and the chapters of churches and superiors of convents, little differing in rigorous matter-of-fact stipulations from those we nowadays conclude with carpenter or mason. Nor was an appeal to taste so much as an item in the bargain, for the gratification of taste was neither the object of the Church nor the requirement of the Faithful. Such 'opinions of the Press,' too, as existed at the time were not calculated to enlighten or encourage the man of acutely sensitive calibre. It would be difficult to find writings more dull and pedantic and less cognisant of the real philosophy and true sphere of art than those which were penned in presence of the best glories of the *cinque cento.* No Italian work, indeed, has descended to us of the slightest value to the painter, as dis-

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tinguished from the mere historical student of art, excepting always 'Vasari's Lives,' which, however inaccurate and puerile, have sometimes the value of a genuinely professional criticism.

In all this there was the greater proof of the genius of the artist and of the triumph of Art—too healthy in her instincts and certain in her processes to be affected by conditions, however unsympathetic, tyrannical, and even prohibitory they would now be pronounced. Our modern standard, therefore, of the claims of the craft to peculiar exemptions and privileges suffers great change when we track the course of Italian art from its rise to its culmination. First, hailed as a new wonder which the vulgar and marvel-loving ran in crowds to see; then employed and incorporated as a regular handicraft in the service of the Church; next exalted or neglected, competed for or dismissed, petted or insulted, as the whim, vanity, superstition, or intrigue, full or empty exchequer, of pontiff or prince dictated; her own children, meanwhile, partaking of all the complexion of the period—a race glorious and gifted, yet most of them what we now feel to be creatures of childish habits—with the passions of men and the follies of children—fighting and quarrelling, maiming and murdering, destroying their own works from pique, and their neighbours' from jealousy,—Art, for all that, is seen to hold on her course unfaltering; never making a false step, never undoing what she had once done; till who shall say what agencies could then have retarded her, and what would since have restored her; whence she comes, and why she goes?

Three great men in Italy stood highest in the ranks of art at the highest time of her seeming greatness; closely connected in experience, widely separated in individual character, each showing in various degrees the extraordinary gifts which, in some form, have never died out from the Italian race—all equally affected by the manners and policy of the age; all 'mighty men.' These three were Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. To be a great artist was by that time a passport both to employment and to popularity. The world had then begun to seek them for themselves as well as for their art. Society had reached that intellectual point when genius is not only patronised but lionised. No one of these three great men was bound by convent rules or fettered by partnerships; each stood individual and alone, though drawing numbers round himself. The outline of their characters, therefore, is lost in no common ground; and no thread of history is more trustworthy to follow than the lives and fates of such men. Two of them, Leonardo and Michael Angelo, were

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before and beyond their age—the one intellectually, the other morally; while Raphael in both respects stood on a par with it. Leonardo and Raphael were men of the world, supple, courtier-like, swimming with the stream; Michael Angelo was stern and upright, and always in conflict with it. Leonardo was the greater genius; Michael Angelo the nobler spirit; Raphael the happier man. Of one so sympathetic and successful as Raphael it is difficult to give a telling outline. Misfortune did not try him, success did not spoil him, length of life did not weary him; accordingly the course of the man and the painter presents that smoothness on which the moralist can lay little hold. Leonardo's gifts were so incredibly numerous and varied as to hinder the developement of his career in any one of them; he was also fastidious, procrastinating, and apparently unconscientious; and never was so lofty a fame in art maintained by works so few, so ruined, and so uncertain as those he has left behind him. Michael Angelo was the impersonation of laboriousness and conscientiousness, but his time and his genius were wasted by the authority of ignorance and caprice; and it was only by the perseverance of an honest purpose, the energy of a great mind, and the opportunity of a long life that he accomplished the stupendous monuments that immortalise him. As to Raphael, the number of his creations as compared with the shortness of his career are such as lead us to infer that equal facility and perfection of production were never compatible before or since. Leonardo worked slowly; Michael Angelo furiously; of Raphael's mode of labour we can only be sure that it was a delight to him. In character of art Leonardo and Michael Angelo were both strictly new; Raphael not so new as so perfect. Finally, their portraits are the types of the men. Leonardo, handsome and high-bred, with an Italian's dignity, but a courtier's mask; Raphael, young, beautiful, and unruffled; Michael Angelo's, the mournfullest countenance we can look upon.

We select for brief analysis the earlier and foremost of the three, the man of the '*natura incontentabile*,' as termed by his biographer Manzi, 'the first name of the fifteenth century,' according to Hallam. Hitherto the life of Leonardo da Vinci has inspired the sense of a subject worn threadbare equally from lack of material and from reiteration. What light may be thrown upon the subject by the researches of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle is still uncertain. Meanwhile there is a growing consciousness of the importance of all he thought as well as did, and of the necessity for a more systematic study of his multiform remains. In the present feeling of the Italian

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people the vindication of Leonardo's manysidedness, and (in the sense of the world's age) precocity of intellectual power, stands on the same level with their interest in the approaching publication of Michael Angelo's letters. On occasion of the inauguration of the monument erected to him at Milan, and of the exhibition of works of the Leonardesque school in 1872, the Government of Italy published the fine work which heads this article, and of which only three hundred copies were printed. It has been edited by a commission, with Count Belgiogoso at the head, and contains expositions of the great master's varied forms of art, science, and literature, by competent hands; with photographs, the size of the originals, from sketches of various kinds, and especially from his magnificent hydraulic drawings. These are all selected from the enormous volume called the 'Codice 'Atlantico'* preserved in the Ambrogian Library. For the present the Italian Government have made no demand for the restitution of twelve volumes of Leonardo's MSS. detained by the French, or rather neglected to be claimed by the Austrians, in 1815, and still in the library of the Institut at Paris; but for a thorough investigation of Leonardo's labours these are indispensable; and the time may be anticipated when their reinstatement in the Ambrogian Library will do honour to the more enlightened sentiments of the French Government.

An English work also has been recently compiled by Mrs. Heaton, who has collated with much pains all that has hitherto been published on the life and works of the great master; including, it must be owned, anecdotes and conclusions long disproved, and lacking also the discriminating criticism requisite in such an undertaking.

Leonardo da Vinci came into the world close upon the time when Fra Angelico left it. The art that one took up is curious to compare with that the other laid down; yet, in one sense, the younger painter was the natural heir to the elder; for Fra Angelico was the first to develope that quality in art—expression—which Leonardo carried to its utmost perfection. Leonardo was illegitimate and left-handed, but neither proved a bar to his progress, either sinister or otherwise. He was born in 1452, at Vinci, in the Val d'Arno, when his father, Piero de Vinci, was twenty-five years of age; who in the same year married the first of his four wives, not one of whom was the mother of Leonardo,—a certain Caterina, afterwards

* So called from the size of the paper on which the MSS. and drawings are mounted—Carta Atlantica—corresponding with our *imperial folio*.

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married to Accattabriga di Piero della Vacca, also of Vinci. Piero da Vinci had no children by his first two wives, but a numerous family—eight sons and three daughters—by his third and fourth wives, the eldest of whom, a daughter, was not born till 1476. When, therefore, Mrs. Heaton, like most of her forerunners on this topic, dwells on the fact of Leonardo's being educated in his father's family on a level in point of affection and advantages with the legitimate offspring, she overlooks the chronology she has herself supplied, which shows us that Leonardo was well flown from the parent nest by the time the others began to occupy it, being twenty-seven years of age before his eldest half-brother, Giuliano—born 1479—appeared on the scene. It is not surprising, therefore, that so long an only child in his father's house, and illegitimacy, as is well known, then no brand, he should have received that nurture and education which his abilities warranted. For the youthful promise of such genius could admit of no mistake. The inquiring mind which stamps the future man of science—the observing eye which heralds proficiency in art—the mathematical and logical head, indispensable for the natural philosopher; in all these—unlike the poetic, dreamy temperament which often lies dormant, and apparently dull, in early years—the boy we may be sure was father of the man. To his exceptional mental gifts were further added a splendid person, activity and ardour in every manly sport—the varied accomplishments of a dancer, a musician, an improvisatore, and a poet—with a spirit which delighted in mastering the wildest horse, and a strength that could bend the animal's shoe. It may be questioned whether the love of natural science did not predominate in the restless young brain—whether a chemist's laboratory, or an engineer's office, would not nowadays have received him. But the world was then in the infancy of science; it was in the maturity of art. Science was then a suspicious occupation; art, a profitable one; and the art of that time covered a far greater area of intellectual ground than it does now. At all events, the father showed his discrimination by apprenticing the young lad to the distinguished Florentine artist, Andrea Cione, called Verocchio.

It has been usual to depreciate the merit of this master in order, unnecessarily, to exalt that of his scholar. But the familiar appellation of '*Verocchio*,' or the true eye, implies that quality for which Leonardo became most famed, and which it is fair to believe the teacher contributed to form. In other respects, too, Verocchio occupies that stage which led upwards to Leonardo. He was not only sculptor, goldsmith, carver, and

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painter, but also a student of perspective and a musician. Such pictures as he may have left are merged doubtless in the common character of the school, while his drawings are difficult to distinguish from those of Leonardo himself. In addition to these acquirements his nature was gracious and noble. For no tribute bears less the stamp of the mere flattery of the age, than that paid to him by Giovanni Santi, father of Raphael, in his 'Cronaca.'

> 'Il chiaro fonte
> D'umanitate e innata gentilezza,
> Che alla pittura, e alla scultura è un ponte
> Sopra del qual si passa cum destrezza,
> Dico ANDREA DA VEROCCHIO.'

A man of this order was not likely to forswear the art of painting because a young pupil promised to excel him. Vasari's story to this effect has also that stamp of puerile gossip, which throws a doubt on many of his statements, and distinguishes those which have at present been proved to be untrue. Were it not that the figure of the angel in the 'Baptism,' by Verocchio, reported to be by the hand of the young Leonardo, differs somewhat in technical execution from the rest, its superior attractiveness, considering the damaged state of the whole, would hardly sustain the assertion of a different pencil. It is also now known that Leonardo remained in Verocchio's studio till he was twenty-five years of age, a position quite incompatible with any theory of jealousy on the master's part. In all early accounts of the great painters we must allow for that exaggeration and love of the marvellous which stamped the time. Still, the story of the 'Rotella di fico,' as told by Vasari, is too indicative of the extraordinary lad, besides being the only record of an early work, not to be noted. It runs thus:—A countryman living near Vinci, having sawn a circular slice of wood from a fig-tree, brought it to Leonardo's father, requesting him to persuade his son to paint it for a coat of arms. Leonardo took the wood, and forthwith collected in a room set apart for himself a number of flying and creeping creatures—serpents, lizards, hedgehogs, bats, locusts, beetles, dragon-flies, &c., and arranged them so as to form the semblance of a hideous monster. When his father was admitted into the room, which meanwhile reeked with a 'fetor 'mortal,' he drew back in horror; but whether from believing the apparition true, as Vasari says, or as much from the appeal to another sense as to that of sight, the reader may decide: also whether such a father would 'secretly sell' his son's

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performance, and further, for 100 ducats,* that sum being more than three times as much as Michael Angelo received for his 'Cupid.' However that may be, there is more revealed of the lad's character by this story than would at first appear. For this was not a form of art known then. He had seen nothing of the kind. No illustrations of such orders of creation had ever been attempted by any painter. The illuminated manuscripts before that time were bordered with flowers, intermixed occasionally with a grotesque creature; but these had little affinity with the realities painted on the Rotella, and were also not likely to have come within the reach of a boy in an obscure village. We therefore perceive here, at the outset of his career, that ardent and instinctive reference to Nature which he afterwards practised and preached, and which in all his scientific researches placed him in advance of an age bigotedly devoted to tradition, always looking backward while he looked forward. The 'Medusa Head,' also in the Uffizi, which, if not by him, is unquestionably from an original by his hand, and presumably of an early date, is another instance of that application of real reptile forms to the purposes of art of which no indication is seen in the art of his predecessors.

Nor is there any proof in the description of this fantastic picture, which has vanished from sight, of the imagination so lavishly imputed to him. To make up a monster by putting together specimens of various tribes of animals, is no more imagination than to group different orders of flowers on one stalk. It would be difficult to define the meaning of that much taken-in-vain word, 'imagination,' as applied to an art which derives all teaching and materials from outward nature, and permits but scantily of any departure from them; but, at all events, it may be averred that, however directed in arrangement of forms by that feeling for *selection* which marks the true artist, the young lad did not trace an outline or place a tone, strange and weird as each might be, without the most inflexible reference to his uncomfortable menagerie. The devotion to the Actual and to the True in that sense, which was the creed of this extraordinary man, is rather antagonistic than favourable to the imaginative faculty. At the same time it is the real clue by which we can better comprehend him. For the distinction between him and other painters, ancient or modern, consists not in any greater possession on his part of those poetic and subjective instincts which delight in the exercise of the imagina-

* Equivalent in the Florentine money of the time to about 26*l.*

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tion, but in his stricter respect for the laws and facts of nature, and his deeper study of them. Here may equally be traced the causes for his superiority, and the causes for his strange shortcomings—for the fragments of pictures, equally as for the pictures never executed at all—the puzzle and disappointment of those who judge what he could have done by what he did do. With a mind in which the positive predominated over the imaginative, the natural result was that he applied the methods of science to the practice of art. He observed, investigated, and analysed, as if each work he undertook were a new experiment. Governed by this spirit, his mode of execution was slow, tentative, and unenjoyable. He lacked the power which generally accompanies the æsthetic order of mind, that of feeling when the idea, however imperfectly, is fulfilled—the feeling, therefore, of knowing where to stop. And he lacked it evidently more and more as he advanced in life. Hence the unfinished pictures, abandoned from the impossibility of satisfying himself; and hence, too, what may be called the over-finished pictures, injured by attempts to come closer to positive effects of nature than can be accomplished by human art. To these M. Clément may be believed to refer when he speaks of an 'exactitude qui 'approche parfois à la puérilité.'

To this tendency also must be attributed that vein of caricature—utterly opposed as it is to the instincts of an imaginative and idealising mind—which, viewing him as a painter only, is disturbing and repugnant in his art career. He loved, it would seem, not only to dwell on Nature's laws, but on her freaks and deformities. He sought apparently to ascertain how far Nature could depart from the mean forms of beauty and symmetry, without absolutely obliterating the stamp of humanity. It was his aim, it is said, to define the different kinds of feature and expression possible in man. His caricatures accordingly may all be classified under different types—exaggerated to the utmost—of human character; conceit, apathy, ignorance, stupidity, insolence, and vulgarity. Yet even whilst sounding the most hideous depths of masculine brutality or feminine inanity, in those he calls '*Gente poco* '*obbligata alla Natura*,' he preserves a precision and delicacy of line which marks them, as may especially be seen in the photographed specimens given in the work published by the Italian Government, as the eccentricities of a master-hand. It is not easy therefore to believe in the group of 'Three 'Caricature Heads'* ostensibly from a drawing in the Pitti,

* This plate, and one of a female profile, the outline of which has

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which Mrs. Heaton has included among her illustrations of the master's art. These are marked by outlines as coarse as the forms are ill-drawn, reminding one of some bad imitator of Quentyn Matsys' 'Misers;' Leonardo, even in his vagaries, was like no one but himself.

It was not, as Mrs. Heaton avers, that Leonardo 'could 'never walk in the beaten paths of art, but was ever seeking 'some bye-way of his own—some new path in the great 'wilderness.' No great man ever does walk, in one sense, in the beaten paths. But this alone would not account either for his monstrosities or his beauties. The words this lady quotes from his own pen are a better clue to both. 'Who 'ever flatters himself that he can retain in his memory all the 'effects of Nature is deceived, for our memory is not so capa-'cious; therefore *consult Nature for everything.*' This is an axiom absolutely true for purposes of science, but only with a certain limit for those of art. And that limit lies between the permanent truths and the accidental appearances of Nature. Our authoress is unfortunate in instancing, *à propos* of this sentence, the greatest modern landscape painter as 'involved 'and enigmatical' in his instructions, in contradistinction to Leonardo. No one who knew Turner's small vocabulary, but golden precepts, will endorse that. Still, it is true that Turner, in a particular sense, gave advice of an opposite kind. His precept was, 'Be not slavish to mere facts, but fill your 'eye and memory with a scene, and go home and do it.' And on this he acted. Such a system of course presupposes both eye and hand already so formed on the study of Nature, and so familiar with her purer language, as to winnow away the chaff of accident and retain only the grain of truth. The tendency of art in this country since Turner is our great painter's best vindication; for, with small exception, the present practice is to put all alike, without selection, into the mill, on the plausible plea that whatever Nature gives the painter is bound to take.

It is not for pigmies such as we to say that the mighty master himself erred in that direction, or even to pronounce what his words, literally, mean. Language is ambiguous when applied to the art which addresses itself to the eye. And these words by Leonardo which we have underlined are not without a seeming contradiction from his own pen. For

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evidently been gone over by an unintelligent hand, are unworthy of introduction in a Life of Leonardo. Other plates from well-known Luini's have at all events the excuse of being agreeable.

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he also advises his pupils to observe what he admits to be 'petty in practice, and almost worthy of derision,' namely, the stains on old walls, and the veins in jasper stones, as suggesting representations of landscape, confusions of battles, capricious expressions in heads, and 'other things without 'end;' further illustrating his meaning by instancing 'the 'sound of bells; in which you can hear what you please.'* At the same time he blames Sandro Botticelli—who, reasoning inversely, declared that one needed only to throw a sponge filled with various colours against a wall to produce the effect of a landscape—as having produced '*tristissimi paesi.*' In this latitude as to what he said, we must hold fast by what he did. And nothing is more patent than that Leonardo did *not* consult Nature, nor even old walls, for his backgrounds and landscapes, where dark and dismal caverns with pendant stalactites, and impossible, sublimated mountains—half iceberg, half dolomite—offer features *tristissimi* in proportion as they are unnatural.

On the other hand, with his perfect veracity, where the subject attracted him, we may be sure that that which was Leonardo's alone—viz. the exquisite expression in certain female heads, suggesting 'the belief in a perfection greater 'than this world contains,' was no creation of his fancy, but a reality he strictly copied. And this grace—not beyond the reach of art—was not so much snatched by leaving 'the 'beaten path' as by pursuing that of Expression to its utmost limit. For it was there he found the flower he alone first plucked, namely, that ineffable smile which is the culminating expansion of a lovely face, and in the representation of which—except by Luini and Correggio,—he has remained unapproachable.† The marvel is that one and the same man should have compassed and taken pleasure in the opposite poles of the beautiful and the hideous, and in his sketches they sometimes occur on the same page. But in Leonardo's extraordinary mind there was common ground, as we have endeavoured to show, for both.

Too little is known of the master's early doings in Florence to give any connected chain of his life. He is believed not to have quitted Verocchio till 1477—then twenty-five years of age—and to have set up a *bottega* for himself. Nor can it

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* Trattato, cap. xvi.

† Vasari mentions Leonardo's having modelled laughing female and infantine heads in terra cotta and wax while in Verocchio's studio. None, however, have survived to prove the tale true.

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positively be pronounced which of his few known, or supposed, works belong to this period. It is a mere matter of conjecture, therefore, whether the unfinished 'Adoration of the Kings' in the Uffizi, the ringleted Madonna at Gatton Park, and the fresco at S. Onofrio, Rome, were executed in this first Florentine time, or years later. In this uncertainty the sweet expression of his female heads we have alluded to, the languid, longing, high-bred smile of his Louvre Virgin on the lap of St. Anna*—the attribute of the Milanese beauties, and therefore not presented to his gaze till he had left Florence—may be taken as a guide. There is an expression too in his children's heads—a solemn, infantine pathos,—surpassing in touching beauty the work of any painter before or since, and the more marvellous because accompanied by an amount of finish in which the subtle essence of such fragrance is apt to escape. Both these expressions become a date, and they are singularly absent from the works we have specified. Nor can these pictures, however interesting to connoisseurs, and especially the unfinished Adoration to painters, be said to possess the true Leonardesque charm. The fact also that the S. Onofrio Madonna is his only genuine fresco, bespeaks an early visit to Rome, for nothing is better known than that Leonardo repudiated, to the world's great loss, all operations in genuine fresco later in life. For these reasons such works may be assigned to the period preceding his removal to Milan.

In the absence of all historical records at present brought to light, the later biographers of Leonardo have been left to wonder why Leonardo should have exchanged the superior art-atmosphere of Florence for that of Milan; or rather why, in Mrs. Heaton's words, Lorenzo de' Medici, 'quick-sighted 'as he was for genius, did not seek to attach such a man 'as this to himself. He surely must have been aware of 'Leonardo's powers, but for some reason or other he was un-'heedful of them, and suffered the brightest of the stars around 'him to wander into another system. It is not difficult to 'surmise the reasons that may have led to Leonardo desiring 'to quit Florence. The strange neglect of the Medici (he 'does not seem to have had a single commission from any one 'of them) would tend to show that he was not properly appre-'ciated in his native city. Added to this, there may have been

* This peculiar and unattractive arrangement of the figures was no invention by Leonardo, but a group traditional in the Roman Church to show the three generations of the 'Sacred Family,' and is seen in early painted figures in wood, and in other forms.

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'family difficulties, money matters, and what not to induce a 'desire for change.' (P. 9.) All this amiable speculation is best answered by a reference to dates, which immediately disposes of the question of the absence of patronage on the part of the earlier Medici—Leonardo being but twelve years of age when Cosmo died. Nor is the 'neglect' of him by Lorenzo, whose mind was of a class little likely to appreciate that of Verocchio's youthful scholar, more difficult to account for. Lorenzo's character and life were of that order which, however popular in his own age, is not calculated to stand the colder analysis of our own. He inherited a lustre from old Cosmo which clung to him even while transgressing all the wise policy which had made the Medici name great. He was young, and may have been brave—he played at poetry and philosophy—he possessed all the systematic address of the period, and he gathered round him, and salaried—with money belonging to the State—too many men of letters not to be extolled alternately as the Augustus and Mecænas of modern Italy. Viewed, however, apart from this halo of contemporary flattery, Lorenzo de' Medici appears as the arch representative of the unreality of the time—the chief agent of the decay of the Florentine Republic—the patron of the profitless erudition—the founder of the Platonic Academy—the giver and encourager of fêtes and follies, and, setting aside more serious misdeeds, the promoter of all the hollow magnificence which disguised his spendthrift government and masked his ambitious designs. Such a man was little likely to take interest, except for passing amusement, in those scientific instincts in the mind of Leonardo, of which it has required centuries to prove and recognise the true value. Then, as to patronising his art, there is no such proof of Lorenzo's patronage of other painters as to make his omission of Leonardo singular. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Medici of the fifteenth century had any share in the formation of the picture galleries which now adorn Florence. The idea even of such collections did not exist—far less of their public utility. It is known that the first Grand Dukes of Tuscany—at the end of the sixteenth century—made the rooms of the Uffizi the storehouse of collections of armour, astrological instruments, and natural history—of antique gems, some sculpture and a few pictures—also that a great diamond was placed in the apartment now called the Tribune; but the chief collection of paintings was derived from the heiress of the Della Rovere family, who married the Grand Duke Ferdinand II. in 1634. To return, however, to Lorenzo de' Medici: he shared in the fashion for collecting gems and

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intagli, and also specimens of antique sculpture; but this taste had far less to do with the merits of such objects in the light of art, than with their incidental value as illustrations of the classic subjects then in vogue. At all events, there is no record of his having individually given a commission to a single painter. Sandro Botticelli's fine picture of the Medici family kneeling before the Madonna in the 'Adoration of the 'Kings' in the Uffizi, was painted before old Cosmo's death. Their portraits, with other Florentine magnates, are introduced by Ghirlandajo in the frescoes of the Sassetti Chapel, but the commission was not given by any Medici; Lorenzo figures in the series by Sandro Botticelli, recently sold at Mr. Barker's sale, but these are known to have been executed for the Pucci family, and the arms of Julius II. on one of them points to a date when Lorenzo had long been in his grave. There were plenty of grand and noted painters both in Florence and in other parts of Italy—mature in his youth and ripening with his manhood—but it does not appear that he noticed any of them. His supposed interest in Michael Angelo—only seventeen years of age when Lorenzo died—is founded mainly on a puerile story by Vasari which any visitor to the Uffizi, who will take the trouble, may disprove.* Altogether Lorenzo de' Medici's patronage of pictorial art, whether in easel pictures or in fresco, rests more on the imagination of certain modern biographers than on any sober facts of history.

It must also be borne in mind that Leonardo was then comparatively undistinguished as a painter—the pictures believed to belong to his early period owing their subsequent fame more to what he became than to any inherent attraction. That he rested his claim and patronage far less on his art than on

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* This story relates to the head of the 'Old Satyr,' known as a youthful work by Michael Angelo, and still in the Sala delle Iscrizione of the Uffizi. Vasari states that Lorenzo de Medici seeing the young lad engaged on this head, which has the mouth grinning and half open, so as to show tongue and teeth, observed, 'Thou oughtest to know that 'old men never have all their teeth.' Whereupon Michael Angelo seized a tool, and, before Lorenzo had well turned his back, struck out one of the front teeth, making it appear as if it had fallen naturally. On Lorenzo's return he was so delighted with the boy's cleverness that he told the story to all his friends, and forthwith took him under his protection. The answer to this is that in the departure from the human to the animal character, the front teeth had purposely been modelled wide apart, and anyone can see that no tooth has been knocked out, or could have stood in the vacant space.

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his mechanical inventions, is obvious from the letter—supposed to have been written about 1481—addressed by him to Lodovico Sforza, called Il Moro, third son of the *condottiére* Francesco Sforza—the regent, and ultimately the usurper, of the Milanese Duchy. This letter is remarkable in every way, as a marvellous prospectus of his own powers, a characteristic page in the Italian history of the fifteenth century, and a melancholy one in that of mankind; where the demands of war and of peace stand in curious disproportion, and where his art of painting comes in apparently as an afterthought: we give it entire:—

'Having, most illustrious Lord, seen and duly considered the experiments of all those who repute themselves masters and inventors of instruments of war, and having found that their instruments differ in no way from such as are in common use, I will endeavour, without wishing to injure anyone, to make known to your Excellency certain secrets of my own, as briefly enumerated here below.

'1. I have a way of constructing very light bridges, most easy to carry, by which one may pursue, or, at times flee from, the enemy. Others also of a strong kind that resist fire or assault, and are easy to place and to remove. I know ways also for burning and destroying those of the enemy.

'2. In case of investing a place I know how to remove water from ditches, and to make various scaling ladders and other such instruments.

'3. Item, if on account of the height, or strength of position, the place cannot be bombarded, I have a way for ruining every fortress which is not on stone foundations.

'4. I can also make a kind of cannon, easy and convenient to transport, that will discharge inflammable stuff, causing great injury to the enemy, and also great terror from the smoke.

'5. Item, by means of narrow and winding underground passages, made without noise, I can contrive a way for passing under ditches or any stream.

'6. Item, I can construct covered carts, secure and indestructible, bearing artillery, which entering among the enemy will break the strongest body of men, and behind which infantry can follow without any impediment.

'7. Item, I can construct cannon, mortars, and fire engines of the finest forms, different from those in common use.

'8. Where the use of cannon fails I can replace them by catapults, mangonels, and engines for discharging missiles of admirable efficacy and hitherto unknown; and in short, according as the case may be, I can contrive endless means of offence.

'9. And, if the fight should be at sea, I have numerous engines of utmost activity both for attack and defence, and vessels which will resist the heaviest fire; also powders and vapours.

'10. In time of peace I believe I can equal anyone in architecture

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and in constructing buildings, public or private, and in conducting water from one place to another.

'Item, I can execute sculpture, whether in marble, bronze, or terra cotta; also in painting I can do as much as another, be he who he may.

'Further, I would engage to execute the bronze horse in lasting memory of my lord, your father, and the illustrious house of Sforza; and, if any of the above-mentioned things appear impossible or impracticable, I offer to make experiment of them in your park, or in any place that may please your Excellency, to whom I recommend myself in utmost humility, &c.'

This letter seems to have obtained for Leonardo the desired invitation to the Court of Milan, accompanied with a salary; chiefly, Vasari says, because the Duke wished to hear him sing—an accomplishment of which the letter makes no profession. There can be no doubt, however, that music was one of Leonardo's acquirements, and musical instruments among his inventions, new forms of the lyre, and improvements of sounding board, being sketched and described in his manuscripts. Amoretti also speaks of the frontispiece to a treatise on music, dedicated by a Florentine priest to Ascanio Sforza, brother to Lodovico, in which Leonardo is represented with a guitar in his hand. Doubtless, the profligate Duke and his court were not slow to discover that Leonardo's gifts and powers of attraction were by no means all enumerated in this letter, and that they had drawn a prize as valuable for idle hours as for more serious uses. Biographers dwell on his great popularity with the court, and we can readily believe in the fascination of his personal beauty and address, in the admiration excited by his feats of horsemanship and muscular strength, and in the pastime afforded to pedants and bores by the wonder of his inventions, and the fun of his caricatures. In his double character, also, as artist and mechanician, there was no one to rival him in the invention and direction of those frequent shows and pageants which formed part of the policy of a bad ruler and of a doubtful throne, but which unfortunately left no trace of the genius wasted upon them. But respect for genius, in a real sense, was hardly compatible with the nature of any Italian court at that time; and that of Milan, though perhaps not more cruel or depraved than others, presented features peculiarly detestable. Nor was its character improved by the addition of Beatrice d'Este, in honour of whose marriage with Lodovico in 1492, great festivities were enacted; who far from being the 'mild saint' Mrs. Heaton kindly imagines, is known by her violence and heartless pride to have

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greatly aggravated the sufferings of the young Gian Galeazzo and his Neapolitan wife, the rightful Duke and Duchess of Milan.

We turn from spectacles of an hour to the two great *Capi d'opera* executed in Milan, which first made him famous—the one then, and the other for ever since. Precise dates and particulars fail for both. The model of the great horse, in honour of Francesco Sforza, to which the letter alludes, seems, at all events, to have been his first employment. The design and modelling are believed to have extended over sixteen years; while from some cause—either his own fastidiousness, or an injury from without, the horse is said to have figured in a procession and to have been broken—the enormous mass, which would have taken 100,000 lbs. of metal to cast (some biographers say 200,000 lbs.), was modelled by him twice over. For one little line survives, in his own left-handed writing—like a spot of *terra firma* in the great void of dates—which says that 'on April 23, 1490, I recommenced the horse.' Relics of his preparatory studies exist in exquisite pen drawings, slight, but certain, of the structure of the horse; he so mastered its anatomy as to write a treatise on the subject; an engraving, attributed to his own hand, and in that case one of the few instances of his skill in this line of art, shows four different sketches of an equestrian figure; a slight outline of a gigantic horse within a kind of cage is among the photographs of the publication by the Italian Government; and marginal jottings of the scaffolding, and even of the iron bars and rivets, needed to sustain the enormous weight of clay, are sketched in his writings; for in all things Leonardo began from the very beginning. But beyond these there is no trace of the colossal monument to Francesco Sforza, of which even the story of its having been destroyed by the French archers in 1499, is now disputed, proofs having appeared that it was in existence years after that date. Much more was thought by himself, and by those around him, of the merit of this model, than of the other great work contemporarily going on. All Italy talked of it; verse and prose were alike enlisted, and alike emptily, in its favour; Paolo Giovio, *à propos* of it, places Leonardo's plastic powers far above those of his brush, and says that the artist himself did the same; 'Plasticam ante alia penicillo præponebat.'

It must be confessed, however, that the great master, in the character of a sculptor, awakens no images of delight. Not a scrap of clay, wax, bronze, or marble exists which can be

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proved to be by his hand, or which bears the stamp of it.* The very nature of his art, also, its positiveness and individuality, is at variance with the higher laws of sculpture; and, if the fac-simile in Mrs. Heaton's work, of a figure in armour, seated on a horse, really represent a design of the monument, there could have been nothing in it, as M. Clément admits, so original or grand as to raise its fame above, or even to the level of, Verocchio's Colleoni at Venice, or Donatello's Gattemalata at Padua. Nor is there any indication of Leonardo's admiration of such specimens of antique sculpture as had especially come to light in the north of Italy, unless we accept the evidence of his own epitaph, rendered more than proverbially untrustworthy by having been composed in his own life and under his correction, and which refers rather to the works of Vitruvius and the 'Divina proporzione' of orders of architecture which much occupied his mind, than to antique art properly so called. As we have said before, classic art, excepting in such instances as the Pisan sculptors and the school of Padua under Mantegna, was sought rather for its associations with classic literature than for its own beauties.

We turn to that stupendous monument of human skill which all the powers adverse to a work of art have not yet totally obliterated. It has a gallery of its own in the way of copies, a library of its own in the form of description, an epic of its own in the annals of maltreatment. We read what that picture has undergone with something of the same pain as of the torture of some noble animal. The misery and distraction of Italy fell heavily on the great 'Cena,' as upon every good and beautiful thing. Fifty years after its completion, its glory had already departed. A painter called it a mere blotch of colour, a cardinal called it a mere relic. Then came the monks and pierced the feet of the Saviour afresh, and broke the legs of the disciples. Quack doctors followed, who professed to know a healing secret, and who anointed and painted over the wounds with gaudy colours, till, in the opinion of the Milanese people it was far more beautiful than when it issued from the master's hand. Half a century later, in 1770, the small remains of original epidermis were carefully scarified, and a new restorer is believed to have given it the *coup-de-grace.* From time to time, also, the waters rose and soaked

* M. Rio, in his 'Art Chrétien,' mentions as in the possession of M. Thiers 'une petite figure en ivoire, d'un travail exquis, qu'il serait 'difficile d'attribuer à un autre qu'à Léonard.' It has mingled, we fear, like other things of beauty, with the ashes of the late President's house.

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the walls to which so precious a surface had been imperfectly attached. Finally, the horses of Napoleon's cavalry were stalled in its august presence, innocent, at all events, of the sanctuary they defiled. And when wars had ceased, and the map of Europe had been rearranged, the new masters of Lombardy paraded their possession of the majestic ruin by nailing the wretched emblazonry of their Imperial house directly above the head of the Saviour. To this day, perhaps of necessity, a species of tinkering, under the plea of preservation, is always going on, and every fresh visit to it shows fresh dilapidation; yet, the 'Last Supper,' by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Refectory of the Convent of the Madonna delle Grazie, at Milan, remains, even now, one of the great *impressions* a cultivated mind can receive.

We do not underrate the seeds of injury sown by Leonardo himself. Here that tentative, experimental system, proper for science but dangerous for art, which was his ruling passion, led him to discard the safe and common process of fresco. This process, too, required a promptness of execution foreign to his nature. The painter who never knew when to have done touching and retouching, necessarily abjured the usually prepared wall, and devised in its stead a preparation, untried and untrustworthy, on which he worked with some form of oil medium. For a contemporary describes often seeing him leave the 'Corte Vecchia,' where he was modelling the great horse, and run to the Convent, where he would mount the scaffold, give a few touches, and then return. These touches could only be in oil, for fresco permits of no such coquetting. Lastly, the chief cause for the decay of the work, the damp situation, may safely be laid to the folly or tyranny of the usurper himself. The old convent, mainly owing to the frequent inundations, had fallen into ruins, when Lodovico, either from ignorance or ill-will, compelled the monks to rebuild it on the same low ground, the refectory being on the lowest part of it. The building thus raised, with the prospect of fresh ruin before it, was cheaply and carelessly constructed. Göthe, who inspected it, reports the wretched materials of which the columns and arches were composed—old, crumbling bricks, and porous stone impregnated with salts, which exuded through the whitewash. Still, there is no doubt that fresco operations would not have suffered in the same degree, as evidenced by the better state of Montorfani's contemporary work on the opposite wall.

We spare the reader further details of the oft-told tale, and will only briefly analyse the place of this great work—the

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actual execution of which is assigned to the period from 1496 to 1498*—in the art of the century and in the art of the master. The choice of the subject marks Leonardo's Florentine derivation. Excepting in illuminated MSS. the 'Last 'Supper' had hardly been seen out of Florence, where frescoes by the school of Giotto, and by Orgagna, in Santa Croce and the Ognissanti, must have been known to him. It was one of the most difficult subjects a painter could undertake—numerous figures, all male, all seated, and all comparatively inactive. But the painters above-mentioned, at all events, aimed in the direction of that goal which Leonardo alone reached. The difference between them and him is one of degree, not of kind. It is usual to talk of his throwing off the fetters of tradition, but it was certainly not those fetters which obstructed his predecessors, nor the release from them which ensured his success. The traditional feature consisted in little more than the isolated position of Judas on the side of the table nearest the spectator.† The more perfect representation of the subject depended solely on the more perfect developement of the powers of art, and especially of the art of expression. In this respect Leonardo was pointed out to be the painter of the 'Last 'Supper,' for he had all the subtleties of expression and action equally within his grasp. Instead of being his difficulty, this was his opportunity. Twelve different individualities had to be portrayed, all agitated by the same central cause—the words of Christ—and all diversely. Scripture prescribed an impetuous Peter—a gentle and loving John—a guilty son of perdition; but Leonardo cast himself on his own feeling for the rest, and created disciples out of such types of men as best combined to make a grand dramatic whole. He even departed from the letter of Scripture to serve his art—the only authority the true painter acknowledges—and made St. John leaning away from the Lord, instead of on His breast; thus giving greater space and dignity to the chief figure. Much controversy has been wasted, and even recently, as to whether the head of Christ was taken from the Byzantine type. But the Byzantine type of our Lord varies from the grandest to the most abject; Leonardo's character, and the picture in question, are ill-comprehended by those who think that he

* The first engraving dates from 1497.

† The 'Last Supper' in S. Onofrio, Florence, at one time attributed to Raphael, was most probably executed before Leonardo's work, for Judas sits alone in front. After the Milan 'Cena' was known no one observed this tradition.

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would be guided by either, or that any trace of either is recognisable. The stories of his awe and hesitation in delineating the head of the Saviour rest on no foundation, beyond Vasari, except the sentimentality of the Faithful. Instead of having been left unfinished, it is, even in its present state, evident that it was one of those most carefully completed. But a work of this date is sure to be encrusted with fables; one of them, with all the true Vasarian tinge, has been so long disproved that it is strange to find it retained by any writer of the present day. The story runs, namely, that the prior of the convent, impatient at Leonardo's delays, made interest with the duke to urge him to greater speed; to whom the painter is stated to have replied, that great artists were thinking most while doing least; and that being at a loss for a head as a fitting type for Judas, he was determined, if importuned further, to revenge himself by taking that of the reverend father himself. At this the duke laughed heartily, said he was quite right, and the poor prior went to dig in his garden, and left Leonardo in peace. This foolish story has been further converted by succeeding biographers into the fact that the head of the traitor does actually represent the prior of that time, and forms to this day part of the stock tale told to travellers who have the patience to listen to the poor *custode* of the place. The simple answer to all this is, that with his cartoons of every head already drawn, and doubtless stencilled on the wall, there could have been no hesitation about a model for that of Judas. Further, that the prior, Fra Vincenzo Bandelli, a man of distinction, was too much in favour with the duke for that personage to have encouraged even the menace of such an insult; and lastly, that he is known to have been a man of advanced age, bald, grey, and with fine features—the utmost contrast in all these respects to the Judas of Leonardo's conception.*

This work, which stands alone as the keystone of Christian pictorial art, is equally solitary as combining all the painter's powers. It was thoroughly completed; without over finish, and without a sign of vacillation or correction. It bears the aspect of having been executed *con amore*, a quality hardly characteristic of any other work by the master, whose art has more the air of study than of delight. It may be added, that it is entirely Italian in character. Steering closer to positive daily life than had been before attempted, the heads are types under which the varieties of Italian physiognomy may still be

* See Tiraboschi, 'Litteratura Italiana,' p. 1763, *note*. Also 'Nagler's Dictionary,' article on Leonardo da Vinci.

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classified. The hands, too, would identify a people who gesticulate, not more perhaps than colder races—for the Germans brandish dirty hands in every direction—but with a grace and histrionic expression, as well as a display of beautiful forms, which make their gestures especially worthy a painter's study.

M. Clément doubts the religious or Christian tendency of Leonardo's art, and we readily agree with him that this is not its special aim or excellence. The highest religious impression is given, perhaps as a rule, by the art which has not attained maturity; as the truly spiritual utterance proceeds oftener from the child than from the man. Perfect art engages our attention more for itself than for its subject. That the 'Last 'Supper' produces a really religious impression is because it so truly tells the awful tale; but that impression was not the necessary result of Leonardo's own spiritual aspirations—aspirations not seen in any other work by him. The highest spiritual expression he has conveyed lies in his Holy Children. Yet even in them it does not represent a religious emanation, but simply that touching and solemn look of the pure infant, whether Christian or Pagan, 'over whom his immortality 'broods like the day;' a look which scarcely another painter has so noted from life. For Leonardo's forte, we must remember, was accurate observation of eye, not innate fervour of spirit. The period, not his own tendencies, caused him, as it did many others, to paint church pictures; and we have therefore to thank the period that such subjects came within the range of his acute perceptions. We have indeed to thank the Church far more than is generally acknowledged, that she did supply a demand for at least decorous subjects. Had Art been left to the patronage of profligate patrons—such as were then almost all the princes of Italy—pictures would too often have been identified with subjects unfit for contemplation.*

Leonardo, after the 'Last Supper,' stands on the highest step he, or any modern painter, has attained. He painted, doubtless in Milan, the two exquisite portraits now in the Ambrogian Library, miscalled 'Lodovico il Moro' and 'Bea-'trice d'Este;' but most probably, as agreeing better in age, representing the unfortunate Gian Galeazzo and Isabella of Arragon. Also portraits of Lodovico's mistresses; one of which has disappeared, while the other is believed to be recognised in the so-called 'belle Ferronière,' in the Louvre—a

* It is an error to suppose that Savonarola waged war against art. He condemned 'nudities,' but declared that it was better to paint than to beg.

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lady not disparaged by the mistake, since she occupied a similar position towards Francis I. That the few 'Holy Families,' recognised by the true odour of Leonardesque sweetness, were executed in Milan is also probable, for as he increased in age and fastidiousness, beginnings seem to have been all he achieved, and but few of them. Altogether, there are not more than five or six pictures which connoisseurs acknowledge, and those only in parts, to be by his hand, and even on those few they are not unanimous.

After the departure of the master from Milan to Florence, on the fall of Lodovico—1499–1500—all connected with his art, as with his life, is more or less disappointing. He eagerly superseded the gracious Filippino Lippi, who gave up to him the commission for an altar-piece for the church of the Serviti, and proceeded in it no farther than the cartoon now belonging to the Royal Academy. He quitted the atmosphere of this dawning creation of virginal and blissful heads and gentle caresses to become chief military engineer to Cæsar Borgia, then ravaging the Romagna and Umbria. Returning after a time to Florence, he accepted a commission to paint one of the walls of the Great Hall in the Palazzo Vecchio, but embarked his design on a surface still more insecurely prepared than that of the 'Last Supper.' It fell to pieces under his hand, while, even of the cartoon, nothing has survived except Rubens' paraphrase of part of it, engraved by Edelinck under the name of the 'Battle of the Standard.'

It has been seen that Leonardo offered himself in his letter to Lodovico as 'equal to others in architecture.' This slight sketch, therefore, requires some mention of this additional form of his practice of art. His earliest biographers, Vasari and Lomazzo, style him 'Pittore e Architetto,' and there is no doubt that his exact mind was peculiarly constituted to take delight in the principles of this study. His chief friend in Milan, who is said to have resided with him, was Fra Luca Pacioli, the professor of mathematics and architecture, to whom also two other of what we may call the learned and scientific painters of Italy were known—Pietro della Francesca and Melozzo da Forlì. It was for the Frate's work on 'La Divina Proporzione' that Leonardo executed above sixty geometrical illustrations, all drawn, as is said in the preface, 'with that ineffable left hand.' Numerous sketches of edifices designed by Leonardo, or taken from existing buildings, are scattered through his writings; he was also associated with a commission for the elevation of the cupola of Milan Cathedral, but no building remains to show what he could practically do.

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Of his poetic vein only the one sonnet survives, commencing—

'Chi non può quel che vuol, quel che può voglia;'

one, however, by no means insignificant either in intrinsic merit, or as characteristic of the mind. For the same tale is told in this small page as in all the rest of the volume. Close observation, sensible advice, and that careful finish which gives a certain charm even to thoughts rising little above mere truisms, are all here—the accents of a votary of experience rather than of a lover of Song. It may be doubted whether much of Leonardo's verse has been lost; a voice that observes such discreet limits has not much to say. Poetry must be fed either from the heart or the imagination; and in all we are permitted to see of the man himself, the one is scantily bared to view, and the other never encouraged.

We turn now to other forms of his intellectual activity. Even with their help the records of his doings at Milan, embracing probably a period of nearly twenty years, and those in the prime of his vigour, are but scantily filled up. It is more inferred than known—and that chiefly from an engraving of a curiously interlaced pattern surrounding a circle,* in which is the inscription 'Academia Leonardi Vīci—that there was an academy of art at Milan, and that he was at the head of it. It is further concluded that his 'Trattato della Pittura' embodies the notes of lectures addressed by him to his scholars. Volumes, also, of jottings, scribblings, marginal hints and sketches, some of them of the grandest order—sparks from which none but himself could then draw light—attest habits of observation, reasoning, and deduction which never flagged. All these, however, added to ever-recurring shows and pageants, yet leave the sense of many a blank page.

The principal edition of the work by Leonardo just mentioned, called 'Il Trattato della Pittura,' was published from a copy in the Vatican—the best version existing, though known to have been imperfectly compiled from a MS. now lost. This work throws curious and unmistakeable light on Leonardo both as thinker and painter. Positive as opposed to imaginative in character, it confirms all the theory of his mind which we have endeavoured to draw from his art. It consists of rules and precepts in separate chapters, amounting to 450 in number, and entirely addressed to the principles and practice of art. It has been surmised that this collection is not entirely original, but gathered from the sweepings of desk and studio, and

* Given as frontispiece to Amoretti's work.

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arranged by friends or pupils. To our view, however, it contains abundant internal evidence of the master's sole hand. There is all his over-conscientiousness of detail, which, like his art, 'approche parfois à la puérilité,' and, above all, there is that peculiar lingering over preparatory foundations, as if from a kind of shyness to grapple with the real task, which characterised all he undertook. He says that '*il Pittore è Padrone di tutte le cose*,' but the things he thinks necessary for this mastery required a patience no one but himself possessed. With strict habits of analytic reasoning, step by step, he has no sympathy with the more rapid deductions of other minds, and goes on teaching long after his reader has been taught. The work embraces every stage of instruction from A to Z.; from useless speculations and wearisome platitudes—sacrifices doubtless to the pedantry of the time—to the closest and subtlest observations of an eye which saw everything, even, as the French would say, to 'les yeux des fourmis,' and reasoned on all it saw. The student is invited at the outset to inquire whether poetry or painting, or painting or sculpture, be the superior art—whether the world would lose most if all were deaf or all were blind. He is reminded that he must walk before he can run—that if he wants to read he must learn his letters; or to climb a wall he must mount by gradual steps. And before the work concludes he is initiated, at the slowest possible pace, into every imaginable distinction of light, shade, colour, half-shades, half-lights, reflexions, reverberations—whether in the open field or within the limit of a room—by sunshine, cloud, or firelight—by atmosphere clear or misty—by morning, noon, or evening—that can variously affect objects coloured or colourless, flat or relieved, large or small, near or distant. It is evident, as shown in Sir Charles Eastlake's essay on Göthe's theory of colours, that Leonardo was familiar with Aristotle's treatise, and that the precepts which his experience dictates for the use of the scholar are in accordance with, if not derived from, the older authority. The same changes are also rung on every diversity of beauty and grace, form, action, position, proportion, measurement, weight, balance; in man, woman, and child, and even in animals; from things the most general to things the most particular; equally as applicable to the whole figure as to different ages, and different parts of it—from the mean average measurements of the body to the minutest actions of separate members; how figures jump, and how figures run; what muscles are set in movement when a man wants to look at his own heels; how the joints of a finger are larger when bent than when straight; how we can neither

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ascend nor descend, nor walk on level ground, without raising the heel of the hindermost foot; how a man walking goes quicker with his head than with his feet; and even how the machinery that keeps the nose in the centre of the face is varied in eight different ways.

In no work by the master, in any form, is it more distinctly seen that the first great passion of the mind was Observation —indulged to an extent that, like his art, no amount of precision could satisfy it; and that the second was a no less imperative desire to inculcate on others what he had himself observed; the one ever impelling him to learn, the other to teach. Occasionally, in contrast to (and relief from) such over-precise rules, which, in the effort at more and more clearness, end by confusing the reader, there occurs a paragraph of larger import; such as

'A painter should never imitate another, or he will be called the nephew, and not the son, of Nature. For since Nature gives things in endless profusion, he should rather have recourse to her than go second-hand to those who have learnt from her.' *

Or we fall in with a hit against some parsimonious fellow-artist—perhaps his old fellow-scholar, Perugino:—

'The painter who mistrusts not himself will learn little. If his work be above his judgment, he will never improve; if his judgment be above his work (and this was too much his own case), he will never cease to improve; *se l avarizia non l'impedisce.*' †

One paragraph also shows a grudge against a portion of his fellow-creatures among the lower classes of Italy, who, it must be confessed, are to this day not always gentle or picturesque. Dwelling on the distinctions in action and movement proper to children and to young women, to old men and old women: how children should be represented with quick, oblique movements when seated, but straight and timid when standing: young women with modest action, the knees closed, the arms gathered together, the head inclined forward, and rather on one side: old men with bent knees, and slow and heavy step; he adds directions for the characteristic portrayal of the aged representatives of the female sex which we would not translate for the world—'*Le Vecchie si debbono figurare 'ardite e pronte, con rabbiosi movimenti, a guisa di furie infer-'nale!*' ‡

What will most interest the analyser of Leonardo's own art, in this work, are the indications of what are known to be his

* Cap. xxiv. † Cap. xli. ‡ Cap. lxiii.

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favourite excellences—the close modelling and delicate gradations of light and shade by which he aimed at the utmost roundness and relief. Throughout the numerous paragraphs on the treatment of lights and shadows will be found warnings against '*ombre terminate*,' or shadows with distinct terminations; urging the student to that observation of the lesser shades and lesser lights by which the extremes of both can be united without line or edge '*a uso di fumo*'—in the manner of smoke—a precept which gave rise to a word of his invention, still in the painter's vocabulary, and without which it would be difficult to define Leonardo's own mode of execution, viz., '*sfumato*.' We see also his distaste to all exaggerated muscular markings—prompted perhaps by the sight of Michael Angelo's school—which he defines as 'looking more like a sack 'of walnuts than a human figure;' while in his directions for the 'beauty of faces,'* he says, 'do not make muscles with 'sharp definitions, but let the soft light terminate insensibly 'in sweet and pleasing shadows, whence proceed grace and 'beauty.' A certain feeling also against the school of colour —grapes which were somewhat sour to him—may be suspected, as opposed to the roundness he ever aimed at. He designates it as calculated to gain the applause of the vulgar, 'who desire 'nothing more than beauty of colour, not understanding that 'of relief.'†

But the 'Trattato della Pittura,' while implying studies far beyond its own special scope, gives no adequate measure of the mind which embraced in its observation the phenomena equally of earth, air, fire, and water. For such imperfect estimate of the genius of Leonardo as can now be formed—and however fragmentary the evidence, it can only gain in appreciation by the advance of science—we must look to those collections of memoranda, alternately written and drawn, which under the name of 'books' he bequeathed to his friend Francesco Melzi, present at his death. The original amount of these 'remains' no one can tell, for no inventory of them exists. They were brought back to Italy by Melzi, who survived his friend till 1570, after which his descendants, sinking with their country's degradation, tossed them into the garret of that Villa Vapri, on the walls of which Leonardo's mark, in the form of the colossal Madonna and Child, still remains. It is impossible to trace the hands through which these MSS. have passed, the mutilations they have suffered, or the amount that has been lost. One volume belonged to Ambrogio Ficino, a

* Cap. cxci. † Cap. cclxxvii.

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remote scion of the Leonardo school, who died in 1608, leaving it to Vespino, a still more degenerate descendant of the great master. One was in the possession of Cardinal Federigo Borromeo; a third belonged to Carlo Emmanuele of Savoy, and is supposed to have perished in one of the fires that consumed the Royal Library at Turin. Some found their way to Charles I.'s collection—a volume was obtained by 'Consul Smith' of Venice—but the greater number, amounting to thirteen volumes, gravitated eventually by a natural process to the Ambrogian Library, whence they were carried off by the French commissioners, too well informed to overlook their great importance. Owing, as we have said, to the negligence of the Austrian Government, one only volume, the 'Codice Atlantico'—it is true by far the most important—was restored to its former place in the Ambrogian Library; the twelve others still remaining in Paris, and not readily shown by the French, lest too much attention should be called to their unjust possession.* M. Clément, on this account perhaps, omits to dwell on them, though he describes the large volume purchased some years ago from Signor Vallardi by the Louvre. Other smaller collections exist in the Vatican, in the Casa Trivulzi, Milan, and in the British Museum. No one, however, can be said to have thoroughly explored these endless Sibylline leaves. And, considering the age of the writing, its strange contractions and orthography, its wearisome left-handed character, and the disorder into which these manuscripts have been shuffled, it must be an enthusiast of singular leisure and patience that would devote himself to them. Even when assisted by the pencil, 'which speaks the tongue of every 'land,' the ideas remain, many of them, enigmatical.

Next to the volume printed by the Italian Government, most information is derived from the essay on 'The Science 'and Literature of Leonardo da Vinci,' by Mr. C. C. Black, of the South Kensington Museum, which forms part of Mrs. Heaton's work. This is by far the most popular and comprehensive view yet given of the multiform sides of one who has bequeathed to posterity so much of his mind and so little of his life. It would be difficult to compile a list even of the subjects which occupied a mind to which the readily-applied

* According to the 'Saggio delle Opere di Leonardo' the twelve volumes in Paris have been gravely mutilated in order to enrich the two volumes in the collection of Lord Ashburnham. The treasures belonging to that nobleman are so little known, that we have no proof as to whether this assertion be true.

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commonplace of 'before his time' renders no justice; and which, a hundred years before Bacon, led the way to those experimental principles—'the only method,' in his own words, 'to be observed 'in the study of the phenomena of Nature.' The discoveries of Leonardo da Vinci, in the language of Mr. Hallam, 'are 'rather such as to strike us with preternatural awe—more 'like the revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single 'mind, than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any pre-'ceding and established basis.' Beginning with his art, there was the study of anatomy, never before so thoroughly mastered and exemplified; to the accuracy of which, as evidenced by his drawings, we have the tribute of our own great anatomist, John Hunter.* Connected with his engineering labours was his mastery of mathematical and geometrical laws; connected with his geometry, his knowledge of perspective, to which appertains his suggestion of the Camera obscura, clearly described in the Trattato, and falsely attributed to his junior, Albert Dürer. From perspective to the laws regulating light the way was immediate, the words perspective and optics being then convertible terms. And here the ingenious little instrument of our day, the stereoscope, did not escape his foresight. Though not its actual inventor, he indubitably preceded our own Wheatstone in the recognition of its principle. For, noticing that slight diversity of the two images of every object presented simultaneously to both eyes, by which we obtain the solidity and relief of actual nature, of the rationale of which he gives a geometrical illustration, he confesses that a picture, however elaborate, cannot possibly—and, in the interest of art, we may add fortunately—present the same effect of reality. Continuing in the same line of cognate phenomena, he suggests a method of measuring light, which, two centuries later, appeared as a French discovery—he wrote a treatise on Lights and Shadows—pointed the way to the burning glass, and more than the way to the telescope; for a drawing of this instrument appears in the 'Codice Atlantico.' Thence he is found diverging to the still mysterious field of acoustics—to the vibrations of tones, the velocity of sound, and the construction of certain musical instruments;—to the laws which govern force, motion, and gravitation, with a thorough working out of the principles of the lever and of the pendulum, and a clearly indicated apprehension of the rotation of the earth;—to the actions of weight, pressure, and attrition; to the density of the atmosphere, and the first construction of

* See Hunter's Lectures, published 1784.

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the barometer, under the design for which are his words, '*modo di vedere quando si guasta il tempo*;'—to an improvement in the compass, since in common use;—to the idea of marine vessels propelled by wheels against the current;—so working his way to the great practical area of mechanics, which he calls 'the Paradise of the mathematical sciences.'

Indeed, it is superfluous for his reputation to credit him any longer with the formation of the Martesana Canal—called il Naviglio—one of the stock tales which have been repeated *ad nauseam*. This work, like the grand 'Spedale,' and other undertakings of utility and beauty at Milan, was owing not to Lodovico il Moro, but to the far nobler ruler, his father, Francesco Sforza, and is known to have been completed before Leonardo's arrival in Milan.* There is proof, however, that Leonardo invented new lock-gates, and repaired the canal. The investigation of the forces, for good or for evil, of moving bodies of water—rivers and torrents—is the duty to which every great Italian engineer may be said, by the character of his native land, to be especially called. In the inundation of the Po in 1493, by which the convent refectory of S. Maria delle Grazie was submerged, the thoughts of the painter must have pondered on the methods by which such periodical catastrophes could be averted. To ensure the safe application of that science of hydraulics which was his especial forte and delight, the principles of hydrostatics were the indispensable step. In all things, accordingly, beginning with the beginning, we find him searching and defining the laws applicable to fluids in a state of rest—capillary attraction and equality of pressure—the action of the syphon—the bore of the since established Artesian well, and that emptying of ditches and conducting of water professed in his letter to the duke. The prominence of the business of war, continually entailed by the treachery of the wretched potentates who eventually degraded the fairest peninsula on this earth, is of course conspicuous in these notes and memoranda. Competent judges have borne witness that Leonardo's profession of improved powers of destruction was no empty boast. Living on the debateable ground between ancient and modern modes of warfare—between the catapult and the cannon—he gave new forms and increased forces to each. Sketches still remain which show that the greater destructiveness and further range of what we now know as the *mitrailleuse*, and conical projectiles, were anticipated in his brain. Nay, even the use of steam as applied to

* Tiraboschi, p. 1701.

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a monstrous form of cannon, finds its place as a seed dropt by a mind which stands like one in the centre of a circle, towards whom all main lines of modern knowledge—astronomy, geology, chemistry, mechanics, natural history, and even botany, converge. And yet a mind, in curious respects, not disconnected with its own period; attracted at one time, doubtless in youth, by the chimæra of perpetual motion, flying men, aerial chariots, winged ships; ideas, with others not less baseless, which survive in his writings, and with them his own recognition of their absurdity, being marked here and there with a marginal '*falso*,' or '*non è desso*.' And yet not abandoned till, pursuing his own experimental system, he had sifted the more from the less practicable plan; as in the construction of a flying-machine, in which he had fixed on the wing of the bat as better fitted for imitation than that of the bird.

True also to himself in the things he forbore to look into. No sign in these great repertories of original thought of any interest in metaphysics, theology, or the philosophy of the schoolmen. Like Galileo after him, following no fruitless inquiry into first causes; seeking nothing that he might not hope to prove. 'What is that,' he says, 'that does not give 'itself to human comprehension, and, if it did, would not exist? 'It is the Infinite, which, if it could so give itself, would be 'done and ended.' No sign either, as far as these repertories have been explored, of any interest in the world then around him. Columbus was only ten years older than he—Savonarola exactly his own age. States were falling—foes were invading; but to judge from these records such men and such facts existed not. Even the great painters contemporary with him have left no mark in these writings, as far as hitherto known, unless in the hints we have indicated. Nor is there the slightest appearance that the higher demands of our nature were even repressed in him. No enthusiasm is seen to warp his judgment —no dreams of philanthropy to swell and agitate his heart—no love of woman to kindle unrest. Ever seeking to solve all mechanical problems, he was neutral in presence of all moral truths. With intellect thus predominant, passion, impetuosity, and imprudence were foreign to him. Words dropped here and there further show the inner man. 'Flee from storms.' 'The painter 'should be solitary—if thou art alone thou art all thine own.' 'Patience against injustice is as a garment against the cold; 'if the cold increases put on additional garments.' Such discretion as this does not seem to have altogether shielded him from the suspicions of the Church, though possibly from the wiles of the female sex; for the paltry mind of Vasari im-

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putes to him 'ideas so heretical, that he did not conform to any 'religion, thinking it peradventure far better to be a philosopher 'than a Christian.' This passage, however, was withdrawn after the first edition. Leonardo, also, in his Trattato speaks of himself as charged with two great offences—'working at my 'art on feast-days, and investigating the works of God,' and gives the clue to his accusers '*Farisei, ciò vuol dir santi 'Frati.*' One sentence also implies that he had been imprisoned: —'When I made the Lord God an Infant, you imprisoned me.'

Let us pause a moment to recall the multiplied facets of this brilliant genius; receiving and giving light in all directions—surpassing in art, and yet, relatively, less artist than physiologist, engineer, mathematician. Or rather, chiefly artist to the generation in which he lived, because the arts were the only form of his activity then genuinely in demand. The skilled labourer in every department. The man of all work for this world; and therefore of incomparably more work than the world then could use. With practical purposes in all his researches, seeing, observing, noticing everything—the fall of the wave—the motion of the bird—the duration of the echo—the veins of the leaf—the bones of extinct animals—the scintillations of the stars—the conditions of the moon—the connexion of motion with heat—and these last two in terms which Nasmyth himself might have employed. And inventing every thing; for, in happy relief to his destructive ingenuities, his pages teem with every form of mercantile and even humblest domestic utility. For instance, designs for more than thirty kinds of mills—one even of a treadmill, a marvel of perspective and beauty of line; windlasses, cranes, machines for wire-drawing, plate-rolling, file-cutting; saws, drills, looms, instruments for flattening and dressing cloth; a surgical probe—a universal joint—a spring to close doors—cowls for smoky chimneys—the artist's so-called camp-stool—a roasting jack (still in use in Italy) moved by the draught of hot air; and, finally, last but not least, among the many things moved by wheels, the common wheelbarrow. Practical, too, in all things, even in such schemes as that of lifting the Baptistery of Florence on to a higher level, or moving mountains from one plain to another, which, if feasible at all, could only be by such means as he suggests. A man, appointed not so much to work in his own person as to be the universal supplier and prompter of work for the intellectual and brute forces of others; who called himself humbly 'the disciple of practice;' but whom we may rather denominate as the priest and prophet of the laws and forces of nature.

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Still, we linger over the course and character of Leonardo da Vinci with an absence of satisfaction painful to ourselves. Much of that which we feel to be wanting must be laid to the period to which he belonged. Who shall say how far every man participates in the good or evil in which he is appointed to move and live and have his being? Where independence of bearing and self-respect were looked upon, as in Michael Angelo, as surliness and crotchets; where he was most successful in life who could carry the darkest designs under the most friendly aspect and manner; and he alone safe who refused (while pretending it) credence to the most cordial assurances; where treachery and intrigue were the accepted statesmanship of the great, and flattery and insincerity the current coin of their subjects—in such a state of manners and morals those few who could rise above the social standard had a twofold battle to fight—the one with themselves common to all men—the other with the weight of the custom around them. Such a warrior, it may be safely averred, Leonardo was not. He took things as he found them; neither lamenting (like Michael Angelo) that they were no better, nor caring to reform them. His transcendent genius was also of that kind which brings most temptation to its possessor. The man of shining gifts, as distinguished from the man of great qualities, has always a sphere, and is always in request, for he amuses, even instructs—never, even tacitly, reproves. Still, it is difficult to reconcile the contrast between this unceasingly working and thinking being, and the cowardly, heartless, and ignorant traitor and usurper, whose company flattered, and whose patronage alternately fed and starved him. The court of Lodovico Sforza was one of the most profligate and empty that existed even at a time when a Borgia occupied the Papal throne: Leonardo was in both respects evidently the reverse. Even Vasari, who defamed Raphael, has no vicious gossip to tell of him; yet he contentedly breathed an atmosphere as uncongenial as unworthy of him. It must be taken into account that he was the first painter who lived in social equality with the great of the land, and for those who would live with them then on any terms, the debasing courtier element was inevitable. On the other hand, the fact that a tyrant like Lodovico il Moro surrounded himself with men of reputation for learning and arts has received, as with Lorenzo de' Medici, far too favourable an interpretation. Such environment, which would now be considered a pure tribute to genius, was then rather a politic but contemptible device which answered many pur-

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poses; the amusement of the hour, the diversion of scrutinising eyes, and the sure falsification of history.

Nevertheless, much of what we feel to be defective in Leonardo must inexorably be laid to himself. For no less strange and rare than the range of his intellectual gifts were the extremes obvious in his character. In his art he reaches from the subtlest and sweetest beauty to the most unnatural and hideous deformity; in his writings from the grandest generalities to the most puerile particulars; in his daily habits from the profoundest studies and application to (we are assured) the vainest extravagance and ostentation; from the clearest methods of reasoning and closest accuracy of observation as regards cause and effect, to all the sure consequences of reckless expenditure, disorder, and social degradation—debts, fawnings, unpaid salary, and humiliating beggings, even for clothes; in his life from the illustrious philosopher who commands the wonder and admiration of all enlightened ages, to the hireling who knew not the meaning of the word patriot, who shifted with every wind of fortune, executed *chefs-d'œuvre* or invented toys, equally to flatter the French invader or the Milanese usurper; placed himself, like the mercenary troops of the time, at the disposal of whomsoever happened to be in power, no matter how obtained; and principally served two of the most iniquitous princes of the age, Lodovico Sforza and Cæsar Borgia.

There is evidence, however, that these habits of self-accommodation to successive rulers exceeded even the latitude then allowed. However elastic the bonds of allegiance, the great master changed sides too often. He had looked on indifferent at the usurpation of the throne of Milan, on the misery of the young Gian Galeazzo and his wife, and must be believed to have ignored the suspected dark sequel to that story. He had shown no reluctance to aid Lodovico in welcoming over the Alps those packs of French wolves under Charles VIII. who first overran the fair plains of Italy. On the fall of Lodovico, caught in the toils he had spread for others, he had built triumphal arches for the entry of Louis XII.; and on Louis' discomfiture and the restoration of the young Maximilian, son of Lodovico, in 1512, Leonardo had disposed himself to renew his relations with the Sforza family. It appears that on this occasion the court of Milan became, to use a familiar phrase, too hot for him, when, following his favourite maxim, 'Flee from storms,' he removed to Florence. There, having obtained the protection of the pusillanimous Julian de' Medici —son of Lorenzo the Magnificent—he accompanied that prince

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to Rome for the consecration of his brother Giovanni as Leo X., in 1513. But here a cold reception is said to have mortified him. The Pope, it is true, commissioned him to paint a picture—a task we may safely aver then become impossible to him. Instead of composing a design, he set to work with preparatory measures, and began to experimentalise on the distillation of fixed oils from certain plants—which led to the reputed saying on the Pope's part, 'Alas! this man is 'thinking of the end before he has made a beginning.' Nor did Michael Angelo or Raphael, both engaged on great works, show any disposition to enlist his co-operation. It was extremely improbable, if they knew anything of his fastidious and dilatory habits in art, that they should do so; but it may be doubted whether the so-called rivalry between Michael Angelo and himself had anything to do with the matter, or whether that rivalry ever existed at all. Michael Angelo and Leonardo never approached each other's orbits except in the decoration of the great council hall of the Palazzo Vecchio. And in that instance the supposed rivalry of exhibition has been much exaggerated; for the cartoons were not seen by the public simultaneously; Leonardo's having been exhibited in 1504, and Michael Angelo's not till 1506. Far more probable is it, as surmised by M. Clément, that the man who had no passions and no opinions but those which suited his interest, and who had ceased to be a profitable *protégé* for those who coveted specimens of his art, began to be regarded with less interest, and was peculiarly antipathetic to the very opposite nature of the impetuous Buonarroti. At all events, the residence in Rome was short, and Leonardo is found again in Milan, where a fresh turn of the wheel had taken place, erecting arches for the last new comer, Francis I., for whom his automaton lion, who walked into the king's presence and opened his breast filled with French lilies, was especially contrived. From this time he remained true to the French service; openly showed himself in the suite of Francis at Bologna on the meeting between that monarch and the Pope, and revenged himself for all supposed slights by caricaturing the papal courtiers. Finally, as we all know, he removed altogether on to French soil, and died at the Château of Cloux at Amboise in 1519, having accepted salary and protection from the French king, and rendered him no single work in return. Truly has it been said, 'the spirit of that 'time was a menial spirit,' and not even such a mind as that of Leonardo was exempt from its influence, For, however marvellous the height at which his intellect soared above the

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age, the same superiority is not upheld in his life. Nothing is more true than that his conscience as artist and natural philosopher was *incontentabile*—in art even a hindrance to his activity—but his reputation would stand higher had it been equally fastidious as a man.*

ART. V.—1. *Reports of the Royal Commission on the Employment of Children in Agriculture* (1867). 1868–70.

2. *Reports from Her Majesty's Representatives abroad on the Tenure of Land in Foreign Countries.* 1869–71.

3. *Reports on the Condition of the Industrial Classes in Foreign Countries.* 1870–2.

4. *The Agricultural Labourer.* By T. E. KEBBEL. 1870.

5. *The English Peasantry.* By F. G. HEATH. 1874.

6. *The Seven Ages of a Village Pauper.* By G. C. T. BARTLEY. 1874.

No one who is well acquainted with the country districts of England can allow the old so-called paternal relations between employer and employed to undergo the transformation which now appears inevitable without feeling some regret mingled with his satisfaction at the prospect of an improvement in the condition of the labourer. On a well-cared-for estate—and we are glad to think that there are many such—the landlord took a kindly interest in all the details of the homes of those employed upon it, keeping the control of his cottages in his own hands, in spite of the remonstrances of the

* Under the sensational title of 'The Death-bed of Leonardo,' an account is given by Mrs. Heaton, quoted from M. Arsène Houssaye's work which attempts to revive the exploded tale of the great painter's death 'on a royal breast.' We fail in these times, or perhaps in this country, to appreciate the object of this attempt. A story is told by Condivi of Julius III. who promised Michael Angelo the post-mortem compliment of embalming his body, and preserving it in the Pontifical private apartments: we know also that the forefinger of Galileo's right hand was detached from his remains, on their removal in 1737, and preserved by one of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. The times, however, are over when such condescensions towards the dying and the dead can be construed into any real tribute to the claims of genius, or any compensation for its wrongs. On the other hand, the reported successful search for the body of Leonardo by the Comte de Paris, at the Château of Clos-Lucé, as it is now called, can only be viewed as a manly and intelligent homage to a great name.

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farmers, in order to render the men somewhat more independent. Even the little charitable gifts of the squire's lady, which perhaps did more good to the giver than to the recipient of her bounty, or the small kindnesses by which the great body of the tenant farmers eked out the earnings of those employed by them, have their bright side. But the die is cast:—

> 'Even now the devastation is begun,
> And half the business of destruction done;
> Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
> I see the rural virtues leave the land.'

The relations between the employers and the employed are to be divested of all benevolent and charitable adjuncts, and must henceforth be based upon commercial principles alone. We cannot help feeling some doubt whether the labourer will be an immediate gainer by the change, and whether at any rate his newly discovered power of combination is not a dangerous weapon to have placed in ignorant hands wholly unprepared to use it to advantage.

The primary cause of the present importance of this question is the increasing depopulation of our agricultural districts. Had the population migrated merely in search of higher wages, it would have been more easy of solution. But it is not so. The high agricultural wages of Yorkshire or of Northumberland have not been the attraction.* They have seen the profits of mines and manufactories justify an enormous rise of wages, and attracted by this apparent advantage, and by the prospect of being able to bring up their sons to a trade, they have poured into the mining and manufacturing districts. And yet it can hardly be disputed that in the counties where the higher rates of agricultural wages are paid the condition of the labourer compares favourably with that of other classes of labourers in towns. His earnings, everything included, are

* The large increase in the number of labourers (branch undefined) leads the Registrar-General to think that the diminution of agricultural labourers has been exaggerated. And it is no doubt true that one cause of the scarcity is the large number of men who have become 'jobbing' labourers, only ready to turn their hands to farm work when they can get nothing else. But the high-wage counties show just as great a diminution as those where low wages are paid. Thus the actual addition to the population of Lincolnshire from 1861–71 (taking the excess of births over deaths) ought to have been about 55,000. It was only 24,000, showing that 30,000 persons had migrated during that period. The same calculation for Dorset shows a migration of 15,000, bearing nearly the same proportion to the population of that county.

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not much lower, his employment more certain and healthy, his house rent infinitely less and generally free of rates and taxes, his fuel (except coal) cheaper, the assistance of his children available at an earlier age, and the paramount advantage of garden ground—and sometimes allotment ground or pasturage for a cow—adds very largely to his comfort. And although we believe that he has not fully partaken of the great increase in the material prosperity of the other two classes of the agricultural community, still a steady but certain improvement was made abundantly clear by the reports of the Agricultural Commissioners which are ably summarised in Mr. Kebbel's book. After the flood of literature called forth by recent events, it still contains the best general survey in a small compass which has appeared. For although much light has of late years been thrown upon the extraordinary variety in the condition of the rural population in different parts of England, most writers are still found to look at the question from a knowledge of one district only. Amongst these is Mr. F. G. Heath, who, professing to give a comprehensive picture of peasant life, visits in person only the counties in which the lowest wages are paid.

But the question of wages is in truth one of the utmost perplexity.

'On the subject of wages,' says Mr. Kebbel, 'it is more difficult to ascertain the exact truth than in any other branch of the inquiry. The practice of payment in kind, with all its perplexing ramifications, opposes an obstacle to the inquirer which it is impossible to overcome without a patient and minute investigation of the system in all its phases.' (P. 222.)*

It is not uncommonly urged that the difference is more apparent than real, and that the variety in the actual receipts of steady labourers in different counties is less than is generally stated, because wages, where nominally low, are usually eked out by perquisites or by an increased amount of receipts from piece-work. But making some allowance for these considerations, we ourselves are entirely of the opinion of the Bishop of

* Here is a sample of the different wages paid under the perquisite system in one village in 1870:—

A. gave 9*s.*, ten perches of potato ground, and some hops and malt for brewing.

B. gave 9*s.* and three pints of ale a day.

C. gave 9*s.*, a cottage and garden rent free, twenty perches of potato ground, a ton of coals free, half a bushel of 'grist' corn and meal at 5*s.* a bushel, but gave no piece-work to ordinary men, and 1*l.* instead of it.

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Manchester that, in order to make a fair comparison between different parts of the country, the only true measure of the condition of the ordinary labourer is the weekly money payment which he receives, because all additions to it (in the shape of food, drink or other perquisites) depend on the character and practice of the employer. There is an easy mode of testing the wages in any district. If a man is wanted for a few weeks only, the employer has to pay (except in winter) a little over the ordinary rate of wages. In this case there is no question of perquisites, and if he found in 1874 that he had to pay 18*s.* a week in Yorkshire and 12*s.* in Dorset, it may safely be said that those sums really show the difference in the wages of the two counties.

The system of 'perquisites,' as they are called in the West of England, affords a curious instance of the extent to which the variety of wages still depends upon custom. In many counties the rate has not hitherto been regulated by demand and supply, but by what the farmer, being fully aware of the reluctance of his men to leave their own district in search of employment elsewhere, thought would suffice to maintain them at the current price of wheat. And this very system of part payment in kind (which in different forms prevails in most parts of England), though it has undoubtedly in many cases been converted into a means of oppression, was originally devised from motives of humanity, as helping to relieve the labourer from the vicissitudes in his condition produced by a rise or fall in the price of the necessaries of life, and from the difficulty of obtaining (especially in outlying hamlets) good food at a fair price. But the curious thing is that, while in the North of England and in Scotland the system has worked to the advantage of both parties, it is universally condemned in the South-western counties. This arises for the most part from the greater independence of the labourers and the superior class of farmers to be found in the North. But in Devonshire and Somersetshire the great objection to the system is found to be its liability to abuse. The 'potato-ground' may be charged for at an exorbitant rate, the fuel may be ordinary gorse which the labourer has to cut for himself, the 'grist' corn may be of an inferior character; or some or all of these advantages may be given only in return for some extra work by the husband, for the labour at reduced wages of the wife or of the children, or in compensation for not being allowed to keep a pig. In any of these cases the real addition to the money wages from the 'perquisite' may be very small, and the system affords to the inferior employer the means of

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underpaying his men, under shelter of a custom which in good hands is certainly to their advantage. The infinitely worse custom of part payment in beer or cider, demoralising to the labourer and cruel to his family, is happily now so condemned by public opinion that we trust another session of Parliament will not be allowed to pass by without some attempt being made to prohibit it. Another custom prevailing in the North of England, and of very doubtful advantage, is that of 'meating' a labourer. Under this system a married man is fed by his employer and takes home to his family only 6*s.*, 7*s.*, or 8*s.* a week as the case may be. It is clear that, however much this may be to the advantage of the man himself and of his employer, the gain is made at the expense of the poor family.

This account of the effects of part payment in kind is also an illustration of the extent to which difference of wages depends on the employer. It is no less due to variation in the value of the labour itself. A very striking instance of the superiority in the physique of the labourers in the North of England was given a few years ago by Mr. G. A. Grey, of Milfield, Northumberland, who was at that time employing about 2,000 men in drainage works in that county, where they were earning by piece-work from 20*s.* to 25*s.* a week. He offered to engage any number of men at the same piece-work wages, and about 200 men were sent to him from other districts of England, who were stated to be good workmen, and well accustomed to the use of the spade and pickaxe. It was soon found that where the cutting was hard and strong they could do nothing, and many left without finishing any work. Some went on for a few weeks or months, but none made more than 12*s.* a week, or from one-third to one-half less than the Northumbrians working in the same fields. There was not a man among them who had legs or shoulders to compare in Mr. Grey's opinion with his lads of seventeen years of age. Mr. Bailey Denton's large experience leads him to a similar conclusion.

The influence of particular soils in producing variety of wages is sufficiently obvious. In those parts of England where most of the land is laid down in permanent pasture, and on the heavy clay soils, very little piece-work can be given to a labourer, and hardly any employment to his family. But on the sand and gravel, and in the districts where hops and potatoes are largely cultivated, he derives from these sources a very considerable addition to his income.

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The great value of piece-work lies in the means which it affords of discriminating between efficient and inefficient labourers. It is therefore to be hoped that the introduction of Trade Union principles and the more even distribution of labour throughout the country may not lead to anything like a uniform rate of wages. At present throughout a great part of England—in spite of the exertions of Canon Girdlestone and the pressure of the Unions—the supply of labour is still to some extent and at certain seasons in excess of the demand. All this will be changed. The labour market of the future will no longer be bounded by the limits of the village or of the immediate neighbourhood. Competition will be more on the side of labour than of capital, and judicious migration must tend to equalise wages. But the process will be a slow one. Farm labourers are deeply attached to their neighbourhood, and can often only be persuaded to leave it with great difficulty. It is said that not long ago an Essex labourer applied to a Board of Guardians for relief. One of the Guardians, who occupied a farm in the next parish, asked him why he had never applied to him for employment, as it was well known that he had for some time been in want of additional labour. The answer of the man was that he thought he ought to have work found for him in his own parish.

The Registrar-General estimates that any density of a large county approaching 200 to a square mile implies mines, manufactures, the industry of cities or over-population; and he instances the case of Dorsetshire, which 'with no manufactures 'and its full proportion of uncultivated land,' has 200 people to a square mile. Comparing this with the 158 persons who are to be found in the great agricultural county of Lincoln to every square mile, the difference of wages paid in those counties respectively is more easily to be explained. Another test of a similar, but to our minds more conclusive, character excites, when applied to Suffolk and Cambridgeshire, some surprise at the Union having allowed their recent struggle to be fought on such an unfavourable scene of action. A comparison between the number of agricultural labourers and the area of cultivated land shows the proportion of 1 man to every 20 acres in Suffolk, and to every 20½ acres in Cambridgeshire, while the same county of Lincoln has only 1 to every 32 cultivated acres.

During the last hundred years the increase of wages has been continuous, though subject to various fluctuations, especially during the period 1800–20; but has been most rapid during

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the last twenty years. Mr: Caird, in a table published in the 'Times' (January 3, 1874), puts the change as follows:—

Districts	Average wages in		
	1770	1850	1873
	s. *d.*	*s.* *d.*	*s.* *d.*
Northern Counties . . .	6 9	11 6	18 0
Southern Counties . . .	7 6	8 5	12 0

The lower rate of wages in the North at the first period was mainly attributable to the cheap corn to be obtained there. Wheaten bread, at that time, averaged 1*d.* a pound in the North, and 1½*d.* in the rest of England, except in the Eastern counties, where it reached 1¾*d.* per pound. The last figure now represents the price of bread throughout England, although wages have advanced in the North by 166 per cent., and in the South by 60 per cent.*

Between 1770 and 1850 the rents of cottages were generally doubled, while since 1850 they have remained almost stationary, and in some cases have decreased, in spite of the general improvement which is taking place in their condition. The extension of the allotment system, and the increase of piecework, have added considerably to the aggregate earnings of the men. On the other hand, meat, cheese, and butter have enor-

* It is most interesting to trace the gradual changes in the case of any particular district. The three following extracts will enable the reader to contrast the Suffolk of to-day with its condition at three earlier periods.

1769. Wages in winter, 6*s.* and small beer; from spring to harvest, 7*s.* and beer; in harvest, 10*s.* and beer. Bread 2*d.* per lb., butter 6*d.*, coals 1*s.* per bushel. (*Young's Southern Tour*, p. 60.)

1821. For the first twenty-one years of the century labour averaged 12*s.* per week, while the price of wheat averaged 85*s.* 8*d.* In 1821 wages fell to 10*s.* 6*d.*, and wheat to 53*s.* 5*d.* The day-labourer eats 8 lbs of bread corn a week, costing about 3*s.* (*Report of Committee of H. C. on State of Agriculture*, 1821.)

1851. '7*s.* and 8*s.* a week are now the average wages of the county and cottage rents being high—from 3*l.* to 5*l.* per annum—the balance left to the labourer is sufficiently small; yet the reduction in the price of wheat he has to buy is nearly equivalent to the fall in wages. . . . If cottage rents had fallen in the same proportion as the other items, the present rate of wages would be fully equivalent to the former; but that has not been the case. . . . In most cases, as the land is at present managed, the supply of labour is redundant.' (*Caird's English Agriculture.*)

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mously increased in price, and milk, the most nutritious of all food, is scarcely to be obtained in some rural districts.

Making all allowance for these drawbacks, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the condition of the labourer, however much it may still fall short of what we could desire, has very considerably improved during the period under consideration. We believe that a steady labourer is now, with certain exceptions, in possession of an income capable of affording him such food, clothing, and lodging as will maintain him in health and strength; while, if he has two or three boys old enough to give some assistance, he may earn enough to place him in very comfortable circumstances indeed.* Mr. Kebbel says truly:—

'There is a large class of labourers who, *including the earnings of their families*, are receiving in cash and kind, upwards of 100*l.* a year. There is a very large class who are receiving from 70*l.* to 80*l.*' (P. 223.)

Mr. Tremenheere, one of the Agricultural Commissioners, in his report of 1869, says:—

'Happily this inquiry has brought out the fact that the earnings of the best class of agricultural labourers are now, generally speaking, such as to afford them the means of living and maintaining their families in decency and comfort.' (*Second Report*, p. ix.)

Dr. Edward Smith, who, in 1864, conducted an extensive inquiry into the food of the agricultural population, says:—

'The agricultural labourers of England, apart from their families, regarded in a general manner as a class, are not ill-fed, and their known longevity with the favourable rate of sickness can only be supported on that conclusion. Those living in farmhouses are most abundantly fed, and are amongst the best nourished population in the kingdom.'

And again:—

'Meat or bacon was consumed by 99 per cent. of all the families included in the inquiry in England. . . . Bacon was almost universally

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* According to Dr. Kay's estimate in 1840, from an examination of the circumstances of 537 labourers' families, the assistance of their wives and children makes the following average addition to their income:—

	£	s.
No children at home	5	12
All children under 10	7	12
One child above 10	10	8
Two children above 10	15	10
Three " "	20	12
Four " "	25	18

(*Statistical Society's Journal*, 1840.)

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held to be cheaper and more convenient than meat. It can be kept in the house and eaten at any time.' (*Report of Medical Officer of Privy Council*, 1864.)

The exception to these remarks is to be found in the South-western counties. No one can read without pain the accounts of the wretched struggle which in these counties some labourers—but by no means all—have to make. Canon Girdlestone very fairly describes the ordinary diet of the North Devon common labourer:—

'He breakfasts on teakettle broth, hot water poured on bread and flavoured with onions; dines on bread and hard cheese at 2*d.* a lb. with cider very nasty and sour; and sups on potatoes and cabbage greased with a tiny bit of fat bacon.'

Let us contrast with this the food of the Northumbrian, who lives on 'porridge, scalded oatmeal, barley, and peaflour made 'into cakes, bread of whole meal and fine flour, milk, cheese, 'and butter, homefed and cured bacon.' (*Agric. Comm. Rep.* B. 56.) Mr. T. E. Kebbel calls attention to the curious fact that where this diet has been superseded by tea, coffee, and butchers' meat (as is the case in the south of the county), there is a marked falling off in the physical energies of the people.

Between these two extremes lie the mass of the agricultural population of England. If they are, as is often asserted, deteriorating in physique, it is due not so much to deficiency of nourishment as to the constant elimination of the most healthy and active by the attractions of town labour and emigration; and in strength and skill, as in some other important respects, they will still compare favourably with the same class on the Continent of Europe. An English labourer who avoids spirits and tobacco is now practically untaxed; and, above all, he escapes that very severe burden in Continental countries of military service. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the inconvenience and actual pecuniary loss occasioned by enforced absence, even for a brief period, from ordinary occupations. Even in Switzerland, where the period of drill is very short, it is nevertheless grievously complained of. Every man has to provide his own kit, at a cost of at least thirty shillings; but as during the period of service the pay of the soldier (exclusive of rations) amounts only to 5*d.* a day, the pecuniary sacrifice involved is far greater, and in some cases so severe that the communes are obliged to grant additional pay to their members.

Again, English agricultural labourers are, as a general rule, employed nearly all the year round. In some cases the terms

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of hiring are 'wet and het,' that is, independently of the weather; in most others, two or three weeks in the year represent their average loss of time. It appears, however, that in France the labourer works, on the average, only 200 days in the year, a large proportion of the remainder consisting of holidays which he is bound to spend in idleness. This excess of holidays is noticeable throughout Europe, and amounts to a loss of seventy-six days in the year in Austria, 115 in Russia, and a large number in Spain and Switzerland. To this have to be added the numerous days when the severity of the climate in Northern Europe makes it impossible for the employer to find work for his men. The hours of labour are almost invariably shorter in England than elsewhere. What would the English farm-labourer say to working from 4 A.M. to 9 P.M., with three hours' rest during the hottest part of the day, as the Russian peasants on a well-managed estate do? And lastly, he is better paid in proportion to the cost of the chief necessaries of life than in any other country in Europe; although this is to some extent counterbalanced by the more frugal and economical style of living adopted in foreign countries, which is not always due to want of means.

There is no country in which the emigration of the rural population to the large towns has been more felt than in France; and it has led to considerable improvement in the condition of the labourer. To speak generally, the rise in wages has been, on an average, 50 per cent. during the last thirty years, an advance which has been checked only by the stationary disposition engendered by the possession of small plots of land. Out of the whole number of agricultural labourers, it is supposed that no less than three-fourths are small proprietors; but as frequently the parcels of land held by them are only about the size of an ordinary allotment, and very often intersected by other holdings, their owners are compelled to hire themselves out as day-labourers. This class—numbering upwards of two millions—was thus described by M. Lavergne, in 1858:—

'Bien que le paysan Français soit souvent propriétaire et ajoute ainsi un peu de rente et de profit à son salaire, il vit moins bien, en général, que le paysan Anglais. Il est *moins bien vêtu, moins bien logé, moins bien nourri*; il mange plus de pain, mais ce pain est assez généralement de seigle, avec un supplément de maïs, de sarrasin et même de châtaignes, tandis que le pain Anglais est de froment, avec un faible supplément d'orge ou d'avoine.' *

* Économie Rurale de l'Angleterre, p. 97, ed. 1858.

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And again, he says, that in England in 1798:—

'La moyenne des salaires ruraux était de 7 shillings 3 deniers ou 9 francs par semaine, soit 1 franc 50 cents par jour de travail, et sur beaucoup de points elle montait jusqu'à 9 et 10 shillings ou 2 francs par jour. Il est encore douteux que, même dans la meilleure moitié de la France, les salaires ruraux soient en ce moment (1854) aussi élevés, et le prix des denrées alimentaires était alors en Angleterre plutôt au-dessous qu'au-dessus de ce qu'il est aujourd'hui en France.' *

Since that date considerable improvement has taken place. The scarcity of agricultural labourers increases, and wages have again risen. Farm servants, in France as in England a diminishing class, receive, in addition to food and lodging, an average sum of 6*l.* 16*s.*, in some cases partly paid in kind. The pay of a day-labourer is on the average 1*s.* 4¾*d.* a day, varying from 2*s.* in the department of the Seine to 11*d.* in the Côtes du Nord. But it must be remembered that in France women are, at certain seasons, almost more employed than men, and Lord Brabazon calculates that the yearly earnings of a woman are nearly one-third of those which her husband can obtain. With the exception of vegetables, milk, cheese, and butter, the principal articles of food are more expensive than with us; lodging and fuel much dearer.† But Frenchmen live at less expense, eating very little meat or bacon, and substituting vegetables. Their usual diet consists of soup made of rye and barley, potatoes, rye-bread and butter. On Sundays and holidays a little pig's lard is added to the soup.

Passing to the neighbouring country of Belgium, we find a great superabundance of labour, no emigration, a rate of pauperism several times greater than our own, so that even in ordinary times the condition of the inferior labourers is described as deplorable. There are 616,000 labourers and farm-servants not classed as owners of land, whose wages vary from 1*s.* a day in Flanders and the Campine, to 1*s.* 6*d.* in the Ardenne, with additional earnings in summer. The price of the necessaries of life appears to be about the same as in England, though some luxuries are cheaper. When fed by their employers they are content with rye-bread, potatoes and curds, with occasionally a bit of bacon or salt meat. At their own cottages their food is still worse. Very many have for their entire subsistence potatoes with a little grease, brown or black bread, and for their drink chicory, without sugar or milk.

* Économie Rurale de l'Angleterre, p. 161, ed. 1858.

† White bread costs about 2*d.*, butter from 13*d.* to 16*d.*, the better class of meat from 10*d.* to 11*d.* per lb. A hundredweight of coal costs from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.*

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The remarkable variety in wages, which we have described in England, exists to a still greater extent in Germany. In the north-east of Prussia, the chief feature of labour is the employment by contract for a year or more of families provided with homes on the property. In the south-west the free day-labourers preponderate.

The wages of male farm-servants vary from 3*l.* to 7*l.* 10*s.* with board, or more often in the case of married labourers with allowance of grain, allotments of manured land, and other perquisites. Sometimes these allowances include clothes and linen, as in Westphalia, 'where it is the local custom to wash 'linen only twice or thrice a year, and therefore each person re-'quires a good stock.' The diet of these farm-servants, if fed by their employers, is inferior to that of the same class in England. On the best farms meat is given two or three times a week, on others they are more stinted in the supply of animal food, and herrings, milk, and vegetables are substituted for it.

The class of 'contract labourers' (*Instleute*) are hired on a system akin to the 'bondagers' of Northumberland. Each man is bound to find one or more members of his family to work when required. They are lodged in buildings attached to the farmhouse, but the accommodation is described by Consul White as very inferior on most properties, and as not improving. They are partly paid in kind, but under such a variety of conditions that no general estimate would be of value.

The *Tagelohner* or day-labourers are represented as in an unsatisfactory condition, because of the long period in winter when the severity of the climate, especially in the north-east, throws them out of employment. 'The lowest 'amount of wages is said to be 4*d.* a day, or equal to 2*s.* a 'week, whilst the highest price reaches 12*s.* a week for ordi-'nary field labour; the average, however, appears to be 1*s.* a 'day throughout the year for the work of able-bodied men,'* and they have to take their chance of employment at the dull season. These men are most indifferently housed. They find a lodging with the small peasant proprietors, in 'barracks' provided for them and their families, or in the small cots owned by themselves. It is too often forgotten that day-labourers who own their own homes are obliged to be content with smaller earnings, because they are to a great extent dependent on the terms of neighbouring farmers, and are obliged

* Consul White, 'Reports upon Condition of the Industrial Classes 'abroad,' 1872, p. 223.

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to be content with those offered within a certain radius of their habitations, unless they prefer to leave their homes and seek work at a distance. It is not therefore by any means an unmixed advantage to a day-labourer to be limited to a particular market for his labour by owning his own cottage. The wages which we have mentioned would be quite insufficient to afford any comfort at all, if it were not for the assistance of the wife, whose labour is almost as much in request as that of her husband. The diet partaken of by these day-labourers is quite different from that of Englishmen and certainly very inferior, but it is almost impossible to say how far a desire for economy affects it. Some articles of food are dearer than in England; others, such as rye-bread, butchers' meat, and vegetables, are cheaper.*

But such investigations would soon outrun the space at our disposal, and we pass on to consider the complaints, other than the lowness of his wages, which are put forward on behalf of the agricultural labourers of England.

One of far greater importance is based upon the multiplication of large farms which has taken place of late years. The labourers assert, in the first place, that the effect of this has been to diminish the number of men employed, and, secondly, to take away their chance of raising themselves in the social scale. We are satisfied that, so far as the process has as yet gone, the tendency to increase the size of farms has only kept pace with improved cultivation. The land has been put into the hands of a more intelligent class of tenants, who have known how to call to their aid the mechanical assistance which the small farmer could never have obtained, and as a conse-

* The labourer in England spends a larger proportionate share of his earnings upon food than in Prussia. Some very careful and interesting statistics have been prepared by Dr. Engel, showing the expenditure of working men upon the various necessaries of life. To these are appended some figures calculated by ourselves from a large number of instances amongst agricultural labourers in England.

Items	A working man in Prussia, with income of from 45*l.* to 60*l.* a year	Idem in England with income of from 40*l.* to 50*l.* a year.
1. Subsistence . .	62 per cent.	71 per cent.
2. Clothing . . .	16 „	10 „
3. Lodging . . .	12 „	7 „
4. Fire and Light . .	5 „	7 „
5. Education, health, &c.	5 „	5 „

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quence of the higher style of farming, just as many men are now required as could be profitably employed under the old system. Mr. Culley, himself a practical farmer and speaking with the authority which the examination of a great number of cases naturally gives him, is decidedly of opinion that 'if you 'examine the labour returns, you will find that they show very 'little difference in the number of persons employed in propor- 'tion to the acreage as between large farms and small;' and he goes on to point out the great advantage which the large-farm system has conferred upon the labourers by tending to equalise the manual labour required during the different seasons of the year, and by providing more skilled labour at higher wages for those who are capable of undertaking it.*

But the second and most serious complaint does undoubtedly lie at the root of much of the prevailing discontent. The desire for the actual possession of land, stimulated by the declaration of the Union leaders that the ancient right of having four acres of land attached to each cottage ought to be revived, is not nearly so strong as that which exists among the peasantry for the preservation of some small farms.

'Aye, if a young chap, woonce, had any wit
To try and scrape together some vew pound,
To buy some cows an' teäke a bit o' ground,
He mid become a farmer bit by bit.
But, hang it! now the farms be all so big,
An' bits o' groun' so skeäce, woone got no scope;
If woone could seäve a poun', woone couldden hope
To keep noo live stock but a little pig.' †

And, however much we may think that the small-farm system is doomed, and that to attempt to re-establish it by any artificial stimulus would be a gigantic mistake, it is impossible not to sympathise deeply with the feeling that it affords them some chance of rising in the social scale, or at any rate of maintaining themselves in old age.

The facts, however, which follow give some reason to suppose that the amalgamation of small farms has been considerably exaggerated, and that, even now, a thrifty agricultural labourer has a good chance of obtaining a bit of land to cultivate. By the Census of 1871 there were found to be 620,000 agricultural labourers in England and Wales over

* Commission on Employment of Children in Agriculture (1867.) J. 41.

† Barnes's 'Dorset Poems,' vol. i. p. 120.

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twenty years of age. The number of allotment gardens detached from cottages and under ¼ acre in extent is 250,000, and of small holdings between ¼ acre and 5 acres 160,000 more. No doubt a considerable proportion of these plots of land are held by artisans and small shopkeepers in the country towns; but, on the other hand, these figures take no account of cottage gardens or crofts, or of potato ground when given as part of wages, which, though not deserving of much attention, has been in some cases (as for instance in Shropshire) the main cause of allotments being uncommon. Or again, if the labourer has the industry and the providence necessary for the purpose, there still remains ample opportunity for him to become a small farmer. 12,000, or more than 1-5th of the occupancies in 17 representative counties in England (as selected by the Registrar-General), are less than 20 acres in extent, while 10,600 more are between 20 and 50, and about the same number between 50 and 100 acres. Or if in addition to being an occupier, he wishes to become an owner of land, it is by no means so difficult for him to do so as is sometimes stated. In one county of England at any rate, Lincolnshire, small plots of land are being bought and sold every day. In one issue of its principal newspaper casually chosen no less than 481 acres were advertised for sale in small plots, 82 of which were under six acres in extent. Many of them are bought by men who devote the time which they can spare from their own plot to working as hired labourers. Still it must be admitted as a fact that, for the great mass of agricultural labourers, their virtual superannuation fund is the poor law; and until we can create a greater desire for, or offer sufficient inducement to thrift, it is difficult to see how any improvement is to take place.

All the complaints which we have mentioned have been enlarged upon to the utmost in the course of the recent disturbances in the Eastern counties. But we desire to direct attention to the different conditions of the struggles in Lincolnshire and in Suffolk. The district in which the former occurred is one where the minimum wage for able-bodied men was at the time 18*s.* a week paid in hard cash, to which sum their wages were advanced in the spring of 1872. Allowing for bad weather and loss of time, the average additional earning by piece-work was at least from 2*s.* to 3*s.* a week. On two farms in the neighbourhood of Binbrook the labourers were directed by the executive of their Union to demand an increase of the minimum wage to *one guinea a week.* 'The occupiers of these 'farms called the neighbouring occupiers together and said

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'that, unless they were assisted, they individually could not 'resist the demand. The neighbours agreed to assist, a strike 'ensued, and as no other means of assisting those struck against 'appeared to be effectual, a lock-out was determined on.'* It should be borne in mind that this strike was organised by the Lincolnshire Labour League, one of the rules of which was that strikes should be confined to small areas, thereby enabling the executive to attack the employers in detail, supporting the men on strike by means of the wages of those at work, and so fighting the employers with their own money. It would be difficult to conceive a case where combination on the part of the employers was more necessary and justifiable. In the neighbourhood of Newmarket and in Suffolk the wages did not exceed 12*s.* to 13*s.* per week, with some addition for earnings by piece-work. The first demand was made by about 150 men for an increase of 1*s.* a week, and the result was that several thousand men were locked out by their employers. It was resolved that the time was come to stamp out the Union in the neighbourhood, and all the members of the Farmers' Association pledged themselves to dismiss every man who was a member of the Union.

It must at once be admitted that the two cases are widely different, and what the Bishop of Manchester would call an 'equitable wage' in the one case would be at once rejected by the Lincolnshire labourers. If 14*s.* or 15*s.* is 'equitable' in Suffolk, why are the Lincolnshire farmers to pay a sum for which any number of educated clerks would be very glad to work? Or are we to say, in opposition to the general principle of Trades' Unions, that the equitable wage, after all, in any particular county must depend on the class of labour to be found there?

The abuse which in consequence of these proceedings has been lavished upon farmers, landlords, and parsons appears to us to have been in many cases most unreasonable. It is not fair to blame the farmers only for the low rate of wages. There are but two methods by which a permanent improvement in wages can be effected—the increase of work or the diminution of the number of men to do it. To expect that as a whole any body of employers will offer higher wages than the men are willing to take, is a chimæra. Then too, allowance must be made for the exceptional position of the farmer as compared with all other employers. He requires a certain supply of labour at fixed seasons, and it must be ready when he wants it. He cannot, like a manufacturer,

* Letter from Mr. Bramley, of Fiskerton, 'Times,' April 13, 1874.

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suspend operations till better times come, for harvest will wait for the convenience of no one. While he takes his stand upon this necessity, no one can fail to admit the force of his argument. 'The position of the farmer,' as Mr. Mundella says, 'is a difficult one and entitles him to consideration and 'sympathy.'*

But, unfortunately for themselves and for the public sympathy with them, a large number of the farmers have committed themselves to the wholly untenable and useless attempt to stamp out the Union. While combining themselves, they have attempted to deny to the opposing party any right of combination at all. Sir Edward Kerrison in his spirited letter to the 'Times' was the first to state openly and decidedly that such a course was suicidal, and that the proper line of action was not to make the useless endeavour to repress Unionism, but to obtain a modification of the rules by which that movement was regulated; and he boldly proposed that the Unions should be recognised if only they would make judicious concessions, such as the abandonment of the power of striking at very short notice, and of attacking the farmers in detail.

Unquestionably the landlords were also placed in a most difficult position. Some of them so far assisted their tenants as to give notice to those labourers who held cottages direct from them that they must leave. And indeed they were forced to do so, or they would have compelled one party to the dispute to fight on unfair terms, because the farmer would not be able to introduce fresh labour into the district to replace the men with whom he was no longer in agreement. To make this concession was really only to remain neutral, waiting for the opportunity when intervention could be made with better prospects of success.

The victory somewhat unexpectedly inclined to the side of the farmers, and to them it will prove by no means an unmixed advantage. They have not fully learned that the Union is a necessity; and that, postpone it as they may, combination will spread amongst agricultural labourers as amongst other classes; but that if they are wise enough in their generation to accept the inevitable, they may so mould the conditions of agricultural unionism as to make them conformable to the special needs and difficulties of farm-work. To the general body of labourers defeat may perhaps ultimately prove a benefit. Awakened out of the sleep which isolation, dependence, and ignorance had produced, their heads were almost turned with the prospects

* 'Times,' April 11, 1874.

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held out to them. Now there will be time to learn and to reflect. The mischievous doctrine of community of land, the exaggerated accounts of the farmers' misdeeds, the irresistible character of the power which their Unions wield, and all the flimsy falsehoods of interested agitators, will be seen in a very different light; while the stimulus which has been given to self-education and self-dependence may prove of inestimable value.

It is impossible, however, not to feel the deepest sympathy with the unfortunate victims of the Suffolk lock-out, who, blindly relying on their new leaders, and not permitted to work when they could, were offered by them at a week's notice migration, emigration, or starvation. The men who had fought the battle, and borne the burden and heat of the day, who had refused proffered harvest work at the dictation of their leaders, were left to be supported out of the rates, the Committee of the Union 'not being justified in taking upon itself the duties 'and responsibilities of the Poor Law Board'! But to those of them who are old or not quite able-bodied, the future offers a very hopeless prospect. If the relations between employers and employed are to be based entirely upon 'the commercial 'principle,' the former will very naturally allow all men who are not fully up to the standard of able-bodied to go to the wall. Many such men have been kept on by their masters at reduced wages, from motives of pure benevolence, or as an encouragement to younger members of their family who may be working upon the farm, long after they had lost their full vigour. This state of things cannot be expected to go on. Already, as the exceedingly fair correspondent of the 'Times' informs us, many such men are thrown out of employment in the districts lately unsettled, and they have nothing to look to in the future but an occasional job, or the workhouse. Of course they cannot emigrate. Even among our most intelligent farm-servants there are many who are utterly unfitted to the rough life and the hardships which emigration, however favoured, must at first entail upon them. They have grown accustomed to their English mode of life, and if placed under totally different circumstances in another country (however attractive those may now seem to be), would soon break down. Still more must this be the case with the old and infirm. They have joined the Union because they believed it to hold out the attractive promise of maintaining them in old age—which it certainly will not succeed in doing—and of obtaining for them in the meantime the same rate of wages as the able-bodied.

The labourers' Unions now find themselves under the neces-

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sity of undertaking the duties of ordinary Friendly Societies, and of granting insurances for sickness and old age at a rate of weekly contribution which certainly appears to be wholly inadequate. The almost universal experience of Trade Societies is that their Friendly Society department is unsound, because it is quite impossible to distinguish between Trade objects and those which may be called Insurance objects. Moreover, if a strike occurs, the temptation to use all available funds for its support, and so to draw upon monies intended for other objects, is too great to be resisted. Is it not a possibility, not to be contemplated without dread, that a more terrible disaster may be brought about than the breaking up of previous Friendly Societies has ever caused?

But to return to the more immediate future: it cannot be said to be altogether full of comfort. Farmers have learned that they can dispense with a great deal of labour by the introduction of machinery, and by the sacrifice of some tidiness of appearance; and that in the winter, at any rate, a smaller number of hands will suffice for their work. There are symptoms of a depressed trade, there is a large reflux of emigrants from the United States to this country.* Some labourers who have migrated into the towns are returning to the country districts. Agricultural wages are falling, and will fall yet more. The farmers are masters of the situation, but it is to be hoped that they will remember that moderation and humanity now may be of infinite advantage to them hereafter.

Unfortunately, no arrangement for the future has arisen out of past disputes—no scheme for arbitration or boards of conciliation has been practically discussed. The fact is that in the late agricultural strike in Suffolk there was no definite question as to which arbitration was possible. The actual amount of wage to be paid was subsidiary to the larger issues involved, and the right of men to combine could not have been included in the terms of the reference. But the greatest difficulty of all is and will be that if the amount of wages be the subject of dispute, there exist no data whatever to guide an

* To account for the actual population discovered in 1871, it is clear that the influx of Englishmen returned to their native land . . . must have averaged 59,000 per annum (*Reg.-Gen. Report*, 1873, p. viii.) Whether this estimate be excessive, or the melancholy predictions of Mr. Mason in the 'Fortnightly Review' for September be overstrained, it is not necessary to decide: one thing is clear, vast numbers of artisans are returning to England in consequence of the paralysis of trade in the United States, and their return must inevitably react upon the prices of agricultural labour.

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arbitrator in deciding it. In the case of any particular trade, books can be produced, and the profit and loss of any year can be clearly set forth. But many farmers never keep books in the proper sense of the term, or include the keep of themselves and their family in the general farm accounts, and could never tell the exact profit derived from the farm. Even if this difficulty were surmounted, it would not be easy for an arbitrator, without an exhaustive examination in each case, to arrive at an idea of the amount of capital invested in any particular farm. We do not say that these difficulties are insurmountable, but that the conditions under which arbitration may be attempted, and the limits within which such a remedy can be applied, require more careful and practical consideration than they are likely to receive in the midst of the angry struggle of a strike or a lock-out.

Many persons are now advocating the more general introduction of the practice of 'yearly hiring,' which possesses great and undoubted advantages, and has, in the North of England and in Scotland, worked on the whole to the satisfaction of both parties. It has secured to the labourer regular work at a rate to the settlement of which he himself is a party, a fixed home, and a maintenance in sickness and in health; to the employer a certainty of labour at all seasons of the year. In some parts of England it meets, on the other hand, with condemnation from many competent judges. The agreements are usually entered into at the Statute Fair—itself a disgraceful, though not a necessary, consequence of yearly hiring—are hardly ever in writing, though they include elaborate provisions as to the amount of payment in kind, but a shilling passes as fastening money and the transaction is complete. Such contracts, says the Bishop of Manchester, 'between two parties, each probably a stranger to 'the other, and in which small account is made of character on 'either side, cannot but too often issue in a result unwelcome 'to both; the servant finds that he has got an unsatisfactory 'master, the master that he has hired an unprofitable servant.' The master has no check whatever. He cannot say, 'If you 'do not take more pains, if you come home drunk, I will dis-'miss you.' As long as a case for the interference of the magistrate does not exist, the two must go on for the year. Under such a system character becomes valueless, and no sort of regards springs up between master and man. Some, no doubt, employ the same servants year after year, but the ordinary result of the system is a constant change, which prevents the men or their families from coming under the influ-

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ence of home ties, of the public opinion of the parish, or of the ministers of religion. Mr. Kebbel points out that this constant change is not without the compensating advantage that it tends to circulate the population, and to infuse new blood into the rural communities; but to farmers at any rate, and to the clergy, it appears in the light of a great and crying evil.

The better opinion appears to be that while the yearly hiring is necessary in the case of the more important farm labourers, such as the foreman or the shepherd, the system open to least objection in the case of all ordinary farm-labourers in regular employment is that of monthly hiring. It does not offer the same temptation to the men to be continually changing their situations, and affords security to both parties against their agreement being terminated at an unreasonably short notice, as is often the case when men are hired by the day or the week.

Landlords in all parts of the country are now thoroughly awakened to the fact that, if they wish to secure a good supply of efficient and contented labourers for themselves and their tenants, good cottages must be provided. Tenants no longer limit their demands to suitable farm buildings, but include comfortable house accommodation for their labourers. Much yet remains to be done, but during the last ten years immense progress has been made. On one estate in Suffolk the owner has expended 10,000*l.* in cottage-building, on another 8,000*l.* has been spent with an increase of rental of 8*l.* only. Some think that the only thing needed is good cottages. This, however, is by no means the case. Many labourers still care little about them. If they did, it would be quite unnecessary to make the stringent regulations, which are now indispensable, for the prohibition of lodgers and of nuisances. Besides this, as Mr. Ball, one of the delegates of the Union, remarked in a speech a few months ago, Union men who are in comfortable cottages are not nearly so ready to strike at the dictation of their executive, and are therefore to a much greater extent under the control of their employers. On this very ground the Kent Agricultural Labourers' Union a few years ago expressly refused to make the improvement of cottages one of their main objects.

Perhaps one reason why a good cottage is not valued so much as it ought to be is that it is almost universally let by the landowners at a rate which does not represent a reasonable amount of interest upon the capital expended in building it. We believe that this plan is quite inconsistent with the true interest of the labourers. The only effect of charging low

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rents is to prevent wages from rising. A higher rate of wages and cottage rents which would bring a fair return to their owner, would be far preferable, because the cottage difficulty would at once be solved. Capitalists would readily come forward to supply them wherever they are needed. And we cannot but hope that one result of the present agitation will be a gradual but considerable rise of rents.

'The state of opinion,' says Lord Romney, 'with regard to the supply of cottages appears to me unsatisfactory. Many consider it only in a charitable point of view, and blame anyone who asks rent for a cottage on the same principle as for any other kind of property, namely, fair return for the cost of building it. It is a much sounder system that the labourer should receive fair remuneration for his labour and pay fair rent for his cottage, than be underpaid for his labour, in consideration of his being underrented.' (*Agric. Emp. Comm.* g. p. 83.)

But if to the comfortable cottage, good gardens, and for the more thrifty men a run for a cow also are added, the very greatest good is done in attaching men to a locality, and in putting into their hands a lever, by means of which they can increase their comforts, and eventually raise their position in life. Nothing is more striking than the wonderful influence for good which is exercised by the prospect of being able to get a piece of land for a cow. But it is found that if the grant of such plots of land is made indiscriminately, the inconveniences incidental to the small-farm system almost immediately arise. The labourers endeavour to subsist on their cow and their wife's labour, the district becomes over-populated and wages fall. This would inevitably be the result of Mr. Arch's proposal to attach four acres of land to every cottage. It is essential that the men should be of thrifty habits, with some little capital already accumulated, and willing to make the cow-land the means, not of shirking regular work, but of affording an additional source of income. The system has been tried for many years on the estate of Sir Baldwyn Leighton, in Shropshire, where the holdings are only let to men who have shown previous thrift, and saved enough money to enable them to occupy the land with a reasonable prospect of success. The result is that almost all the labourers have savings-bank books, and are trying to save something out of wages which have not been more than 11*s.* or 12*s.* a week, with the view of qualifying themselves for the possession of one of these pieces of land. The whole object of such a system is not to create small farmers, but to encourage thrifty and efficient farm-labourers. And it is therefore essential that the extent of the holdings

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should be such as to detain men as little as possible from their ordinary farm work, just as in the case of allotment gardens a quarter of an acre is found to be quite as much as a man can cultivate in his spare time. With this precaution, the gradual extension of such a plan appears most desirable. And where local circumstances render it impossible, it may be to some extent replaced by the Scotch system of giving all regular labourers the keep of a cow during the year, leaving it to be looked after by the herdsman of the farm.

But as the new relations between the landlord and the labourer are not to aim at making happy dependents, but on rendering comfort and happiness consistent with true independence, so it is impossible to pass by the effect which might be produced by an improved administration of the Poor Law. Two men come before a Board of Guardians receiving the same rate of wages. A has been burdened with numerous children, and has never been able to save much, or has invested the results of great self-denial in a rotten sick club, the failure of which has left him destitute, or perhaps he has, after years of thrift, enough to yield him an annuity of a few shillings a week. B, on the other hand, has a small family, but he has never saved a shilling. He has always reckoned upon parish relief, when it became necessary. Can anyone doubt that the claims of these two men to assistance are very different? And yet our Poor-law system, which directs both cases to be treated precisely in a similar manner, not only does not encourage, but actually discourages, thrift. A, who has made great effort to help himself, ought to be no better treated than B, who has done nothing, according to the principle of the existing Poor Law. A, therefore, considers himself an ill-used man, and all his neighbours agree with him. 'What is the use of saving 'the parish?' and in the long run this mode of treatment proves to be both costly and demoralising.

But the fact is that Guardians are men and not machines. They cannot help recognising the fact that the man who has helped himself is more deserving of assistance in trouble than the man who has not, and in consequence the practice has grown up in most Unions of looking more favourably upon the former in granting relief; the most common means of doing so being to reckon the annuity or the allowance from a Friendly Society at half its value. Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, when under examination upon the subject before the Friendly Societies Commissioners, was asked:—

'*Q* 767. Is it well that that laxity of administration should continue?—I certainly think it very undesirable that there should be any

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laxity in carrying out the law, but this laxity has been occasioned by what appeared to the Guardians to be *absolute necessity*, and in order to prevent their being parties to a great hardship.'

So that, in fact, the Poor Law Board is saying that to permit any such discretionary power would be entirely contrary to the principle of the Poor Law, and at the same time is obliged to wink at the open violation of that principle by the majority of the Boards of Guardians in England. Surely if the practice is admitted to be a necessary one, the law should either conform to it, or suggest some other means of attaining the same object.

There is no space left to discuss the probable effects of an extended education. We are not among those who think that it will accomplish everything, or that its effects will be immediate. But let us conclude by quoting the encouraging words of Mr. E. C. Tufnell, in giving reasons for the superior condition of the Northumbrian labourer:—

'The real truth is that he is better educated, and hence is both mentally and physically a superior animal. He has that within him which enables him to insist on the best treatment and the highest wages, and to resist the vicious allurements which degrade the condition of the workpeople in the South.'

ART. VI.—*Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents. A Memorial by his Son*, THOMAS CONSTABLE. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1873.

THERE is probably no other position, certainly no other position so little elevated, from which so much may be seen and heard as that of the successful publisher. Though popular authors seem to require little aid beyond that of the printer, and the cultivators of learning and science rarely obtain it, they are all compelled, as matters have arranged themselves, to employ publishers if they are not employed by them; and the contact which results is often not the less friendly and familiar in consequence of the independent relations in which they stand to each other. Nor is it for purposes of observation merely that the publisher's position is unique. It is not as a spectator only but as an actor that he mingles in the drama. The *rôle* which he plays is no doubt a subordinate one. He neither supplies the piece nor adjusts the caste. But, though neither purveyor nor cook, his finger is in every pie; nay, there are many pies that but for his finger would never have been pies at all. 'They 'talk of a farmer making two blades of grass grow where one

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'grew before, but you, my good friend,' writes Scott to Constable, 'have made a dozen volumes where probably but one 'would have existed.' In the introductory epistle to the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' he dilates on the stimulating effect of Constable's influence. 'His vigorous intellect and liberal 'ideas,' he says, 'have not only rendered his native country 'the mart of her own literature, but established a court of 'letters there which must command respect even from those 'most inclined to dissent from many of its canons;' and he concludes with a prophecy which has received a sadder fulfilment than he probably contemplated: 'The effect of these 'changes, operated in a great measure by the strong sense and 'sagacious calculations of an individual who knew how to 'avail himself, to an unhoped-for extent, of the various kinds 'of talent which his country produced, will probably appear 'more clearly to the generation which shall follow the present.' To the generation which has followed, it is but too apparent that the grass will not grow with equal vigour when the farmer's foot has ceased to fatten the soil. In these centralising days, perhaps even a Constable could not do for Edinburgh what he did then; but that he did then what nobody does now is at any rate certain; and it is in this wider aspect of a national benefactor throughout life, rather than in his unfortunate relations to Sir Walter Scott in the end of his days, that Archibald Constable deserves to be remembered by his countrymen.

Southey has said, in 'the Doctor,' that 'the history of any 'private family, however humble, could it be fully related for 'five or six generations, would illustrate the state and progress 'of society better than could be done by the most elaborate 'dissertation.' On this ground it seems to us that Constable's biographer sinned in the direction of excess of modesty when he relegated to the supplement the few modest sentences in which his father recorded the genealogy of his family. Whether or not the Constables be of English origin, and descended from Sir Walter Constable, 'who was attainted '*after his death* as a regicide,' as Mr. David Constable imagined, is of little consequence; but it is pleasant to know that for many generations the great bookseller could count his pedigree amongst worthy and well-to-do country people in the 'Kingdom 'of Fife.' For the last hundred years, indeed, they seem rather to have fallen than risen in the world; for John Constable, Archibald's great-great-grandfather, who was born in 1641, was educated at the University of St. Andrews, an advantage which he himself did not enjoy. His granduncle was an enter-

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prising farmer in Berwickshire, where he acquired the estates of Peelwells and Moorhall, and was the first who introduced modern improvements in agriculture. Collaterally he was related to Mr. George Constable, writer in Edinburgh, the 'Jonathan Oldbuck' of the 'Antiquary,' and to Colonel George Constable, his nephew, the prototype of 'Captain 'Mackintyre.' Of his own father Thomas, who was the lineal representative of the John Constable just mentioned, Archibald tells us that—

'He became a farmer and lived for several years in Berwickshire with his uncle, Charles Constable, of Moorhall, whose spirit for improvement he imbibed and cultivated to a considerable extent. He returned to Fifeshire about 1760, and succeeded his maternal uncle in the management of the then considerable estates of the Earl of Kelly. He was the best farmer in that part of the country, consulted and looked up to in all matters connected with improvement, value of estates, rents of farms, &c. . . . He was in person rather tall, of fair complexion, of address superior to his rank in life, and of the most kind and benevolent disposition, never refusing any man a favour if the object were worthy, and it were in his power to grant it.'

Archibald, who resembled his father in these latter characteristics, was born at Carnbee, in Fifeshire, on February 24, 1774. Like so many Scotchmen who have risen to eminence, Constable owed his instruction to our admirable parochial school system, which we sincerely hope our new School Boards will have the enlightenment to restore to the character from which of late years it has somewhat fallen. He tells a curious story of the passion for his future calling with which the sight of the small stationer's shop in Pittenweem inspired him. He desired to be at once apprenticed to the trade, and this wish his father gratified with a readiness which, like the limited education which he gave to his son, seems to indicate that some change for the worse must have taken place in his own fortunes. It gives to the narrative a curious touch of the colour of the time when we learn that the future career of the great bibliopolist was determined in consequence of a conversation which occurred at the annual cock-fight, or 'bar-'rows,' at Carnbee parish school, 'an occasion on which the 'fathers and friends of the boys used to assemble and make 'merry.' In accordance with the resolution then adopted, Archibald Constable, in his fourteenth year, was despatched to Edinburgh 'on approval,' to Mr. Peter Hill, to whom he was engaged as an apprentice for six years.

Wallace, the mathematician, who ultimately became Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, was his

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fellow-apprentice. Though he was his senior in years, they used to pass much of their time together; and Constable speaks of him with reverence and affection. Wallace ultimately married Constable's second cousin, and the friendship between them continued unbroken through life. Notwithstanding this connexion, Constable made no attempt to prosecute any course of study independent of his trade. He was no consumer of midnight oil, and, though he ultimately became a man of considerable accomplishment, his knowledge appears to have been entirely picked up from such contact with books as the shop afforded. 'During my apprenticeship,' he says, 'I continued 'to devote my entire attention to acquiring a knowledge of 'my business. I attended book auctions, read catalogues, and 'embraced every opportunity of making myself acquainted 'with books.'* There were two circumstances which stimulated and defined his industry; the one was the unexpected death of his father, who left no property to his family; and the other, that he himself fell in love, and married before he attained his twenty-first year. For a reason which will be immediately apparent, we are too much interested in this event to omit his own simple-hearted account of it.

'Several years previously (to leaving Mr. Hill), I had fallen desperately in love with a young lady whom I had afterwards the good fortune to call my wife, but with whom I did not enjoy an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted till after some years of a most sincere and passionate attachment. I attribute no small share of my success in life to the feelings, anticipations, and, I may add, honourable contrivances which, during this period, often engaged my mind in the pursuit by which I hoped one day to become the husband of Mary Willison. My only introduction to her father consisted in the occasional intercourse of going on business to his printing office; but this good man was my first, and through life my kindest friend; he used to notice me, even at this early day, with a familiarity which, in no small degree, cherished in me my hopes and my ambition. (Vol. i. p. 17.)

The Bailie Willison thus commemorated was the first printer, as Constable was the first publisher, of this Review. The relations between him and its distinguished editor, Lord Jeffrey, were eminently kindly, though both of them were somewhat limited in temper. Some specimens of their correspondence are still in existence, which almost deserve a place among the curiosities of literature.

Immediately after his marriage Constable set up as a bookseller on his own account. He had no capital at all; but two friends advanced him 150*l.*, and his father-in-law gave him about 300*l.* worth of books to sell or exchange as he found

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most convenient. With these slender resources and a few introductions to booksellers, he visited London, and made book-hunting expeditions in various directions. The stock which he collected was of course very limited; but as his aim was to attract men of letters to his shop, it was of an unusual kind, having reference chiefly to the history and literature of Scotland. He stuck up over his door, 'Scarce old Books,' which his brethren in ridicule interpreted as 'scarce o' books.' But the device was successful. Lord Cockburn tells us that 'he 'had hardly set up when he reached the summit of his busi-'ness;' and he himself says that his shop became a place of daily resort for the few book-collectors which Edinburgh then contained. But book-collecting is emphatically a disease which grows by what it feeds on; and it was Constable himself more than anyone else who spread the infection amongst his countrymen.

Amongst his friends and patrons of these early times who remained with him to the last were Mr. George Chalmers and Mr. Thomas Thomson, still perhaps the two greatest of our Scottish antiquaries. His son mentions some curious instances of the manner in which his obliging disposition was at this time abused by rural correspondents. A clerical correspondent in the far north, along with a commission for books, gives special instructions for a new wig, which he tells him afterwards is far too dear and rather short at the back. There cannot be the least doubt that, to an exceptional extent, Constable was a kindly and helpful man, and to these qualities his early success is probably to be ascribed, almost as much as to his ingenuity and fertility of resource as a man of business. Of the former characteristics his relations to his less fortunate rivals afford illustrations as quaint as those to his rural customers. The vicious system of mutual accommodation bills, of which neither party knew the real value, and which frequently had no real value at all—the system by which he himself was ultimately ruined—was, even then, well known to the trade, and some of its victims were amongst his earliest friends. To relieve the monotony of their incarceration by sending them books to read, was a prominent object with him. But this was not the only form in which his sympathy found expression. One of them writes him from the Canongate Gaol: 'I have 'to remind you of your engagement of last Sunday to furnish 'us with a beefsteak-pie to-morrow, of which I have invited 'two gentlemen to partake, from whom Mr. Mitchell and I 'have frequently received a similar compliment;' and a month or two later the same individual writes: 'Several friends have

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'proposed to dine with my messmates and myself to-morrow. 'As the party is very select, I have no hesitation in requesting 'the favour of your presence.' The invitation was accepted in the form in which probably it was intended, viz. the payment of the bill.

That these kind offices were by no means permitted to interfere with his business avocations is sufficiently apparent from his transactions in 1802, and the relation in which, only seven years after he opened his shop, we find him standing to the London publishers. Mr. Longman was already associated with him in the publication of the 'Minstrelsy of the 'Scottish Border,' the works of Bruce the Abyssinian traveller, and other undertakings. The 'Farmer's Magazine' and the 'Scots' Magazine' were in Constable's own hands, when he was selected by the spirited young founders of the 'Edin-'burgh Review' as the publisher most likely to promote their undertaking, and cheerfully and gratefully accepted the commercial conduct of the work, with its whole pecuniary responsibilities.

Mr. Alexander Gibson Hunter, younger, of Blackness, a man of good family and fortune, and whose social qualities, at any rate, were of the highest order, became his partner. Mr. Hunter was at once *bon-vivant et bon-enfant*, and to these amiable characteristics he added no inconsiderable share of literary and æsthetic taste, as well as of business capacity. In his hands business became pleasure, and he despatched both with equal gusto. 'Whatever Mr. Hunter did,' says our biographer, 'was energetically done; and it would be difficult 'to decide whether he relished more consulting the taste of the 'public in the preparation of some literary dainty in the 'morning, or in satisfying his own as a gastronome at a later 'period of the day.' His knife and fork were certainly not the only weapons which Mr. Hunter wielded with success, for of the many epistolary pens which we encounter in these volumes, the most brilliant, after that of 'the author 'of Waverley,' is that of this little-known and long-forgotten young Angusshire laird. In his first letter, on August 30, 1804, to Mr. Constable, then in London, after discussing the prospects of the new 'Medical Journal' with which the firm had been intrusted, he gives a glimpse of 'the high living and 'hard drinking,' of which he saw too much:—

'Our turtle dinner turned out admirably well. Graham was delighted; "never saw anything better dressed." Blackwell, the cook, got vast recommendations. I cut a most distinguished figure; ate seven plates of calipash, and two of calipee, beside about three of the fins.'

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One of the numerous breaches between rival houses recorded in these volumes, into the merits of which it would be tedious and unprofitable to inquire, was at this time imminent between the Constables and the Longmans. To heal it, Hunter took Longman a round of visits.

'We arrived here,' he writes from his father's house of Eskmount, 'safe to dinner on Saturday as we purposed, and found all well; a considerable detachment were going to dine at Brechin Castle, but we were too late to think of accompanying them. We dined at Eskmount on Sunday. On Monday we went to Brechin; dined at the Castle, and stayed all night. Maule was as usual very attentive; we had a strong party to dinner, and a good drink till ten or so, but nobody completely pounded; Longman did very well.'

Alas for the transitory glories of the uninitiated! Before another week of these 'perilous hospitalities' was over, Mr. Hunter writes from Brechin Castle:—

'These Englishers will never do in our country; they eat a great deal too much and drink a great deal too little; the consequence is, their stomachs give way, and they are knocked up of course.'

There is much more of this sort of thing, mixed up with information about the Chartullary of Inchaffray, and the purchase of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which Constable seems to have startled his partner by effecting without the intervention of writing. 'A transaction of such magnitude,' he says, 'would be too much for my nerves had I not so good 'advice.'

Mr. Hunter's father was quite as much of a 'character' as himself, and the outspoken and affectionate relations between the father and the son remind us of those between Sam and the senior Mr. Weller. Old Mr. Hunter writes to Mr. Constable thus:—

'I wrote Sandy a long letter yesterday, since which I have received his of the 23rd. . . . . I have sent him also a Philippic on his picture and map mania, which keeps him always so d——d poor—as he says, without a copper. I really wish he would give up that nonsense, and convince me and other unbelievers, of his exquisite taste and connoisseurship by realising and touching the moonish. I know he has too much sense to be angry at anything I write him, although he may think I touch him too often on the sore heel.'

The Hunters seem at this time to have taken a fancy for becoming booksellers; for Charles, Alexander's younger brother, was placed under the charge of Mr. Murray, with whom, in consequence of the misunderstanding with Longman, intimate relations had been formed by Constable and Co. This con-

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nexion led to Mr. Murray visiting Scotland in the autumn of 1806, and he too was 'led off to be "entered" in the art of 'bottle-cracking by the lairds of Forfarshire.'

Mr. David Hunter, the father, having accepted an invitation from Mr. Maule to visit him in London, accompanied his son thither, in February 1807. They saw the best Whig society of the time, and as Mr. Alexander Hunter's tastes led him much into the company of artists, their life, though still over-jovial, was more varied than in Forfarshire, and is described with equal spirit. The sentiments with which the House of Commons inspired Mr. Hunter are those, we confess, it has always produced in ourselves; but they are sentiments which we hope and pray may never become general.

'I was ashamed to have been so little interested by what I had seen. I do not know what ailed me, but I cannot think of going back again. . . . I would not be an M.P. for 1000*l.* a year; 'tis a most fagging, cursed business, and a most d——ble bore, I think, and you are compelled to attend under immense fines.'

He recounts a dinner at Johnson's, the bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard, where he met Fuseli, the painter, and others. There were two shopmen of the party. 'The two 'shopmen, poor devils, would not take wine, although I asked 'them. They even sat a considerable time after dinner, and 'drank *table beer*—a brutal specimen of the London practice.'

'Fuseli,' he says, 'is the most conceited self-sufficient quiz I ever saw—but clever and well read—defied and despised all opinions; abused Walter Scott as no poet, and the "Edinburgh Review," &c. At length I annoyed him by attacking a vulnerable part, and contradicted every thing he said all the evening after almost, and threatened to review his "Dictionary of Painters." If I had had another support, I believe we might have finished him; as it was he grew much more polite and agreeable, and at length we parted decent good friends. He praised Wilkie highly, however, but said he would never paint better than his first picture. On the whole, this dinner put me very much in mind of Smollett's dinner of authors, &c., in "Peregrine "Pickle," and was equally uncommon, and unpleasant, and uncomfortable in the extreme. Johnson himself, very like an old broken "dominie," I think; and a true conceited good old cockney fellow who likes a joke and fun amazingly.'

The clever old man's opinion of Horner is interesting:—

'Young Horner dined here last Thursday with Lord Lauderdale, Lord Archibald Hamilton, &c. He is a most extraordinary young man: these other great men consult him on nice points, to which he is ever ready with most pointed answers, and seems to me to be as extraordinary a genius as any that ever came from our side of the Tweed. His clearness and correctness of expression astonished me.'

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In a literary point of view, what forms the greatest contrast between the London which Hunter saw and that of our day is perhaps the entire absence from the former of those minor reviews and ephemeral literary periodicals which now constitute so large an element in the pabulum of the reading public. There was nothing that corresponded to the 'Athenæum' or the 'Academy,' or even the literary portions of the 'Saturday 'Review' and the 'Spectator.' Moreover, there were no popular lectures. Such literary effort as did not expend itself on the political newspapers was reserved for the publication of books, and those who interested themselves in literature were compelled to read books in place of reading about books, as they do now. The consequence was that the publisher's trade was developed, not up to its present measure probably, but certainly beyond its proportional measure when viewed in relation to the intellectual activity of the age. Whether we have lost or gained by the change is a question the discussion of which would lead us beyond our present limits; we merely note it as a fact.

The following is interesting from present associations:—

'28*th March*.—Dressed and went along with the Clan Murray to dine at Mr. Disraeli's, where we had a most sumptuous banquet, and a very large party in honour of the new-married folks (Mr. Murray had just married). We really had a most capital grub—new potatoes, asparagus, wet and dry dessert, &c. &c. There was a very beautiful woman there—Mrs. Turner, wife of Sharon Turner, the Anglo-Saxon historian, who, I am told, was one of the *Godwin School!* If they be all as beautiful, accomplished, and agreeable as this lady, they must be a deuced dangerous set indeed, and I should not choose to trust myself amongst them. The whole company, except ourselves, I believe were Jews and Jewesses. . . . Our male part of the company consisted mostly of literary men—Cumberland, Turner, Disraeli, Basevi, Prince Hoare, and Mr. Cervetto the truly celebrated violoncello player. . . . Those literary men whom I have been able to see in these two last journeys to London, are of a very inferior caste indeed to ours of Edinburgh; and I am now pretty certain that this remark may be applied generally, and will be found to be correct—at present at least.'

And yet the attraction to the south seems to have been scarcely less strong than now, for he says shortly afterwards:—

'I am completely satisfied now that there are more Scotsmen in London than in Edinburgh; everybody says so; and I am satisfied the fact is so. There is scarcely one baker in London who is not Scottish, nor one gardener in the whole neighbourhood; curious however, different trades and professions are occupied by the different nations: The butchers and postilions, all English; chairmen and porters, all

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Irish; milkwomen, almost all Welsh; sugar bakers, all Germans; dealers in gold and jewels, all Jews; swindlers in bad pictures and prints, looking glasses, weather glasses, &c., all Italians; traitors and spies, all French; booksellers, almost all idiots.'

The connexion with Mr. Hunter was of considerable use to Mr. Constable, from the pleasant relations into which it brought him with a large portion of the 'upper ten thousand;' and as it was a connexion not of business merely, but of the warmest personal attachment, it had the inestimable advantage of securing for him the friendship, and for his family after him in the evil days to come, the wise counsels and unwavering support, of Mr. Gibson, afterwards Sir James Gibson Craig, the recognised leader of the Edinburgh Whigs. But the connexion with Hunter was not without its inconveniences. From the tone of the correspondence from which we have quoted, our readers will readily believe that, if Mr. Hunter made many warm friends, he made a few warm enemies also.

Amongst the latter, unfortunately for a bookseller, were Mr. Longman and Mr. Scott, neither of whom he probably approached with the deference to which they conceived themselves entitled. The misunderstandings thence resulting were in both cases fortunately of a temporary character. Indeed, Mr. Hunter's connexion with the house, and his own genial and sunny existence, form but a brief episode in this story. To his inexpressible grief his father died in 1809, leaving him estates much more considerable than he expected. Mr. Hunter then retired from the firm, carrying with him, in addition to his original investment of 2,500*l.*, no less a sum than 21,000*l.*—a pretty good return for his seven years of bookselling, and a very substantial proof of what the house might have yielded to its senior partner had he escaped the entanglements into which he ultimately fell. Mr. Hunter died suddenly in 1812, and two days before his death he wrote a letter to his former partner, in which the following curious passage occurs:—

'Will you believe it possible that I now feel my mind so totally unoccupied and heavy on my hands, that, without attempting further preface, I should be most thankful to be again employed in my old trade of bookselling, provided you are disposed to allow me, on any terms you please.' (P. 159.)

The next chapter is headed Thomas Campbell. There is something not a little painful in the contrast between the gay recklessness of Hunter's letters and the sordid anxiety which those of Campbell reveal. If Hunter, filled with the fat of Brechin Castle, and running wild in the green pastures of Eskmount, kicked up his heels indiscreetly both at authors and

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booksellers, there surely was no reason for Campbell enacting the *rôle* of the starving poet. 'the dew on whose thin robe was 'heavy and chill,' and holding out his hat for an alms the moment a bookseller came near him. It is true that these letters add a few pages to Campbell's biography; but they are pages of which the biographies of poets already contain too many. There is much in these volumes that is creditable to the liberality of publishers—in Constable's case this virtue seems often to have been exercised to his hurt—but there is nothing in them to shake our belief that the hardest occupation by which even a clever man can make his bread is that of a *littérateur*. Even exceptional gifts, if they do not triumph over it, sink under it. The wings of Campbell's genius would have been stronger had they been nourished by the fruits of a profession, or of a special branch of learning or science.

The two men whose names come next in the list of Constable's friends and clients are cases in point. John Leyden and Alexander Murray were the pioneers of that noble band of Oriental scholars whose labours more than any other form of intellectual activity mark the age in which we live, and the relation in which they stood to Constable was in the highest degree honourable to them and to him. We may regret the slenderness of the resources at their command, but we can feel nothing but gratitude to him who gave them so much, and to them who were contented with so little. Like Constable himself, both Leyden and Murray issued from the parish schools of Scotland. With the history of the former we may assume our readers to be acquainted, for a man who has had the happiness to have Sir Walter Scott for his biographer can neither be unknown nor forgotten.

Before Leyden's departure for India, in 1805, he had contributed to the 'Border Minstrelsy' his beautiful ballad the 'Mer-'maid of Corrievrekin,' and edited for Mr. Constable the 'Complaynt of Scotland,' and for a time the 'Scots' Magazine.' He had also just completed the best known of his poems, 'The 'Scenes of Infancy.' To the last their relations were maintained by correspondence, and were of the kindest and most confidential character. But Leyden had many friends to help him; it was Alexander Murray, his friend and rival in philology, who was Mr. Constable's special *protégé*. Murray was perhaps the more wonderful linguist of the two, but he was by no means so attractive a character. The son of a shepherd, like Leyden; like him, too, his youth was spent on the hill side. Neither went to school till his ninth year; but the privation

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was greater in Murray's case than in Leyden's, for Leyden's home instruction was of a more liberal kind than that which fell to Murray's share:—

'Sometime in autumn 1781,' says Murray, 'my father bought a catechism for me, and began to teach me the alphabet. As it was too good a book for me to handle at all times, it was generally locked up, and he throughout the winter drew the figures of the letters for me in his *written* hand, on the board of an old wool-card, with the black end of an extinguished heather stem or root snatched from the fire. I soon learned all the alphabet in this way, and became writer as well as reader. I wrote with the board and brand continually; then the catechism was presented, and in a month or two I could read the easier parts of it. In May 1782, he gave me a small psalm book, for which I totally abandoned the catechism, which I did not like, and which I tore into two pieces and concealed in the hole of a dyke. I soon got many psalms by memory and longed for a new book. Here difficulties arose—the Bible, read every night in the family, I was not permitted to open or touch, the rest of the books were locked up in chests. I at length got a New Testament and read the historical parts with great curiosity and ardour, but I longed to read the Bible, which seemed to me a much more pleasant book, and I actually went to where I knew an old loose-leaved Bible lay, and carried it off piecemeal.'

Years after, his difficulties had scarcely diminished. He acquired the Hebrew alphabet from the letters prefixed to the sections of the 119th psalm, and his studies in comparative philology commenced by borrowing a French grammar from one friend, and a Latin grammar from a second. When he succeeded in purchasing a copy of Ainsworth's dictionary, with all the Latin words and the corresponding ones in Greek and Hebrew for eighteen pence, he was a rich man. Such were the beginnings of an Orientalist, to whom the Foreign Office itself was at last fain to apply, as the only person in this country capable of translating Abyssinian. Murray appears to have been introduced to Constable by Leyden, and for a short time he succeeded him as editor of the 'Scots' Magazine.' But the first occupation of importance which was found for him was the congenial and appropriate task of writing a memoir of James Bruce of Kinnaird, and editing his travels.

'For the convenience of his work, and by special invitation, Murray went, in September 1802, to reside at Kinnaird House, where, although at first courteously treated, he soon found himself an unwelcome guest. It may be that his manners did not reach the conventional standard of his host and hostess, and, as they failed to appreciate his moral and intellectual worth, his presence became a source of constant irritation; while Mr. Bruce, by withholding or tardily producing necessary documents, appears to have needlessly detained the angel of whom they were

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certainly unaware. His ten months' sojourn under their roof was a painful ordeal to all parties.' (P. 222.)

Ludicrous descriptions are given by Murray of his social intercourse with his host.

'Were it not rather out of the way of letter-writing, and fitter for the comic muse, I should be tempted to draw you a picture of Mr. Bruce and me at breakfast. The ladies are in the group with masquerade looks disguising their hearts—but he is a perfect transparency, and cannot conceal his mind. I sit with a careless air, rather dull and very silent, but upon the whole with greater gaiety and coolness than at other times. We speak on no topic, for, let it be ever so trifling, he is sure to contradict me—and that too in a kind of rage, which flushes his face, and disconcerts him for a minute or two. His countenance kindles in a particular manner if anybody allude to his father, and if you are mentioned, which is next to a phenomenon, he shows a marked dislike. At ordinary times when nothing is necessary but civility, he wears a smile which is a legacy from old Thomas Dundas of Quarrel. When breakfast is finished Mr. Bruce rises from table, sits on or stands by a sofa in the neighbourhood, and whistles through his teeth a kind of symphony, like that which we have read of from snakes. I rise to go off; while in an under voice he says to those next him, "there he "goes."' (P. 235.)

Our sympathies, we confess, are divided. Mr. Bruce, compared with his father, was, no doubt, a very poor creature, and it is not surprising that Murray, who venerated the one, should have despised the other; but it does seem rather a stretch of bibliopolical authority on the part of the publishers that they should have billeted Murray in Bruce's house for ten months, for a purpose the importance of which Bruce was totally incapable of appreciating. Murray afterwards became minister of Urr, and ultimately Professor of Hebrew in the University of Edinburgh, where he died after one short year, it may be almost said, in Constable's arms.

On the polemics of bookselling we positively cannot enter. That a quarrel with Longman led to the employment of Murray as Constable's London agent, and that a quarrel with Murray which had led to his reverting to Longman was healed by a breach between Murray and the Ballantynes, and that all these quarrels should, more or less, have arisen out of jealousy for the favours of Sir Walter Scott, are, no doubt, facts in Constable's life which were important at the time, and which for some purposes it may still be necessary to recall. We do not blame his son for discussing them, and we should discuss them ourselves if they seemed to us to be of a kind materially to affect our estimate of the characters of the parties concerned. If there was a real villain in the piece, we should

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try to paint him in his appropriate colours; but so far as we can make out from the somewhat imperfect account here given of these matters, they were all upright and well-disposed men, whom self-interest from time to time dragged hither and thither, but who ended in thinking scarcely less charitably of each other than we are willing to think of them all. We could not, moreover, tell the story of their dissensions in fewer words than the present Mr. Constable has expended in his seventh chapter, and as our readers certainly would not suffer it in as many, the only alternative is not to tell it at all.

We willingly pass on to old George Chalmers, 'the best anti-'quary, and not the worst historian, that Scotland has produced,' as he, who ought not to have said it, said of himself. Chalmers was up to the neck in quarrels of another kind; but his wrath expended itself on men like Pinkerton, whom he hated with a cordiality that Dr. Johnson might have envied, and 'he was 'sweet as summer to his friends.' Of this happy number was Constable, and the memorials which remain of their thirty years' intercourse exhibit, as his son tells us, 'no action or 'expression save of perfect kindness.' Chalmers' letters are better written than his books—one of the long, cumbrous, and confused sentences of which would often make a couple of letters—and, though they are full of egotism, they are interesting as throwing light on the methods of working of a man who was one of the first to recognise the necessity of going to documents for history as men go to nature for science. It is from his intercourse with such men as Chalmers and Thomas Thomson, too, that we see how much more Constable himself was than a mere business man. On June 20th, 1817, for example, Chalmers writes to him thus from his office in Whitehall:—

'I received your letter of the 25th curt. (ulto?) amidst a thousand of avocations, pursuits, studies, businesses of various kinds. I have been pestered these two months with the distracted affairs of the Bahamas—for whom I'm agent, owing to the villany of an attorney-general, the folly of a general, and the blockheadedness of a chief justice, who are supported by the great men whom I have endeavoured to enlighten by various representations of facts and law. . . . I see you have been making *discoveries* which is one of the great distinctions coveted in life. A piece of plain prose, in the vulgar tongue of good King Robert's reign, is a discovery. Why won't you send it up in one of our office franks for a day, an hour, or a moment? I would forget the Bahamas and the scoundrelism of their government, to throw my eyes on such a piece of old *Scotch*. Then the MS. session book of Saint Giles'; what shall I give you for it? Then the royal charters of Robert II. and James I.; how happy you to bring such a rein-

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forcement to our worthy friend Thomas Thomson! You seem even to go beyond my Berne MS. of the *leges burgorum*, which convinced the scepticism of the sceptical Ritson, of Gray's Inn, who died at Hoxton; and who would not believe maister Ihone Skene, that St. David ever made any *leges burgorum*, till he saw the Berne MS. with his own eyes.

'I shall be glad to see the recorded anecdotes of Bassendine the printer. Happy if we could discover something of the latter days of his brother, Lekprewick! which is very darksome. I hoped to have written to dear David a fortnight ago, but the Bahamas still stood in my way. Pray remember me to him, and to your daughter, who has equal merits.'

Constable's own tastes lay altogether in the direction of antiquarian researches, and when his health broke down in 1821, and he took up his abode for a time at Castlebeare Park, near London, we find him corresponding with Chalmers about Margaret Hartsyde, who was accused of stealing the jewels of Ann of Denmark; and about Dr. Balcanquel, one of George Heriot's executors; and he wrote a life of Heriot himself, 'just to put the world in possession of a little matter of fact 'as to the real history of one of the prominent characters in 'a forthcoming work of the author of "Waverley."' Even during his retirement Constable's mind was filled with literary projects, and some of the pleasantest letters in the whole collection were at this time exchanged between him and Sir Walter Scott. Constable's letters are full of antiquarian information—the value of which is duly acknowledged by his distinguished friend.

'I am always happy to hear from you, and particularly instructed by your biographical and antiquarian information. "Buff—buff—buff" you shall see in print bye and bye.' (Vol. iii. p. 195.)

Those who are acquainted with 'The Fortunes of Nigel' will require no comment on the latter allusion.

Scott's first letter when the partial restoration of Constable's health admitted of a renewal of their correspondence, is so characteristic and so kindly, that we must quote a few sentences of it:—

'I have been long thinking of writing to you, but was afraid of my letter being an intrusion; for, though I know you would not think any communication from me could be so while in a tolerable state of health, yet sometimes the correspondence which one values most may be inconvenient in a time of indisposition. You remember when you brought a physician to see me in 1819 or 1820, and I should have felt working or dictating a letter a dreadful task at that moment, although it has pleased God I am now as well as a man who feels himself on the other side of the hill can pretend to be. I wish, my valued and very old friend, that I could bring you any man of art who would put you

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on your alert again. But I do not believe these gentlemen can do much for us beyond a certain point; but when they have regulated our body to the best of their skill, our spirit and courage can do much for us afterwards. I remember when I was totally unable to walk without assistance, I insisted upon being lifted on my pony, with one man to lead it and another to hold me on, and in that helpless state recovered my usual habits of the open air and free exercise. And day after day I lay on the sofa at Huntly Burn for half-an-hour, scarce able to speak a word, and then was escorted back to Abbotsford in the same doleful condition. So cheer up your heart, my good old friend; there are moments when our constitution takes an uncertain, changeable sort of wavering, but if attended to it settles. We fine, and renew our lease of life, if not quite on the same terms as in our youth, yet on those which are well worth having, though not quite so advantageous. I remember keeping my spirits afloat when I saw all around me despairing—even to Maida my wolf dog, who howled most detestably, and my piper, who assisted in laying me in my bath when I was very bad indeed—and chiefly by means of an old ballad of Robin Hood, in which, when in extreme peril, the hero is made to say:—

"O blessed Virgin, quoth Robin Hood,
That art both Mother and May,
I think it was never man's destiny
To die before his day."

So keep up your heart, and we shall have a good bottle of claret betwixt us yet, and many an oldfashioned Scotch tale and story, such as would have pleased Oldbuck of Monkbarns. We have lost "Jocund Johnnie" to be sure, but we have enough of old recollections of times before our day, and in the earlier part of our own time, when we were both struggling to emancipate ourselves from obscurity, to make the chimney-nook a merry one in which we shall have our next social meeting.' (Vol. iii. p. 188.)

There was another of Constable's correspondents who at this time gave him counsel scarcely less precious from a physical point of view. Constable, it seems, had some of the peculiarities of a valetudinarian, and his son tells us that Dr. Kitchener never missed an opportunity of warning him against his tendency to tamper medically with his system. His favourite authority, 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine,' the Doctor regarded as no better than so many leaves out of the 'Devil's Cookery 'Book.' Though a medical man himself of considerable eminence, his faith was confined to what he called his 'Culinary 'Library, and Grand Magazine of *Taste*, of an hundred and 'fifty sauces.' Constable, like poor Hunter, may possibly have dipped rather more deeply than he ought to have done even into the latter authority. His tie to Dr. Kitchener, however, did not rest exclusively on culinary or even on literary sympathies. Kitchener was a 'character,' and Constable would

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have relished him on that ground alone. Like many of us, indeed, he had a fancy for human oddities as others have for crooked sticks and pug dogs with broken noses; and to this peculiarity, as well as to benevolence, we must certainly in some degree ascribe the longsuffering which he exhibited to so vain and worthless a fellow as Dr. Duncan Forbes. Nor does the taste appear to have died out in Constable's family, for a whole chapter of his son's book, and one of the most amusing which it contains, is dedicated to this good-for-nothing subject. Forbes's honesty, we are told, was limited to 'self-'appreciation,' and it certainly seems to have broken down in the direction of favourite authors, to an extent unparalleled perhaps even in the dark annals of book-stealing. 'In mind 'and manners he was an unhappy compound of Dominie 'Sampson and the Rev. Duncan McDow, without the love-'able qualities of the one, or the self-serviceable qualifications 'of the other.' The only honest avocation to which he ever betook himself—if an exception ought to be made even in favour of it—was that of a 'grinder' in law, medicine, and theology. But he considered himself qualified to adorn any position in life, however difficult or sacred, and the number of directions in which he solicited the favours of fortune, and demanded the support of his friends, was 'prodigious.' This much-suffering child of fortune was removed from a world which had proved so insensible to his merits on the 13th of April, 1826; and though the crisis in Constable's own affairs had occurred two months earlier, believing him to have died in the poverty in which apparently he had lived, he wrote to the gentleman who had undertaken the charge of his funeral, offering to bear the expenses of it, 'at a future day (not very 'distant I hope).' But his generous solicitude was relieved by the following note from Mr. Thomas Thomson:—

'Poor Dr. D. F.! I daresay the charitable world are charitable enough to think that he has died of hunger. It may be so; but our queer friend will cut up for nearly 1,500*l.*, of which 1,000*l.* is on heritable security! On the Sunday before he died he dictated a Will, which he did not live to execute, containing minute directions for the disposal of his body, in lead, timber, earth, stone, and iron! and directing myself and two other executors to establish a bursary at St. Andrews, to be in all time coming called Dr. Forbes' Bursary!'

Far better worth remembering, but not, we fear, so likely to be remembered, is the information which the five subsequent chapters convey to us concerning far better men and women than Duncan Forbes. But the name of Dugald Stewart is one which no eye ever willingly passes over, and such contri-

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butions as are here offered to his personal history have become all the more precious from the concurring testimony of his friends to the fact that the man was greater than his works. Constable knew him well, and the intercourse between them was of the most cordial kind. Constable had been his publisher from the first, but it was during his long retirement at Kinneil, from 1809 till Constable's death in 1827, that they saw most of each other. Nor is the interest of these notices confined to the philosopher himself. It extends to his scarcely less distinguished wife, with whom most of our readers probably are less acquainted. This second Mrs. Stewart was the third daughter of the Hon. George Cranstoun, and the sister of Lord Corehouse, and of the interesting Countess Purgstall, whose widowed isolation in Schloss Hainfeld is graphically portrayed by Captain Basil Hall. In a posthumous notice of her which has been attributed to the poet Campbell it is said, that when she was in the zenith of her life she was looked up to with a respect inferior to none that was paid to intellect, rank, or power, 'and it may be doubted if a person leaving 'Scotland could have carried a stronger recommendation into 'the intellectual world of England or America than a letter of 'introduction from Mrs. Dugald Stewart.' The habitual and confidential companion of her husband, Mrs. Stewart was naturally entrusted with a good deal of his letter-writing, and some of the most interesting letters here are from her hand. The following extract is from one in acknowledgment of an early copy of 'Waverley,' which had been sent for perusal at Kinneil:—

'I don't know whether to thank you or not for the volumes you have sent me; they have gone near to turn all our heads, and certainly interested both Maria and me more than any prose ever did before. The third volume is quite overwhelming: whoever the author may be he must be allowed to draw characters more forcibly than any of his predecessors. Mr. Stewart bids me say that if you are to be at home and disengaged on Saturday next, we should be happy if Mrs. Constable and you would allow us to take part of your family dinner, as Mr. S. prefers the quiet of the country to seeing you in town. The arrival of some friends prevents him from leaving town till Saturday. . . . I believe there was nothing else I was bid say, except many thanks for the almanac, which answers perfectly, and all your other obliging notes. Mr. S. will talk all things over with you. He is very very busy, and often in this fine weather does not move from his writing table till evening.'

Mr. Stewart himself yielded nothing to the female members of his household in the interest which he felt in the marvellous productions of the author of 'Waverley,' and his incognito

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was at once pierced by him and his wife. In the midst of his avocations he is reported to have performed, on the receipt of the 'Antiquary,' what we should have supposed almost an impossible feat even for a younger and stronger man. 'Mr. Stewart read 'it all aloud at one sitting, which was doing it justice.' Even after his paralytic seizure he found comfort from the same source. When the 'Tales of the Crusaders' was sent to him, Mrs. Stewart reports:—

'Mr. Stewart at first said he would give his daughter and me the start of a day, but he was glad to retract; and he has read every word with more attention and eagerness than any of us. It is quite delightful his deep interest and his speculations on every character and incident. Indeed, all YOUR novels have been a source of great pleasure to him. He had just finished "Ivanhoe" for the second time when the "Crusaders" came.'

This is the last letter, and it is not improbable that the reading of the philosopher thus ended where the reading of so many of ourselves began.

The business transactions between Stewart and Constable, relating chiefly to Stewart's celebrated dissertation in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' are given in detail by Constable himself in a subsequent chapter devoted to the history of that remarkable undertaking. Stewart, it seems, positively declined to undertake the work for less than 1,000*l.*; and Constable paid him not only that sum, but an additional sum of 600*l.* or 700*l.*, he seems to have forgotten which. Though one of the kindest friends and most judicious counsellors that Constable ever had, the great philosopher had a shrewd eye to a bargain, and his character in this respect contrasts strongly—whether favourably or unfavourably is a matter of opinion—with that of Playfair:—

'Usefulness was his object, money so little so,' says Constable, 'that I made a contract with him for a dissertation, to be equal in length or not to Mr. Stewart's, for 250*l.*; but a short time afterwards I felt that to pay one eminent individual 1,000*l.* because he would not take less, and to give another individual, not perhaps so well known, but not less able, one half the money for the same work would be quite unfair, and I wrote to the worthy professor that I had fixed his payment at 500*l.*; but he was cut off before he had finished his task. The first part, like Mr. Stewart's, greatly exceeded what was wanted as a whole, in my first view of the subject; but from such a mind as Playfair's the world could not have too much. The second part, which was at press when he died, is also extensive. I paid him 500*l.* for the first part, and intended a like sum for the second, had it been equally long.'

It is well to recall these figures at a time when a new edition

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of this great work is said to be in progress, and to read them in conjunction with the fact that the value of money in 1812 was very much greater than at present.

The chapter entitled 'David Constable' tells a pathetic story, and the pathos is deepened by the partially suppressed feelings of the narrator, the intensity of which one detects notwithstanding at every turn through his quiet and temperate words. The great publisher's cup was early filled almost to overflowing. The rapidity of his rise, though neither unmerited nor inexplicable, was surprising to himself. In about ten years after he set up as a dealer 'scarce o' books,' he was living at beautiful Craigcrook, surrounded by most of the appliances of a country gentleman, and by a circle of acquaintances far more brilliant and interesting than ever falls to the lot of a country gentleman merely as such:—

'There are country houses,' says his son—'I myself know more than one such—whose doors stand always open, whose very walls and windows seem, like the inmates, to have an ever-present sense of the duty and the joy of hospitality, inviting even to the passer-by, and irresistible to those who have once been privileged to enter. Such emphatically for fully seventy years Craigcrook has been, as those who know the place during its occupation by Lord Jeffrey and his genial successor will readily attest.'

Of the charms of Craigcrook under the last *régime* here mentioned, that of Lord Jeffrey's relative and friend, the late Dr. Hunter, we ourselves could say much from personal experience. But we could not depict a happier family circle than that which gathered round the bookseller's board, or cull a better morsel of whimsicality than the following, even from the rich store which Dr. Hunter's gifted and witty mother has left behind her. Few men or women, indeed, ever had a keener relish for the whimsical than the author of these volumes, and in this case one almost suspects him of heightening the flavour of a *bonne-bouche* by putting two stories together. When his aunt, gentle old Jeannie Willison, whose romantic history we commend to our readers, was dying, she conveyed to him through her attendant, he tells us, the following injunction:—'"Anne, if I should be spared to be taken away, I '"hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head, and '"see if anything can be done for my hearing." My aunt was 'very deaf, and the gentle spirit had already begun to waver.'

But Constable had, moreover, the happiness which most men, and successful men especially, prize above all others, that of having a highly gifted eldest son, who shared his tastes, entered warmly into his pursuits, and wished for nothing better than

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to be his successor. David Constable was only twenty-one years younger than his father. 'Bibliomania was inherited and con-'genital with him, and when only three years old he had already 'acquired the sobriquet of "Wee Davie Books."' His education was carefully attended to, and both at the High School of Edinburgh, and subsequently at Great Marlowe, where he had been placed under the care of his father's friend, Professor Wallace, and at Hyde Abbey School at Winchester, he gave promise of intellectual eminence in the direction which his father was most in a condition to appreciate. He manifested a taste for historic research in all departments, and some excellent work from his hand we believe still exists in MS. As early as 1810 we find him writing to his father and begging for a copy of Pinkerton's work on coins and medals. In 1811 he was 'articled' in London for four years to Messrs. White and Cochrane, who dealt chiefly in old books, the department of bookselling most congenial to his taste, and he very soon became more intimately acquainted not only with the external aspects but with the contents of the commodities in which he dealt than many of the collectors who carried them off to adorn the shelves of their selected libraries. Before he had finished his apprenticeship he numbered among his correspondents such men as Lord Spencer, Mr. Dibdin, Mr. J. B. Inglis, and George Chalmers, and with the two latter he was on terms of affectionate intercourse. David's enthusiasm for coins continued, and in 1812 he tells with pride of a visit from Mr. Pinkerton, who was pleased to express a favourable opinion of his collection.

'But, alas!' says the biographer, 'my brother's love of coins was confined to those of foreign countries and of other days; he never throughout life sufficiently appreciated the value of the current coin of Britain, or cared to add it to his collection. My father was himself a liberal man—he might indeed be said to have been profuse—but perhaps for that very reason felt it the more incumbent on him to check a tendency to lavish expenditure—though on æsthetic objects only—manifested by his son. Years after I find him writing, "You never "think of what you call trifles—they amount to great things when "multiplied, and thus large sums are wasted. I have permitted greatly "too much of this in my own career, and it almost completes my "broken heart to see you continue the same course."'

It was this propensity which ultimately determined his father, one must fear unwisely, to change his son's destination. Whether the motive which he assigned for his conduct, viz. that 'Nature had denied to David certain requisites absolutely 'necessary for a man in trade,' was the only one which de-

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termined it, may perhaps be doubted. Certain it is that, though professedly leaving the matter to his own choice, Constable, contrary to the advice of his best friends, determined that his son should abandon bookselling and come to the bar. Whilst the question was professedly in abeyance he sent him abroad, and in order that he might derive advantage from his tour he procured him excellent introductions. This was much facilitated by David's own popularity with his father's distinguished friends and clients; and as his travelling companion was no less celebrated a person than Richard Ford, the author of the 'Handbook of Spain,' it will readily be believed that the details of the trip were not without general and even permanent interest, and we readily forgive the fulness, indicative though it be of fraternal partiality, with which they are narrated. On his return to Scotland, David entered on the study of the law, and in due time he was admitted to the bar. From his father's large acquaintance, which extended to the feeding branch of the profession, his prospects were excellent, and his first experiences did not belie them. The highest hopes were entertained of his success. Nor was he altogether dependent on professional sunshine:—

'At the death of his grandfather, the generous and loving David Willison, he had succeeded to considerable fortune and the annual revenue arising from a printing-office which had been hitherto productive; he enjoyed uninterruptedly the mute yet eloquent companionship of his carefully selected library; and he did not neglect opportunities as they occurred to distinguish himself as a public pleader. In 1825, however, while all was still bright on his horizon, a cloud had gathered overhead which burst ere long, and involved his father and himself in ruin, removing thus the mainstay of the printing-office, while the inevitable entanglement of his credit with that of Constable and Company made it necessary that his beloved books should once more be scattered. These sad reverses, and the death of his father in 1827, with the consequent responsibilities which that event devolved upon him in very straitened circumstances, preyed heavily upon his generous and sensitive nature, the mind became unhinged, and a delusion seized him that it was currently reported that he had been a gainer by his father's failure.' (P. 145.)

It is impossible to conceive a more cruel delusion; and, proud and sensitive as he was, it is not surprising that he attempted to fly from it even at the sacrifice of a life which it had rendered more terrible than death. But 'the unhallowed offering was 'refused.' After a time he partially recovered his reason, and at no subsequent period does his intelligence seem to have been more than fitfully obscured. He married and had a family, lived to the good old age of seventy-one, and exercised much

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quiet influence both within the circle of his own family, and that wider and yet more circumscribed circle to which, for a time, it became necessary that he should be confined. The last seventeen years of his life were spent under the roof of the loving younger brother who, as he touchingly said, had changed lots with him, and had become, not almost but altogether, a father to him. He died of cancer in the tongue, perhaps the most painful of human maladies, under the care of this same brother who has now become his biographer—the last victim of the catastrophe of 1825.

What then was this catastrophe? We feel that the details which we have just given are hurrying us on to the *dénouement* of this strange story, and must have rendered our readers impatient for such answers as we may have to give to the questions which it suggests. What was it, they will ask us, that unhinged the mind of David Constable? that broke his father's large and generous heart? that ruined the Ballantynes? and, above all, that killed Sir Walter Scott? Does this book answer these questions, or throw any clearer light on them than that which came out of the miserable, and, in the end, the wearisome controversy which arose on the publication of Lockhart's Life?

Lord Jeffrey used to say that it made him giddy to look at figures standing on each other's heads, and when the spectacle presented itself to him in his judicial capacity he invariably called out for the helping hand of an accountant. We confess to the same infirmity, and would gladly resort to the same expedient in the present instance. When we hear of the enormous sums which were paid not only by the publishers to the author, but by the public to the publishers, and when we know what good and clever and sensible men the two principal parties at all events were, it bewilders us to conceive, and we feel hopeless of tracing, how they failed to become, and to continue rich. When persons connected in trade pay dividends and bonuses to each other beyond the profits which they earn, we understand the causes of their collapse; but here was a concern that foundered when its commodities were still being bought at the price of a ransom; when its credit was almost boundless; nay, when possessed of property which, immediately after, yielded fortunes to those who had the luck to become its possessors. When Mr. Cathcart joined Constable's house, on Mr. Hunter's retirement in 1811, the profits were estimated at about 5,000*l.* per annum, since the commencement of the concern (p. 295). In later years they had risen greatly above that amount, and down to 1823 there is no reason to doubt either that they continued to increase, or that this increase was

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mainly attributable to the connexion with Sir Walter Scott. That connexion seems to have commenced so early as 1800; but the first transaction between Scott and Constable of the kind which they ultimately carried to so great an extent was in 1807, when Constable, to anticipate interlopers no doubt, startled the literary world by offering a thousand guineas for 'Marmion' '*very shortly after it had been begun.*' The competition amongst the publishers for Scott's favours dates from the publication of the 'Lay of the last Minstrel' in 1805, and when Mr. Constable offered one-fourth of the copyright of 'Marmion' to Mr. Miller, of Albemarle Street, and another to Mr. Murray, the latter replied, 'I am truly sensible of the 'kind remembrance of me in your liberal purchase. You have 'rendered Mr. Miller no less happy by your admission of him, 'and we both view it as honourable, profitable, and glorious to 'be concerned in the publication of a new poem by Walter 'Scott.' The sale was enormous. The first splendid quarto edition of 2,000 copies, price one guinea and a half, was disposed of in less than a month; before the end of 1811—four years after its publication—25,000 copies had been sold, and twice that number before Mr. Lockhart wrote in 1836. The publication of 'Marmion' may be regarded as determining the character of Scott's commercial, as the 'Lay' did that of his literary history. It was then that the system of granting bills of large amount for unexecuted works was entered on; and it probably was the knowledge of the extensive profits which the booksellers secured, notwithstanding the liberality with which they treated him, that induced Scott to adopt the fatal resolution of becoming a bookseller himself, as he had already become a printer. In bookselling he fancied that he saw what Dr. Johnson saw in Thrale's beer barrels, 'the 'potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice;' and the consequence was the establishment, in the end of 1809, of the publishing house of John Ballantyne and Co., of which Scott was himself the 'unsleeping' partner, and there is reason to believe the only monied one. Had Scott confined himself to the publication of his own works, employing his two friends and schoolfellows, the Ballantynes, of whom he obviously was very fond, the one to print them and the other to sell them, whether with a small share of the profits, or as his paid agents, there can scarcely, as it seems to us, be any doubt that his dream would have been realised. No one ever stood less in need of the aid which great publishing houses are supposed to afford to unknown authors; and the Ballantynes, if not very scrupulous or high-pitched, were not dishonest, and Mr. Lockhart

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himself admits that they would have shed their heart's blood in his service. They might still all have lived beyond their means, and probably would have done so; but Scott's means would have been entirely calculable, and, with a little oversight, fairly in his own hands. But the enterprises in which he embarked unfortunately were those of a printer and publisher of other men's works as well as his own; and neither he nor his partners possessed the previous training, and he certainly did not possess the leisure, indispensable for so delicate and hazardous an occupation. The consequence was almost immediate embarrassment.

In 1813, four years after its establishment, the publishing house of John Ballantyne and Co. was in such difficulties as to be forced most reluctantly, as the only means of escape from immediate bankruptcy, to apply to that of Constable for aid. A rope was generously thrown out to the labouring vessel which, except for a brief period, was never afterwards withdrawn. But Constable felt that the aid his own circumstances at the time enabled him to afford, which was limited to 2,000*l.*, was not sufficient, and it was at this juncture that the Duke of Buccleuch interposed in behalf of his celebrated kinsman with an advance of 4,000*l.* Even this proved only a temporary relief, and we hear again immediately of other less safe and creditable expedients for tiding over difficulties—such as a bond for a redeemable annuity, and even a lottery ticket. Meanwhile the system of accommodation by Constable which had begun so early as 1806, one year after Scott became a partner with James Ballantyne, and which had ceased from 1808 in consequence of the breach which has been ascribed to Hunter's presence in the firm, was resumed. These volumes do not afford complete information either as to the character or extent of these transactions, in consequence of conscientious scruples on the part of some of those who now represent the late Mr. Cadell having led them to withhold from the present Mr. Constable the books and letters of the firm of Archibald Constable and Co. from 1811, the year in which Mr. Cadell joined it, to 1826. Perhaps, as the author hints, it is well for the patience of the reader that it is so. Sir Walter Scott's letters and those of the Ballantynes are in his hands, and they certainly leave no doubt as to the constant assistance which his father afforded them. That assistance would probably have been even larger had it not been for occurrences altogether unconnected with the relations of the house to Scott and his partners.

The London branch which Constable had established in

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1809 had to be discontinued on the death of the only capable partner, and its brief existence caused some loss to the concern. Then Hunter's retirement in 1811, and Cathcart's premature death in 1812, withdrew considerable sums at a period when increasing business made the command of capital more than ever desirable. The step which Constable had taken in aiding the Ballantynes was consequently regarded both by his friends and by himself as of doubtful prudence. Cadell remonstrated; the bankers even began to shake their heads; and Constable writes an anxious letter to his partner from London. 'We must cut all connexion that is possible with 'the Ballantynes and Mr. Scott, though I think we are this 'next half year to be benefited greatly by the latter. The new 'poem is much inquired after already. Longman and Co. 'have great hopes of it.'* It was the exhaustless resources of Scott's genius that bound one publisher after another to his side, and made them tolerant of those whom he chose to favour. Still at this juncture Constable found it necessary, for the time at least, to restrict his assisting credit. His own affairs were in a very critical position, and though he succeeded in tiding over his difficulties by the sale of stock and by a transaction with the Longmans, by which they once more became sharers in the property of the 'Edinburgh Review,' raising in all about 1,500*l.*, it seems doubtful whether he ever again possessed resources altogether adequate to the enterprises in which he engaged. It was a dark time with him, and, as misfortunes come in battalions, it was then too that he was overtaken by his first and greatest sorrow. During his absence in London his wife died; and though he married again and married happily in later life, the sweetheart of his youth, his Mary Willison, returned to him no more. He was not privileged even to lay her in the grave, and in his solitary London lodging he probably said to himself, with greater truth than even Scott at John Ballantyne's funeral, 'I feel as if there would be less sunshine 'for me from this day forth.'†

It was this unfortunate position of his affairs, no doubt, which prevented Constable from acting with the same promptitude which he had exhibited in the purchase of 'Marmion,' when the first portion of 'Waverley' was shown to him. He offered 709*l.* for it; but Scott, justly saying that the sum was too large if the novel should fail, and too small if it should succeed, decided on dividing the profits. The profits were very great, and Constable resolved at any cost to get possession

* Vol. ii. p. 71. † Vol. iii. p. 149.

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of the fresh mine of gold which the novels had opened up, and which, in the case of 'Guy Mannering' had almost slipped through his hands. Scott's object again was not so much to get money for his own books—that was easy—as to get rid of the unsaleable books which John Ballantyne had imprudently purchased. These, Mr. Lockhart says, Constable had hitherto refused to take on his shoulders, 'though he had already enabled 'the firm to avoid public exposure more than once;' and it was with a view to getting the London booksellers to do this that Scott determined to give them a 'scent of roast meat' in the shape of 'Guy Mannering.'* The bait was taken greedily, and Scott dictated his own terms—viz., that the Longmans should grant bills for 1,500*l.*, take 500*l.* of John Ballantyne's stock off his hands, and allow Constable to share to the extent of the Scotch sale. With the same object there was a good deal of coquetting with Murray, and even with Blackwood, who, as Murray's Edinburgh agent, was now beginning to come into notice. Mr. Lockhart has accused John Ballantyne of ingratitude to Constable in thus, for his own ends, inducing Scott to desert the firm to which his own 'had more than once 'owed its escape from utter ruin and dishonour.' But the present representative of Constable's family generously declines to endorse the accusation. 'I find no proof,' he says, 'of such double dealing; and am inclined to think that Mr. 'Scott's necessities, as a purchaser and improver of land, are 'quite sufficient to account for, if not entirely to explain, his 'desire to extend the sphere of his publishing relations, and 'thereby increase the facilities for meeting pecuniary require-'ments.' On one occasion, indeed, he says that John's con-'duct does appear to have been rather tortuous;'† but on the whole he speaks of both of the Ballantynes without a tinge of bitterness, and of 'jocund Johnny' often with special tenderness. One cannot but rejoice that it should have ended so, even with those who had most cause to hate him, when one thinks of the merry little fellow whom Scott loved so well,‡ and listens to the funny traditions still to be heard of his high-jinks at 'Harmony Hall,' and of the room that he built with the little door, for the purpose of escaping from his big wife. But, like many other merry and clever creatures, John

* Vol. iii. p. 79. † P. 109.

‡ Even in his bitterest moments, when he wrote 'The Ballantyne 'Humbug Handled,' all that Lockhart says of Johnnie is 'that he was 'a frisky, tricksy, little scapegrace.'

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was a sad trouble to his friends; and this 'stock' of his, which his own diminutive shoulders were wholly unable to carry, well nigh proved too heavy for them all. Scott's scheme was to tie it, bit by bit, to the tails of his own rockets, and thus to send it off into space. And this was actually done. What remained after 'Guy Mannering' was sent up, was divided into two portions, one of which was attached to 'Rob 'Roy,' by which John says he gained above 1,200*l.*; and the other Constable was induced to take as ballast with the 'Tales of a Landlord.' 'At one sweep he cleared the 'Augean stable in Hanover Street of unsaleable rubbish, 'to the amount of 5,270*l.* I am assured by his surviving 'partner that when he had finally redisposed of this stock 'he found himself a loser by fully two-thirds of this sum.' This stock of John Ballantyne and Co.'s seems positively to have been the only bad purchase of books, or at all events the only purchase of bad books, that Constable ever made. And he made it with his eyes wide open so far as the quality of the commodity went. The motive, though it proved inadequate, was quite intelligible, and he and his partner were at one as to its cogency. 'We have *Taffy by the tail*,' writes the cautious Cadell, 'and if we have influence enough to 'keep the best author of the day we ought to do it.' To this original sin of John Ballantyne, and the sanguine disposition which Scott and Constable shared with him, and which made the former speculate in land and the latter in books, beyond what either of them had the means of paying for at the time, their common disasters are mainly attributable. If we add to this that the whole of them lived beyond their means, we shall have given as much of the sad story as to bring the reader fully in sight of the downward current. Faster and faster it ran, as its course broadened and deepened: Scott producing with marvellous rapidity in spite of what to any other man would have proved insuperable hindrances, and bookseller bidding against bookseller for his favour, and thus spurring both him and Constable on to their ruin. After narrating the almost incredible sums which were paid him for the work which he actually accomplished—10,000*l.* for scarcely more than twelve months' labour, and the offer of 6,000*l.* more within a space of two years for works of a less serious sort, likely to be despatched at leisure hours—Mr. Lockhart adds too truly: 'But alas even this was not all. 'Messrs. Constable had such faith in the prospective fertility of 'his imagination, that they were by this time quite ready to sign 'bargains and grant bills for novels and romances to be pro-

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'duced hereafter, but of which the subjects and the names were 'alike unknown to them and to the man from whose pen they 'were to proceed.'

A forgotten satirist well says,—

'The active principle within
Works on some brains the effects of gin.'

Cadell caught the intoxication of the 'active principle,' and even when the comparative ill success of 'Peveril of the Peak' had led Sydney Smith to exclaim, 'The next must be better or 'it will be the last;' and when Cadell himself was so sensible of the risks his house had incurred that he actually attempted to bolt, we find him writing to Mr. Constable: 'I said to Sir 'Walter, one of those days, I would as soon stop a winning 'horse as a successful author with the public in his favour. 'It is our interest in every point of view to encourage him on.' Such advice, from a man who was accustomed to reproach him for his rashness, and of whom Scott spoke as 'the pendulum 'to the clock,' was not thrown away on Constable. Money and the most costly presents were showered down upon Abbotsford. It did not rain but it poured; and Scott bought, and built, and kept open house with all the bounty of his generous and genial nature. At last 'Quentin Durward' is 'frost-'bit,' and the publishers have to stop their horse. Hurst and Co. write, 'We regret to say that we have no orders for "Q. D."; ' and Constable says:—

'There are 1,600 copies left this morning, and few second orders have yet come in. People in the country hardly believe that another work can be so soon after "Peveril;" . . . . There is no satisfying the public, and in the midst of much applause of "Quentin," I sometimes hear murmurs about its coming too quick for the pocket. There is unparalleled genius in the works of the author of "Waverley"—but novelty has helped their sale.'

Scott was not dismayed:—

'The mouse who only trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul;'

but the immediate source of supply was stopped, and the bills were running, though they would scarcely float.

The final catastrophe, apart from the character of the actors, has no peculiar features. The cast is very different, but the piece is a mere ordinary bankruptcy, with every scene and shift of which every lawyer is well, and most merchants are too well, acquainted. When their money was gone, the parties exhausted each other's credit. It was the common story of accommodation bills at longer and longer dates, endlessly

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renewed, negotiated for a time at ruinous loss, and at last unnegotiable. The whole affair became, as our German friends would say, *inhaltslose*—an empty house of cards—and when one card fell all the others fell upon it. That card was Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, of whom we hear little till near the end, and who seemed to have come on the stage only to be ruined. When their hopes were gone, it is said they speculated in hops! If the lotteries had been still in vigour they would have bought tickets.

Neither Constable nor Scott was fully aware of the true character of the situation. Lord Jeffrey's aversion to accounts clung to them both, though they were deficient in the prudence and moderation which, in the midst of temptations to extravagance scarcely inferior to Scott's, rendered accounts unnecessary in Jeffrey's affairs. Both behaved thoroughly like gentlemen. They reviled nobody, least of all each other; and it is painful to find it asserted,* we fear with truth, that Lockhart suppressed some of the generous words in which Scott spoke of Constable. Of the embittered feelings to which Mr. Lockhart's conduct, subsequent to the death of Sir Walter Scott, gave rise on the part of all those with whom he had been connected in business, we had rather say nothing. That it was not unprovoked, as regards the Ballantynes, we think beyond question. As regards Constable, on the other hand, all that we can do is to commend it to the charity of the public, and specially of those who, like the existing members of Mr. Constable's family, cannot well extend to it their entire forgiveness. Perhaps the healing influences of time may have had something to do with the absence from these volumes of the virulence of feeling, and consequent exaggeration of statement, which characterised the controversy in its earlier stages.

We must confess that we doubt the wisdom and propriety of reviving and recording these squabbles and follies of the past, for the information of a generation which knows and cares very little about them. But, for ourselves, we consider it a duty, as this biography has been published, to cherish the memory of a man who was connected for many years with this Journal, and to pay this tribute to his merits and abilities, which are not forgotten in Edinburgh.

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* Vol. iii. pp. 388, 390, 392, 429.

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ART. VII.—1. *The Supreme Court of Judicature Act*, 1873.

2. *Rules of Court under the Supreme Court of Judicature Act*, 1873, 36 and 37 Vict. c. 66.

3. *Second Report of the Select Committee on Civil Services Expenditure.* Printed by order of the House of Commons. June, 1873.

4. *First and Second Reports of the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Administrative Departments of the Courts of Justice.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. 1874.

THE Judicature Act of 1873 closes a long series of legal reforms. Its application, though delayed by the suspensory Act of last session, cannot fail, in the course of a few months, to effect those improvements in the administration of law which have been the desire of law reformers for half a century. Lord Cairns's Bill for the better constitution of the appellate part of the new tribunal, withdrawn last session, will, it is presumed, be re-introduced next month, and will, with the great measure to which it is a rider, be passed into law. These proposals once made facts, the tide of necessity will have passed by the ancient legal landmarks, and will have borne the ark of the law to a point only dreamed of by Lord Brougham, Sir Samuel Romilly, and Sir James Mackintosh. Venerable as are some of our legal institutions, and respectable on that account, it is impossible to retain them when they cannot work. It is impossible in the general interest to retain a judge or an official who is disabled by age or infirmity. And, as in that case, those responsible for the due administration of justice seek to break the fall of the individual person, and to make his retirement honourable, so the Judicature Act strives, whilst dismissing all existing tribunals, to perpetuate the titles of some of the most worthy, and to infuse into the new body whatever of living spirit remained in the old. The historical titles of Lord Chancellor, of Lord Chief Justice, of Lord Chief Baron, and of Master of the Rolls, will survive in the presidents of divisions of the court; but the courts over which they exclusively presided will know them no more distinctively. Equity and Common Law will intertwine and become one growth; subtle and no longer reasonable questions of jurisdiction will cease to trouble; and under the ample powers conferred by the Act and exercised by the judges in the new rules

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of court, the costly absurdities of pleading and of legal obstructive forms will be abated as they arise. The Judicature Act crowns the edifice of legal improvement, which has been slowly built up since the beginning of the present century.

For a century after the abolition of the Star Chamber little or nothing was done to amend judicial procedure. The efforts made during the Commonwealth to codify, cheapen, and simplify the law were neutralised and reversed at the Restoration. Not without difficulty were the ordinary legal proceedings between party and party under the *de facto* government of the Protector recognised and allowed. An Act had to be passed for the continuance of actions and process begun under and in the name of the 'Custodes Libertatis Angliæ Auctoritate 'Parliamenti,' and afterwards in the name of 'Oliver, Lord-'Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and 'Ireland.' It was not till the reversing Acts of the restored monarch came into operation that men saw how wise and beneficent had been the policy of the Protector in regard to the law. Not only had he secured the services of the best judges who had been raised to the bench by their talents before his accession to power, but he had obtained their concurrence in well-laid plans for improvement. It is proof at once of the vigour of the Cromwellian legal administration, and of the tenacity with which old abuses cling, that the Act of Charles II. above referred to, repealed from August 1, 1660, an Act of the Protector, passed ten years before, for 'turning 'the books of the law and all process and proceedings in Courts 'of Justice into English.' The horrible jargon, compounded of dog Latin and Norman French, in which most of the civil business of law was conducted, the un-Horatian Romanesque in which indictments were preferred against prisoners, necessarily ignorant of every word in the charge against them, were not only abuses of language but outrages on common sense and common justice. They necessitated a special set of men to work the business; and a special set of men meant a special set of fees, and special means taken to prevent the intrusion of ordinary intelligence into the mysteries of the craft. The gibberish of English law was a cloak for profit as well as for ignorance; and though Cromwell, with the aid of men like Whitelock, Sir Matthew Hale, and St. John, had rent that cloak away, and had required that public justice should be administered as public prayer was offered, in a language 'understanded of the people,' the lawyers who assisted at the restoration of Charles II. contrived to patch up their riven garment again, and to inflict and impose

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upon the people for another hundred years the barbarous dialect in which they worshipped. The mischief and the scandal caused by this concession to Demetriuses who made images for the shrine of a legal Diana were not removed till 1730. The 4 Geo. II. c. 26 recites that 'many and great 'mischiefs do frequently happen to the subjects of this king-'dom from the proceedings in Courts of Justice being in an 'unknown language, those who are summoned and impleaded 'having no knowledge or understanding of what is alleged for 'or against them in the pleadings of their lawyers and at-'tornies, who use a character not legible to any but persons 'practising the law'—and then goes on to order that all proceedings in England, and in the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, shall be in English for the future.

Another inroad on the lawyers' territory made by Cromwell was atoned for by his successor. In 1650 permission was given, in the manifest interests of justice, to plead the general issue. This righteous means for rising above the snares of special pleading, and of giving the jury jurisdiction on the merits of a case, was inimical to those who, saturated with the spirit of technicality, passed by the 'weightier matters of the law,' and confined the issue of a cause within the four corners of a plea. Cromwell's authorisation of the general issue—a plea so jealously guarded of late years that all Acts of Parliament empowering the judges to frame and to amend rules of pleading in the courts, have expressly ordered that no rule should stand in contravention of this right—was overthrown at the Restoration.

It was not possible that all the fruits of the late struggle should be thrown away. The Star Chamber and High Commission were not restored, and the spirit which had dictated their overthrow demanded the formal abolition of the feudal system and tenures out of which, in their decline, these courts had grown. Feudalism was dead in England, and though the statutes, rules, and courts through which it had worked were formally abrogated under Charles II., they had been deposed in practice by the civil war.

Some minor reforms were made in the first years of the Restoration. It would seem that a practice had sprung up, probably many years before, of sueing out process without expressing the cause of action, of locking people up thereon, and of asking extravagant bail with a view to compel submission and the payment of settlement money. How many suffered under this practice, favoured as it was by a gaol system which made it the direct pecuniary interest of gaolers to enlarge

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the number and terms of imprisonment of their captives, it were now impossible to determine. An Act, passed within a year of Charles's return, ordered the cause of action to be shown on all process, and the defendant to be discharged in ordinary cases on his own recognizances. It further ordered the entry of a nonsuit with costs against the plaintiff in the absence of a declaration before the end of the term following the entry of an appearance. The abolition of the writ *de hæretico comburendo*, in the last year of Charles's reign; the abolition of the Court of the Marches of Wales (instituted by Henry VIII.) because its proceedings 'have by experience 'been found to be an intolerable burthen to the subject within 'the said principality, contrary to the Great Charter, the 'known laws of the land, and the birthright of the subject;' and an attempt made in the fourth year of Queen Anne to prevent the stoppage of causes for irregularity of forms, and ordering the judges to give judgment 'according as the very 'right of the cause and matter in law shall appear unto them;' and an Act for determining differences by arbitration, are the only noteworthy steps in legal procedure recorded in the statute book till the Union with Scotland. The Act of Union confirmed and took over into the constitution of Great Britain all existing Scotch courts, heritable jurisdictions, and judicial offices for life. The arrangement by which these courts meted out justice—'Jeddart justice' and other—according to their own idea of what justice required, continued for fifty years. It was not till after the Court of Session had been adjourned by statute from November 1, 1746, to June 1, 1747, because 'a most audacious and 'execrable rebellion had broke out in Scotland, and a num-'ber of rebellious traitors' had possession of Edinburgh and the Court House, that 'the inconveniencies that have arisen 'and may arise from the multiplicity and extent of heritable 'jurisdictions' were done away. In 1747 all such private jurisdictions, involving as they did in some cases the power of 'pit and gallows,' and in all the power of imprisonment, were swept away. The whole administration of justice in Scotland was relegated, with increased powers, to the Royal Court of Session, and the Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, and to the Judges in the several circuits, and local stewartries and bailiwicks; and a blow was struck at the very root of that tribal system upon which the late rebellions had been founded.

The foregoing changes—few of them organic—were all that presented themselves since the destruction of the Star Cham-

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ber. Men were to a great degree content to stand upon the ancient ways of the law, to suffer and to bear with them, in spite of their crookedness and of the darkness which shrouded them. They continued to acquiesce in a law which awarded death as the punishment of him who cut down a tree or wounded an ox on another's land; in a system of pleading which made the name of justice a reproach; in a legal administration which depended for its pecuniary existence upon the number of legal obstacles it could put in the way of a final judgment; and in a scheme of judicial economy which allowed of sinecures and the open sale of public offices.

There is no knowing how long the nation would have gone on with the ills it had, if accident had not startled it into abnormal activity. No great law reformer arose to proclaim the need and to provide the remedy, no sense of the inherent impropriety of the *status quo* caused anyone to demand that the legal house of the country should be put in order. Accident alone set the ball of reform rolling. If Messrs. Dormer, Borrett, Godfrey, Conway, and Kinaston, Masters of the High Court of Chancery, had not invested in South Sea Stock, if the South Sea Bubble had not burst, and left these five men after sale of all their effects deficient in their cash to the extent of 81,851*l.* 19*s.* 11¼*d.*, the vices which infected the Court of Chancery would have gone on to canker the whole judicial body, and the first attempt to grasp and to control the administrative departments of the law would have been indefinitely postponed. But for this the criminal practice of selling judicial offices to the highest bidder, in spite of a statute of Edward VI. expressly forbidding it, might have continued till a revolution would have swept it away.

The money with which the Chancery Masters had speculated was money of suitors entrusted to their hands on behalf of the court. The court, fulfilling the royal duty of *parens patriæ*, had in its custody the property of widows, infants, orphans, and lunatics, who had no other protector. The malversation of its officers was therefore of no common kind. The High Court of Chancery, in the person of its officers, was guilty of fraudulent trusteeship, and by every principle which it stood bound to maintain and on which its own jurisdiction rested, was self-condemned. The property and effects of the defaulters were sold, and Parliament covered the final deficiency by laying a new stamp burden on suitors who had in no way, except by suffering, been parties to the fraud; but the memory of the two deceased Masters was not declared in-

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famous and, except in purse, the surviving Masters went scot free. Justice, however, overtook the steps of the chief delinquent, who was also head of the law. The excuse offered by the Masters was an accusation against the Lord Chancellor, and the country, ashamed of the scandal, resolved to press the charge home. An Act of 2 George I. recites that 'there is 'good ground and reason to believe that great sums of money 'have of late years been paid for the purchase of the offices of 'the Masters of the Court of Chancery,' and indemnifies under certain conditions, against the pains and penalties of King Edward's prohibitory law, all those who should reveal what they paid, and to whom they paid, for their offices. Rumour had been busy with the reputation of the Lord Chancellor (Macclesfield). Lords Oxford and Morpeth, as trustees for a lunatic lady, petitioned for protection against the protector of the helpless, averring that he had utilised for his own purposes, and imperilled, the money of their ward. Reports as to the state of the Masters' offices were called for, and on their presentation the House of Commons resolved to impeach Lord Macclesfield. The Act of Indemnity above referred to opened the mouths of witnesses who else might have claimed to be silent, and the trial began, on March 20, 1725. The 'acts' of the trial are sufficiently instructive. They accuse the ex-Chancellor of having received and required, 'illegally, cor-'ruptly and extorsively,' the sums of 840*l.*; 1,575*l.*, 1,500*l.*; 1,575*l.*; 1,575*l.*; 6,000*l.*; 5,250*l.*; 5,250*l.*—in all 23,565*l.*, from various Masters as the consideration for admitting them to their offices 'in breach and violation of his oath as Lord 'Chancellor, and of the great trust in him reposed, contrary 'to the duty of his office, and against the good and whole-'some laws and statutes of this realm;' of having knowingly appointed unfit persons of small means to the office of Master; and of having borrowed at various times large sums of money from the Masters, out of suitors' money in their hands, for his own private use and advantage.

Lord Macclesfield's defence consisted to a large extent of general denial, but on the specific charges as to the presents he confessed and avoided, averring that though he had taken presents from the officers, in accordance with custom, yet that there was nothing criminal in so doing, and that the practice was not an offence at common law or by statute. This plea was rejected, and the ex-Chancellor was found by his peers unanimously to be guilty. His sentence was that he should pay a fine of 30,000*l.* to the King, and be imprisoned in the Tower till payment should be made. A motion to render

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him incapable of future employment in the state service was lost by one vote. Four days after the sentence had been pronounced the Commons petitioned the King to allow the fine to go in aid of the deficit on the Masters' account; and so by a species of *lex talionis* the trafficker in offices and in suitors' money, was made to contribute towards the defalcations of the officers and the needs of the suitors.

There can be no sort of doubt, however, that the plea of custom which Lord Macclesfield advanced was substantially valid. Had he not by his greediness laid himself open to the rejoinder of having abused the custom, and of having screwed up the price to be paid for admission to an office to a scandalous pitch, it is doubtful whether a conviction would have been obtained. Corruption of this particular sort ran rife throughout the state service. Not only offices but votes were bought for hard cash; sinecures were 'the pecu-'liar treasure' of peers and notables; and clerks and officers throughout the public offices regarded it as a solemn duty towards themselves if not towards their neighbour, to 'put 'money in their purse' by every means that offered. There was probably no judge in any of the courts who did not accept some gratification for induction to offices in his gift. Lord Macclesfield's crime was that he had overdone the thing, and that he had been found out. Excessive greediness apart, Lord Macclesfield was probably no more guilty in principle than many of those who condemned him, always excepting those who had not been exposed to the like temptation. However this might be, there could be no doubt as to the righteousness of the judgment in Lord Macclesfield's case. The Siloam tower of national wrath fell properly on him, though seventeen, or even seventy, more might have deserved to be crushed under its ruin. The principle of paying judges and officers a small salary and allowing them to take fees upon all business brought before them lay at the bottom of the system which could render the defalcation possible. The history of this evil and its cure will be traced later on in this article.

The immediate consequence of the conviction of Lord Macclesfield was the establishment of the office of Accountant-General in Chancery, and the transfer to the custody of the Bank of England of all securities and moneys which had before been left with the Masters and Six Clerks in Chancery. The Accountant-General was to be the conduit-pipe through which money was in future to be paid in and paid out; the Bank of England was to be the depository of the valuables; and the

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Masters were to be but the conjurers whose orders the money was to obey without ever coming into their hands. This very great improvement on the previous state of things was alone worth the fight that had been made. But much more might have been won. The immediate grievance was redressed, and the 'horrid scandal' of traffic in suitors' money was stayed in the Chancery Court. But reform of any general kind was not attempted. The passive resistance of lawyers and officials interested from the highest to the lowest in maintaining things as they were, was an overmatch for laymen who only knew that change was needed, but were ignorant of the precise form the changes should take. Seven years elapsed before the unlawyerly public saw their way to a general attack upon the administration of the law, and then only through the medium of a Royal Commission, which took seven years to go through the offices of the Chancery alone. They managed in the interval, however, to secure that privilege of pleading and being impleaded in their native language, which Cromwell had given and which his successor had taken away again; they managed to mitigate the serious nuisance of 'frivolous and vexatious arrests,' by getting a law passed forbidding that anyone should be held to bail in the superior courts in a matter of less than ten pounds; they succeeded in disqualifying attorneys and proctors from being justices of the peace, and they brought to justice, but to insufficient punishment, 'Thomas Bainbridge, Esquire, 'Patentee Warden of the Fleet, and Keeper of His Majesty's 'old and new palaces at Westminster.' This man had not only connived, for a consideration, at the escape of debtors committed to his custody, but had been guilty towards those who had no offering to make, of the most wicked and detestable cruelty.

In 1732, the breathing time given to legal administrators to set their houses in order had expired. They had done nothing whatever to clear themselves of the reproaches which the facts in Lord Macclesfield's case had heaped upon them, and it was left to the country to take the necessary steps. On the petition of the House of Commons, a Royal Commission was issued in 1733 to Commissioners, who were 'to make a dili-'gent and particular survey and view of all officers, clerks, 'and ministers' in the Courts of Chancery, Common Law, Ecclesiastical, and other, in Great Britain and Wales and Berwick-on-Tweed. They were—

'To examine, inquire, and find out, by all lawful ways and means, what officers, clerks, and ministers do, and of right ought to, belong and appertain unto each of the said Courts respectively; and what

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service, charge, and attendance doth belong unto every of the said officers, clerks, and ministers; and what fees, rewards, and wages every of the said officers, clerks, and ministers, and their substitutes or under-clerks, may and ought lawfully to have and take, for and in respect of their several offices and places; and what fees, rewards, and wages have of late time been unjustly encroached and imposed upon His Majesty's subjects by any of the said officers, clerks, and ministers, or any of their substitutes or under-clerks; and also, what extortion, oppressions, and exactions have been used or committed by any of the said officers, clerks, or ministers, or any of their substitutes or under-clerks, in the execution of their several offices or places.'

The work done by this Commission is reviewed by the Commissioners appointed in October 1873 to inquire into the Administrative Departments of the Courts of Justice. From the statements made by these latter Commissioners, in their second report, it seems that the inquiry ordered in 1733 extended over seven years, and that the report, presented in 1740, was not made public till 1814. Moreover it appears that though the Commission was general, no report was made on courts other than those of the Chancery.

Whatever was expected from the work of these Commissioners by the men who had petitioned for their appointment, the only thing done was to ascertain what officers and clerks existed in the Chancery, what they were supposed to do, and what fees they took. This would have been no inconsiderable gain had the information been available to the public, or to those naturally interested in its behalf. But till 1814 the report on half the work of inquiry ordered never saw the light of open day. It was presented to the Government, who utilised it so far as to direct that the revised scale of fees proposed by the Commissioners should be adopted, and that the fees classed as obsolete or unauthorised should no longer be taken. But no general action was taken. The dead weight of vested interests in wealthy sinecures and patent offices, the possession of these sinecures by men, and even women, of highest rank; and the obstructiveness which seems to be inherent in the official and legal mind, combined with the low moral tone of the Government to prevent any reform.

For aught that appears to the contrary, the practices condemned by the Commissioners in their report were continued. There is nothing to show that 'expedition money,' that is money paid by the solicitors in order that their business might not be delayed in the offices, ceased to be paid; or that the practice of writing out accounts in words instead of in figures, in order to get greater copying charges, was discontinued. The indictment preferred against the officials was, if not ignored, without any

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general result, and it was not till sixty years after it had been drawn up that the public knew of its existence. The truth was that the report of these Commissioners was too unpleasantly truthful, and touched interests too powerful, to be gladly received. It went so far as to advise that the sale of offices should be prohibited, and that no office should be allowed to be discharged by deputy.

'"The sale of offices," they apprehended, was "one of the principal causes of the increase of fees; the purchasers generally finding themselves under the strongest temptations, by all ways and means, to increase their profits (which must be at the expense of the suitors) in order to make their offices worth the money they pay for them; and where the offices are held for life only, or other uncertain estate, the temptation is still the stronger, as the hazard is greater."'

Such an unpalatable piece of advice could not have found much support from 'His Grace Charles, Duke of St. Alban's,' Lord Malpas, and Lord James Beauclerk, who were grantees, under a patent, of the office of Registrar of the Court of Chancery; from 'Anne Charlotte, Lady Dowager Frecheville,' grantee of the Subpœna Office; from the Duke of Grafton, patentee in tail male, under a grant of Charles II., of the Comptrollership of the Seals in King's Bench and Common Pleas; from those trustees who held the valuable office of Custos Brevium in the Common Pleas in trust for the issue of the Countess of Lichfield in tail; from the Hereditary Chief Usher in the Exchequer; or from the Hereditary Chief Proclamator of Fines in the Court of Common Pleas. What was true of such people, and they were Legion, was true of a much larger legion of office-holders below them. Self-interest, pandered to by the fee system, ruled throughout the offices, and had its very particular representation in Parliament, on the judgment seat, and near the throne. It is not surprising, therefore, that the advice of the Commissioners should have been ignored, the matter for marvel is that it should ever have been offered. Under the auspices of Lord King, who succeeded Lord Macclesfield, the revised fees recommended by the Commissioners were adopted and the illegal fees were stopped. Possibly, too, the example made of the arch offender, and the exposure which had been made of the state of affairs in the Masters' departments, shocked some of the officials into dropping a few of their practices, such as the practice of not hearing a summons until three notices, all charged for, had been issued; and of charging suitors for fresh copies of documents rendered necessary by mistakes made in the office—but there was no general regeneration of practice,

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no strong administration to rule the departments in the interest of suitors. The offices and clerks were left to go on pretty much as before, the only deterrent from evil being the fear of being some day found out. Under these circumstances an ingenious body of men found scope for their ability in the creation of new fees, and in discovering the means of committing the oldest official sins the newest kind of way. This process went on till a second set of Commissioners, appointed in 1815, published their report.

The interval between the dates of the two Commissions is marked by many substantial improvements in the law itself. The law relating to bankruptcy and insolvency, to costs, to imprisonment on process, to pleading both in criminal and civil causes, and to local jurisdictions, received modifications some of which it is desirable to notice.

The law relating to insolvent debtors is enshrined in a vast number of statutes, mostly of a remedial kind applicable to the wants of the day in which they were passed. Down to a comparatively recent date the policy of English law towards those who could not pay their hundred pence or their ten thousand talents was in strict accordance with the Scriptural precedent. A man who could not pay was flung into prison, compelled not only to be a non-earner of means to pay, but to be at further charges for maintenance while in prison, in further abatement of the property at his disposal—and in prison he was to remain until he had paid the uttermost farthing. Angels from heaven only could open the prison doors to many of the captives who were for the most part as unable to pay as the servant whose debt his lord forgave. These angels did not come, and in prisons not fit for the dwelling of wild beasts, Englishmen and women whose only crime was impecuniosity languished. How they fared in these prisons the recitals of some of the remedial statutes, and the account of the investigation in the infamous Bainbridge's case, tell us only too plainly, and the pictures of these scenes of extortion which abound in the pages of Smollett and Fielding are certainly not overcoloured. But the only remedial policy which can be discovered in the legislation for fifty years was of a temporary kind—and based upon no principle whatever. The overcrowded condition of all the gaols and prison houses in the country, and the great excess of demand over supply of accommodation, were the only motives of such action as was taken. From time to time, beginning in 1747, at intervals of from six years to one year, lists were ordered to be made out of all insolvent prisoners for debt, and such as were detained for sums under

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an amount stated in the relieving Act were ordered to be discharged on making out a sworn list of all their property and effects. From a maximum of 100*l.* the Acts went on to one of 2,000*l.*, in 1812—about which date came the first step founded on any intelligible principle, for meeting the case of insolvent debtors. Such an Act, passed in 1811, whilst discharging prisoners for 2,000*l.* and under who should disclose fully their estates, further ordered that 'whereas many honest but unfortunate persons whose debts exceed the sum of 2,000*l.*, although willing to surrender their effects for the benefit of their creditors, have been confined in gaol many years, *and but for the interposition of the legislature will be doomed to perpetual imprisonment*'—all such persons, having been five years in prison, should be released, and that all debtors whatever who had been ten years in prison should be free.

In the following year the chiefs of the Common Law Courts were directed to appoint a barrister to investigate applications for freedom in cases of long imprisonment, and to release 'where it shall appear to them just and fitting,' in causes for 2,000*l.* and under. The action taken under this arrangement seemed so beneficial, that in 1813 a law was passed authorising the king to appoint a Commissioner to preside in a court, to be called 'The Court for Relief of Insolvent Debtors.' To this Commissioner prisoners of three months' standing might address petitions, annexing a sworn statement of their effects. This was the foundation of judicial authority in matters which ought never to have been left to the malice of private persons, and the first of that long series of statutes which deal with monetary misfortunes as such, and not as crimes to be barbarously punished.

Space fails to follow this interesting subject through all its phases, from the first establishment of a permanent court with its Court of Review, to the date of its abolition in 1861 and subsequent merger into the Bankruptcy Court. But various expedients were tried for meeting country cases by delegating, as had been advantageously done in Scotland some years before, power to the justices to take cognisance in comparatively small matters, and then by ordering the London Commissioners to go circuit at least thrice a year.

Of bankruptcy law the statute book is full. But within the period we are now noticing there are only three statutes of any importance. These show in a marked manner the difference between now and then, as regards the estimate formed of the character of indebtedness. The 5 George I. c. 30 recites the inconveniences which result from the frauds often com-

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mitted by bankrupts, and orders that after May 14, 1729, all persons not surrendering within forty-two days after notice (not necessarily personal) of their bankruptcy, or concealing or embezzling their goods afterwards to the value of 20*l.*, shall be adjudged felons and die without benefit of clergy. This precious law was not only put in force, but was made perpetual in 1797, four years after the execution of the French king, and at a moment when affiliated Jacobin clubs were springing up all over this country.

The administration of bankruptcy seems to have been always in the hands of the Lord Chancellor down to 1832 when the court was constituted as a separate one, notwithstanding the strongest opinion against the advisability of doing so, expressed by the Chancery Commissioners in 1826. The proceedings in bankruptcy formerly comprised a petition by creditors to the Chancellor, setting out all main facts and praying for relief. On being satisfied in the premisses, the Chancellor issued his fiat, and Commissioners were appointed to investigate and report upon the facts and to make, under direction of the court, such assignments and other arrangements as seemed best calculated to effect a settlement. The process was expensive, even ruinous, to the estate involved, all concerned being paid by fees on each stage of the matter. Yet the people bore this heavy yoke till 1832, when a Court of Bankruptcy and a Court of Review in Bankruptcy were established, with permanent judges and a permanent staff on salary in lieu of all personal fees.

This question of personal fees as a means of paying judges and judicial officers has a curious history. It is beyond all doubt that the prevalence of the system fostered that other system of fleecing the sheep who bleated for justice, by the exaction of fines, and by the interposition of fee-bringing obstacles throughout the course of a suit. In some posts no salary at all was given. The office-holder was allowed to make his living wholly from fees. In others the salary and the fee principle were combined. This latter was the case with the judicial office itself, restricted, however, in 1799 and 1809, by the rule which required payment over to the Exchequer of all amounts exceeding the sum fixed by statute as the remuneration of the judge. Till 1832 the judges' salaries were paid out of the Civil List, but were then charged on the Consolidated Fund, and were ordered to be free of all taxes, 'statu-' table or customary, on places and pensions.'

In 1759, Parliament represented that the salaries paid to the Puisne Judges in the Courts of Law at Westminster, to

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the Judges of the Courts of Session and Exchequer in Scotland, to the Justices of Chester, and to the Justices of Great Sessions for the counties in Wales, were 'inadequate to the 'dignity and importance of their office.' Fresh stamp duties were imposed upon process to raise a fund out of which additions to salaries, amounting in the case of the Puisne Judges to 500*l.* each, and in the case of the Chief Baron to 1,000*l.*, were awarded. The fund being found insufficient to pay the increased salaries, additional stamp duties were imposed by various statutes; and a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1798 recommended, as a further means of providing a fund, that many sinecure offices should be abolished and the proceeds applied to this purpose. The Acts augmenting the salaries assign various reasons, some alleging the great increase in the cost of living, others reciting only 'whereas it is reason-'able and expedient that a further augmentation should be 'made.' In 1799, the salaries of the Puisne Judges were raised to 3,000*l.*, the salary of the Lord Chief Baron to 4,000*l.*, and 4,000*l.* was fixed at the same time as a proper remuneration for the Master of the Rolls. Ten years later, the Puisne Judges and the Chief of the Exchequer got another 1,000*l.* a year each; the salary of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas remaining at 3,500*l.* and fees. In 1826, all fees whatever being surrendered, the salaries of all the judges were increased even beyond their present amount; the salary of the Lord Chief Justice of England having been assessed at 10,000*l.*

As regards the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, it seems that till 1826 his salary was not altered by the statutes applicable to other judges. In 1734 it was fixed at 4,000*l.*, and at that amount it remained in 1812; when Lord Ellenbrough complained that it was 'the worst paid office in West-'minster Hall.' In an indignant letter which he sent to the Prime Minister, by way of protest against Mr. Bankes's Bill for the abolition of sinecure offices, Lord Ellenbrough asserts that so little was the office pay equal to its necessary expenses that he was 'obliged to draw from his private income some 'thousands every year of his life for that purpose;' and he goes on to argue from these premisses, not that his salary should be increased, but that sinecures—of which he held one in his own court worth 7,700*l.* a year—ought not to be abolished, because they were the only indemnity he had by way of 'the 'provision it may enable me to make for my family.' The Chief Justice's salary was liable to the taxes on places and pensions, to the payment of circuit expenses, and of some

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others connected with his court in London. The salaries of the other judges were clear, except for circuit expenses; but the chief took his court fees in addition, and gave no account to the Exchequer, or it could hardly have been that his emoluments from all sources would have been allowed to remain at a sum, less ostensibly, than was paid to the junior judges of his court. The salary of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was at the same time 3,500*l.*, subject to taxes, but with fees added.

In 1799 the Legislature seem to have first recognised, in respect of judges, that 'it is desirable to provide pensions for 'such persons as shall have diligently and uprightly conducted 'themselves.' An Act of that year authorised a pension of 4,000*l.* a year to a Lord Chancellor; 3,000*l.* to the Chief Justice of the King's Bench; 2,500*l.* each to the Master of the Rolls, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and 2,000*l.* each to the Puisne Judges. The qualifications for pension were fifteen years' service, or incapacity through illness.

The principle of giving pensions as part of wages was recognised in the case of some of the judicial officers in 1806, when the Lord Chancellor was authorised, by the same Act that accorded 400*l.* a year more salary to each of the eleven Masters, to grant pensions of 500*l.* a year to Masters of twenty years' standing, or to such as might become disabled at any time by illness. In the majority of cases, however, the officers of the legal departments were still allowed to look to fees as the means of making a living, and of providing for those dependent upon them. It was not in human nature to do otherwise than exact as many fees as possible, and the more successful the officials were in this natural pursuit the more scandalous became the 'law's delays' and 'the insolence of office.' During the interval between the appointment of the Commissions in 1733 and 1815, very little appears to have been done to check this. In 1806 the salaries of the clerks in the Accountant-General's office were augmented, it appearing that they had had to pay for necessary help out of their own pocket, and 200*l.* a year extra was given to the Accountant-General himself, to provide stationery, books, furniture, and care-takers for the office. In 1810 provision was made for giving pensions to Examiners and their clerks, and to some other officers of the Chancery; and at several dates increases to salary were made to Masters and other officials, on the ground of the increased cost of living. But with these exceptions, nothing was done to stop the evil

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of payment by fees in the law offices generally, till the time when in 1815 the House of Commons petitioned for a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter. Up to that time the argument used by Lord Ellenborough prevailed not only to keep sinecures, fees, and saleable offices as heavy make-weights for salaries of Chief Judges, but for salaries and pensions of almost all the legal administration. The attempts to abolish sinecures, made upon the reports of Select Committees and of Commissions in 1811 and onwards, were thwarted by the interest of those who loved to have the grievance of a low salary that they might have an excuse for keeping wealthy palliatives.

The character of legislation between 1733 and 1815 was not of a kind to necessitate much alteration in the machinery of law, whether administrative or executive. For the prevention of 'frivolous and vexatious arrests' none were to be held to bail in the superior courts in respect of actions for less than 10*l.*, nor in an inferior court for causes under 2*l.*, and the process was again ordered to be in English. Later on, attempts were made to lessen the vexatious arrests constantly taking place upon mesne process, by ordering that after June 1, 1803, no one should be so arrested for any sum not equal to such a sum as by law he was liable for to arrest, *exclusive of costs.* Anyone arrested on mesne process who should pay the claim against him into court, together with 10*l.* for cost, to abide the event, was to be free, whilst defendants were allowed costs when the plaintiff failed to recover what he sued for. To prevent frauds by tenants, power was given to landlords to seize a lessee's goods wherever found, except in the possession of a *bonâ fide* purchaser for value. Coroners, for whom a law of Henry VII. had provided a fee of 13*s.* 4*d.*, payable only in cases of murder, and then out of the murderer's estate, were granted a fee of twenty shillings, and travelling expenses, in all cases.

The cost of removing prisoners to gaol, formerly paid by themselves on pain of distraint, was ordered to be borne by the counties. Expenses to poorer witnesses in criminal cases were ordered to be allowed. The King's Bench Prison, of which the marshalate had been granted by James I. to Sir William Smith in fee, having fallen into dangerous dilapidation, and the fortunes of the then marshal having fallen into like condition, power was taken in 1752 to rebuild the prison for 7,800*l.* at the king's cost and to resume the grant, whilst the empowering Act prescribed that in future neither the office of marshal, nor other office about the prison, should be sold. Jurors who absented themselves, having been summoned, were, in 1756,

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ordered to be fined not less than twenty nor more than forty shillings. In 1760 the commissions of the judges to execute their office *quandiù se bene gesserint*, were ordered to endure, notwithstanding the demise of the king in whose name the commission had issued. Sheriffs were ordered to provide suitable lodgings for the judges of assize, especially in Wales. In 1772 an Act which applied not only to England, but included 'His Majesty's Colonies and Plantations in America,' provided that persons standing mute and refusing to plead on an indictment for felony or piracy, should be, *ipso facto*, convicted and executed, instead of suffering 'peine forte et dure.'* Persons forging acceptances or receipts for payment of money were ordered to be hanged, as were also all post-office officials who stole a letter, and all men who forged stamps, or who 'to the number of three or more, armed with fire-arms 'or other offensive weapons,' assisted to export wool or other goods liable to duty. A like fate was provided for those who maliciously destroyed or pulled down buildings or engines used in manufacture, or who even attempted to do this.

For the better police government of the metropolis, which had been disgracefully given over to Mohocks and other 'sons 'of glory,' the king was authorised in 1792 to establish seven public offices in Middlesex and Surrey, and to appoint three justices to each at a salary of 400*l.*

In 1773 a stop was put to 'the intolerable vexation and 'charge of His Majesty's subjects in the Dominion of Wales,' caused by persons commencing 'trifling and frivolous suits in 'the Courts at Westminster upon causes of action arising 'within the said Dominion of Wales,' whereby costs were run up to a grievous amount and the course of justice was delayed. A capital remedy was devised, according to which plaintiffs in such actions recovering less than 10*l.* were on a judge's certi-

* This in the terse language of the older law books consisted of the following treatment, applied to those who refused to plead in order that they might avoid for their families the forfeiture consequent upon conviction. The prisoner refusing to plead was to be remanded to prison, and put into a low dark chamber, and there laid on his back on the bare floor naked, unless where decency forbade; that there should be placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear, and more; that he should have no sustenance, save only on the first day three morsels of the worst bread, and on the second day three draughts of standing water that should be nearest to the prison door; and that in this situation, such should be alternately his diet, till he died, or, as anciently the judgment ran, till he answered.

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ficate of the facts, *ipso facto*, non-suited in spite of their verdict, and condemned in costs.

In 1776, the year in which American Independence was proclaimed, an Act recites the 'various inconveniences' arising from the transportation of convicts 'to His Majesty's colonies 'and plantations in America, now in use within that part of 'Great Britain called England,' and particularly refers to the evil of 'depriving this kingdom of many subjects whose labour 'might be useful to the community, and who by proper care 'and correction might be reclaimed from their evil courses.' This Act, the 16 George III. c. 43, was the first hard-labour statute. It authorised the judges to substitute for transportation a sentence of penal labour, in cleaning the Thames, raising soil and gravel from its bed, or other hard work—for a period of not less than three, nor more than ten, years. Death was the penalty provided for fugitives from this servitude. Power was given, in 1802, to enable public officers employed abroad to be prosecuted in the Court of King's Bench, the venue being laid in Middlesex, for offences committed by them abroad—an Act very greatly needed to check wantonness and brutality of conduct which had previously gone unpunished. Soon after the Union with Ireland power was given to make English and Irish judgments valid for execution in either country on registration, and to abolish in criminal cases the territorial, exclusive jurisdiction of either kingdom. Such is a summary of the leading innovations affecting the law and the administration of the law during the seventy-five years ended in 1815.

About that date the country awoke to a sense of the frightful character of much of its law, and the positive wickedness of much of its administration, and it turned with avidity from the task of slaying its foreign enemies to that of dealing with the foes of its own household. Some of the signs of awakening do not perhaps show a very vivid conception, or a high ideal. But it was something to get a statute declaring that excommunication, as a means of enforcing process in the ecclesiastical courts, was to carry no civil disability, even though, in certain cases of definitive sentence, six months' imprisonment might be its accompaniment. It was a gain to get rid of the necessity for written verdicts in Scotch criminal cases, a necessity whereby, through blunders in form, criminals often escaped; a gain to find the Legislature requiring that annual returns should be made to it, through the medium of the Home Office, of all commitments and all trials for criminal offences and misdemeanours; and that prisoners should no longer be made

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to pay fees for the maintenance and profit of their gaolers, or be—as often they had been—kept languishing in dungeons, for non-payment of these fees, though they had discharged all their legal debts.

The pillory, that favourite instrument of Star Chamber practice, was, in 1816, found to have been 'in many cases in-'expedient,' and not fully to answer the purpose for which it was intended, and was accordingly abolished, except for perjury or subornation of it. At the same epoch it was discovered that 'the punishment of public whipping of female 'offenders has been found inexpedient,' and that imprisonment with hard labour might be substituted without prejudice to public morals, or to the authority of law. But perhaps the most remarkable specimen of awakening public conscience and of droll compromise as to remedy, is to be found in the statute, passed in 1814, for altering the sentence in cases of conviction for high treason. The 54 George III. c. 146 recites that the law then required sentence in high treason to be that convicted prisoners 'should be drawn on an hurdle to the place of execu-'tion, and there be hanged by the neck, but not until they are 'dead, but that they should be taken down again, and that 'when they are yet alive, their bowels shall be taken out and 'burned before their faces, and that afterwards their heads 'should be severed from their bodies, and their bodies be 'divided into four quarters, and their heads and quarters to be 'at the king's disposal.' In 1814 the tender mercy of the law not only did not refuse to allow the judge who pronounced such a sentence to commend the soul of the convict to the kind consideration of Heaven, but authorised him by statute to order that the poor wretch should hang till dead, and that the processes hitherto wrought on the quivering, living body should thereafter be performed on the corpse. The same statute authorised the king, by royal warrant, to remit the drawing on a hurdle, and to substitute beheading for hanging: further than this it did not go.

In 1815 'the knights, citizens, and burgesses, and commis-'sioners of shires and boroughs in Parliament, assembled,' petitioned for a Royal Commission to inquire and report 'upon 'the duties, salaries, and emoluments of the several officers, 'clerks, and ministers of justice.' The burdens of legal proceedings, under a system which not only led to delay, but in which obstacles to progress were encouraged by direct money premiums, had come to be so great, at the same time that the legion of sinecure legal offices had become so intolerable, that the public by their representatives determined to bridle it.

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The Commissioners went laboriously into their work, took seven years over it, and from time to time made reports as to the reasonableness or otherwise of the fees taken in the several offices of the Chancery and the Law Courts. They stated that their 'opinions upon the reasonableness of emoluments have 'been materially affected by the great change in the wealth of 'the country since the Order of 1743, the decrease in the 'value of money, and the increased rate at which skill and in-'dustry of all kinds are now remunerated.'

Though the Commissioners were careful to avoid anything like recommendations of change in procedure, and only slightly touched the blemishes in the offices they reported on, the facts presented in their report laid the foundation of much subsequent reform, both legislative and executive. The Court of Session and the Courts of the Teinds Commissioners in Scotland were reviewed and remodelled, and fresh regulations were made as to qualification and salary of officers and clerks. The Scotch Court of Admiralty was also reformed, and abuses of jurisdiction in matters of debt were set right. In England the most important outcome of the work of the Commissioners was a law, in 1823, whereby all doubt as to the competency of the judges in Equity and at Common Law to fix the tariff of charges in their respective courts was removed, and the judges were empowered to fix, from time to time, the fees to be taken. This curbing of the power of irresponsible persons capable of doing evil was a great and direct gain. The indirect fruits of the Commissioners were hardly less valuable. So flagrantly scandalous were some of the ascertained facts, combined with the efforts made in Parliament by men like Mr. Bankes in 1811 and 1812 for the suppression of sinecures, that Bills were easily passed, even in an unreformed House of Commons, for taking away the right of the Lord Chief Justices and of their chief clerks to sell offices in the courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas. The right, born of custom, for judges and officers of the Courts of Law and Equity to place out for their own benefit the moneys of clients entrusted to their care *ex necessitate*, was at the same time assailed, and though Lord Ellenborough denounced such acts of reform as an interference with prescriptive private rights, amounting to confiscation, these very reasonable projects became law. The legal departments were overloaded with appointments which were served by deputies, and many of which ought never to have existed. Persistent efforts to remove these blots from the administration of justice were met by strenuous resistance in Parliament and elsewhere. But

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they triumphed in spite of the resistance, and had their consummation in the purchase, as late as 1845, of the last unbought privilege to plunder. In that year the Duke of Grafton resigned the patent, granted to his ancestor by Charles II., for the office of Comptroller of the Seal of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, the consideration being an annuity of 843*l.* for himself, and 300*l.* for his deputy.

Arguments in favour of retaining sinecures were not wanting, based upon the specious pretexts that legal sinecures involved no robbery of state funds, inasmuch as salaries were payable out of funds contributed by suitors' fees, and not out of money provided by Parliament. The funds were large and increased yearly. What did it matter if certain obligations were laid upon this bye sum—any more than it mattered that a royal or ministerial favourite should be rewarded by an appointment on the Irish establishment, or at the expense of a colony? To understand the argument it is necessary to remember that the charges of law and justice in this kingdom were, and indeed to a large extent still are, provided for out of suitors' fees. The Napoleonic idea that war should support war was early applied to strife in law courts, and the practice of ensuring that they who serve the legal altar should also live by it, has a very ancient genealogy. So long as a multitude of officials had to make their fortunes, as well as pay their clerks and their rents, out of fees, it is intelligible that suitors should have been required to pay, and to pay heavily. But these all swept away and put on salary annually voted by Parliament, or paid out of the Consolidated Fund, there seems to be no reason why persons who are compelled to invoke the Courts of Justice should be required to pay court fees and fees on process, any more than people who have individually business at the Home Office or Board of Trade should be required to pay fees before getting their business done at those offices. Yet it seems, from the report of the Select Committee on Civil Services Expenditure, that in the year 1871–72 the gross charge for civil legal administration, apart from criminal courts, in the United Kingdom was 1,746,000*l.*, the net sum 806,000*l.*, the difference being made up of fees contributed by suitors, and by the annual yield of formerly capitalised fees not otherwise mortgaged.

Until 1869 the large sums of accumulated fees, and of unclaimed moneys in the custody of the courts, did not come in any way under the scrutiny of Parliament. Each court administered its own funds, and seemed to think that so long as it did not ask help from the Treasury, the Government had no

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sort of right to interfere, or even to question the extent of the staff, or the amount of the salaries. Acts of Parliament, so late as William IV., seemed to recognise this doctrine, for they gave absolute power to the chief judges alone to determine the numbers of their staff, and though later statutes gave the Treasury concurrent power in fixing salaries, custom and possession neutralised this power, and things went on as before. Excepting those statutes passed early in her Majesty's reign for putting Common Law and Criminal Law charges on public funds, the resolution long formed, to bring the charges of Law and Justice as completely under Parliamentary control as are the expenses of Army or Navy, gained but little way till after Mr. Gladstone's accession to office in 1868. In August 1869 an Act for amending the law relating to the salaries, expenses, and funds of Courts of Law in England, embodied the results of years of work and of the labours of numerous committees and commissions. It recited the desirability of the expenditure for Courts of Justice being paid from the Consolidated Fund and from moneys to be provided by Parliament. It further stated that the Court of Chancery and the Court of Bankruptcy were possessed of large sums, other than stock and cash belonging to suitors, and that while on the one hand it was proper that all necessary administrative charges shall be paid by the public, so the funds now controlled by the courts and in their possession should be handed over to the Crown.

The sums transferred under the authority of this Act were exceedingly large. The Court of Chancery gave up 3,967,832*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*, the Court of Bankruptcy 1,907,593*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* The Court of Chancery retained, as belonging to suitors, a sum of 56,614,934*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*, but was not allowed to retain uncontrolled possession. Its own financial officer, the Accountant-General, gave way to a Treasury officer, styled Assistant-Paymaster-General for Chancery business. Arrangements were made by which suitors were to be allowed interest on their money necessarily left in the custody of the court, so that the source of profit from investment as a banker, formerly open to officers of the court, and subsequently to the court itself, was taken away, and the natural increment of money was allowed to accrue to the proprietors who were the occasion of the increment. The court had previously considered that so long as it had the means of meeting all demands, it was entitled, bankerwise, to employ the money to its own profit. From this source, and from the fees of suitors, accrued the great sums handed over to the Crown under the authority of the Act of 1869.

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Great as these sums were they would have been greater, but that at various times, drafts had been made, by Acts of Parliament which guaranteed against all consequences, for the purpose of building offices for the several courts. The Courts of Justice Building Act of 1865 authorised the outlay of 1,000,000*l.* for the purpose of constructing the new Law Courts. In 1774 authority was given to rebuild the office of the Six Clerks of the King's Court of Chancery, and to erect offices for the Registrars and for the Accountant-General, with a view to the better preservation of the court records and papers. In 1792 the proceeds of a sum of 300,000*l.* out of unused suitors' money were applied to rebuild the offices of the Masters in Ordinary, &c. Offices for the Examiners, Cursitors, Clerk of the Crown, and Clerk of the Petty Bag, were similarly provided for in 1810.

It were long, and not quite germane to the present subject, to remark upon all the reforming agents and agencies which since 1815 have contributed to change the aspect of British law. To the exertions of Romilly, of Brougham, of Mackintosh, and of Peel, the country and civilisation were, and are, for ever indebted. But it is not by the unassisted exertions of individual men that great changes in legislative or executive action are accomplished in this country. The solid foundation upon which appeals for reform alone can be based are to be found in the detailed works of Parliamentary Committees, Royal Commissions, and similar councils. It was so in the case of the reforms which have been considered, and it was not otherwise in the case of those which remain to be noticed. Between the years 1818 and 1824 Commissioners reported at great length on the personnel of the three Superior Courts of Common Law, of the Ecclesiastical Courts, the High Court of Admiralty, and the Appeal Courts for Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Causes. Subsequently, that is to say between 1826 and 1845, other Commissioners reported on the practice and procedure in all these courts and in those of the Chancery, Bankruptcy, and Criminal Law. The reports made by these Commissioners were, to use the words of the latest-appointed Commissioners in their second report, 'the parents of statutes which changed 'the character of English law and altered its practice and 'procedure.'

Within the thirty years comprised in the dates of these various Commissions, the law paid off large arrears of debt which it owed to common sense and to justice. The arbitrary distinction between term and vacation was done away with to the extent of allowing Middlesex causes at Nisi Prius to be

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tried in London and Westminster during vacation as during term, and of allowing writs tested in term to be returnable in vacation. The judges of the King's Bench were authorised to sit at Serjeants' Inn or at Westminster a fortnight before each term in order to dispose of any remanets from the preceding term. The capital sentence on fraudulent bankrupts, authorised by the 5 George I. c. 30, was repealed; and the bloody character of a law which awarded death for small thefts, for rioters in the district of the Mint in Southwark, for those who stole 'in any shop, warehouse, coach-house, or 'stable any goods, wares, or merchandizes of the value of five 'shillings,' or who stole from barges goods to the value of forty shillings; for armed poaching; for frauds on the revenue; for lamb-stealing; for slaying cow or sheep with intent to steal the skin; for forgery—was effaced. The laws of bankruptcy and insolvency were placed upon a footing that was nearly intelligible; and measures were taken to put a stop to frivolous suits and vexatious arrests. Benefit of clergy, that droll device for lessening the brutality of the law, was finally abrogated. Persons committed for trial on charges of felony were allowed, in the discretion of the judge, to be admitted to bail, instead of necessarily being kept in prison till the trial day. The empowering statute recited that 'the 'technical strictness of criminal proceedings might in many 'instances be relaxed so as to ensure the punishment of the 'guilty without depriving the accused of any just means of 'defence'—and proceeded to direct that indictments were not to abate for any dilatory plea of misnomer, and that purely formal omissions or commissions, if not material, were not to invalidate the indictment. Arrest on mesne process was abolished except on special order of a Judge on the sworn statement that a fraudulent withdrawal from the jurisdiction was contemplated. A mass of statutes, dating from Henry III. to 9 George IV., was repealed as no longer applicable to English society. The 'great and unnecessary inconvenience and 'delay occasioned by the numerous holidays now kept' in the law offices, were abated; and King Charles' Martyrdom, the restoration of Charles II., the feasts of Epiphany, Circumcision, Gunpowder Plot, Lord Mayor's Day, and a host of loyal and religious festivals, ceased to have holiday signification in the courts of law. 'The terms,' said the Common Law Commissioners, in 1829, 'are said to have been set apart 'for forensic business, as seasons of leisure not occupied by 'church festivals, or fasts, nor liable to the general avocations 'of rural labour. But this was in a different state of society,

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'and under a different judicial system from that which now 'exists; and such considerations as applied to the present 'mode of carrying on a suit at law have almost entirely lost 'their force.' What was true of the terms was true of the holidays, and the statute 3 and 4 Will. IV. c. 42 swept the antique obstruction away.

The separate jurisdictions of the County Palatine of Chester and of the Principality of Wales were done away (in 1830), and circuits were ordered for these districts as for the rest of England. Power was given to judges to order the examination of witnesses on interrogatories, or orally before an appointee of the court, before trial; and to appoint commissioners for taking evidence abroad. The methods by which process was begun in the three Superior Courts of Common Law were assimilated, having before been diverse. To the King in Council were transferred the powers heretofore exercised by the High Court of Delegates; and in 1833 was passed the 3 and 4 Will. IV. c. 42, 'an Act for the further 'amendment of the law and the better advancement of jus-'tice.' This Act included the first great comprehensive scheme of modern law reform, and was the direct ancestor of the Common Law Procedure Acts of 1852, 1854, and 1860. In the same year, the year which saw the abolition of the foolish and expensive ceremony by which entails were formerly cut off, the administrative offices of the Court of Chancery were partially re-organised. In the following year the Central Criminal Court was established, with jurisdiction in London and Middlesex, certain parts of Surrey, Kent, and Essex, and in all cases of felony on the high seas and other places within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty of England. In 1846 County Courts superseded everywhere Courts of Request and other petty debt courts, and introduced in many districts a local remedy where before no remedy whatever existed. In 1857 was swept away all ecclesiastical legal authority, except only that which allowed the clergy the power to grant marriage licenses. All power formerly enjoyed by courts ecclesiastical in respect of wills and matrimonial causes was transferred to the new lay courts. In 1861 the criminal law was in a measure codified by the five Acts passed in the twenty-fifth year of the Queen, which superseded, in respect of malicious injuries to person and property, of forgery and of false coining, a large number of obsolete statutes repealed at the same time.

These capital alterations, accompanied as they were by

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numerous detailed reforms in minor principle and practice, revolutionised from time to time the machinery which administered the law. Offices once of great power and utility were superseded, and the public no longer required the services of a large number of its servants. Instead of finding suitable employment for them elsewhere, compensatory pensions for loss of office and of prospects were awarded, even to young men capable of service. The nation gradually found itself saddled with enormous ineffective charges from this source, and the permanent value of the administrative changes made was marred and lessened by the dead weight of the pensions which grew from them. No principle whatever was observable in the system by which these pensions were granted. The most that could be got out of the Government of the day, by the application of that pressure which lawyers best know how to force, was the object aimed at and attained. When the business of the Equity side of the Court of Exchequer was transferred to the Chancery in 1841, Sworn clerks, no longer required, received seven-eighths of their salary by way of pension; Side clerks had three-fourths. Country Commissioners of Bankrupts, abolished in 1842, were allowed two-thirds; officers of Courts of Request, abolished in 1846, the same; and a like amount was given to officers of the Palace Court, which was done away with in 1849. Full salary for pension was given to Masters in Chancery and their chief clerks, and to the Hereditary Chief Usher of the Court of Exchequer in 1852, and to certain officers of the London and of the Country District Courts of Bankruptcy in 1869, on the ground that these officers either held for life, or that they held sinecure offices, or offices that might be exercised by deputy. Whatever the reason, the scale of compensatory pensions was almost as varied as the offices to which it was applied; and the result of the compensatory system was that in 1873 there was a charge on the Imperial purse of 226,233*l.* on that account alone. Former years had shown even larger figures, but in December of that year the Commissioners appointed in the preceding October presented that this large sum was then being paid: 187,348*l.* of it to 742 English; 8,545*l.* to 23 Scotch; and 30,340*l.* to 171 Irish, pensioners. They reported that no further use could be made of the pensioners in the public service, chiefly because of some technical difficulty in the disestablishing Acts, even in cases where it was the manifest intention of the Legislature to recall into active work the officers it pensioned.

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It was one of the leading points for investigation by the Commission presided over by Lord Lisgar, that they should ascertain and report in what manner the large number of persons, formerly employed in courts of justice, but now on the compensatory pension list, could be re-employed. The answer is in effect that none can be compelled to serve again; but that there are persons on the list capable and desirous of employment, yet unable to procure it. Emphatically enough do the Commissioners echo the recommendation of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, out of which their commission grew, to the effect 'that reductions should be effected 'rather by an entire cessation of appointments to the clerical 'service, and by transfers from one department to another, 'than by superannuating (on terms of abolition of office) the 'clerks who may be found redundant in particular offices.'

Although the Judicature Act is careful to provide for the transfer to the new court of all existing officers, officials, and clerks in the old courts, preserving all their rights and privileges, it is clear that the Act contemplates changes in the administrative machinery. Leaving intact all existing officers, it provides that future assistants of all kinds shall be deemed to be civil servants of the Crown, and as such come under the general regulations of state service, in the matter of pension, whether compensatory or otherwise. But it did not lay down —nor indeed could do so—any regulations as to the conditions of service, the salaries, the method of appointment, the qualifications, or the employment, of such officers. Neither did it take account of the way in which existing officers should be provided for in case the operation of the general purposes of the Act should require the surrender of their posts. These delicate matters were included in the scope of the Commission entrusted to Lord Lisgar, Baron Bramwell, and other gentlemen, in October 1873. The second report of these Commissioners, issued in November last, is a long, laborious document. It deals with all the English administrative departments which appear on the charge of Civil Service Estimates (Law and Justice), from the personal staff of the Lord Chancellor to the tipstaffs of the Courts of Law. In the first part of their report the Commissioners review the work done by their predecessors in 1732 and in 1815. Reference to it will show a large quantity of condensed information on legal changes and administrative reform during the last hundred and fifty years. In the body of the report will be found the detailed history of each office, and a state-

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ment of its present condition, together with recommendations for future regulation and organisation. As regards organisation, the central idea in the Commissioners' minds seems to have been to adopt as far as possible the principle of the Judicature Act, and to fuse into as few separate parts as possible the distinctive departments which now carry on the office business of Courts of Justice.

When it is remembered that upwards of a hundred thousand writs of summons are annually issued from the three Superior Courts of Law alone; that upwards of thirty-five thousand of these proceed to judgment; and that between summons and judgment there are numerous steps to be taken, not necessarily before the Court itself, but in some one or other of its departments, some idea may be formed of the amount of office business there is to get through. But any such idea would be imperfect if it did not take into account the fact that upwards of two thousand two hundred cases, brought for the judgment of the Court, are referred for hearing and settlement by the Masters of the Court in Chambers, and that the Masters have further to scrutinise and decide all bills of costs brought to them for taxation. There are other duties connected with attendance in court, and duties devolved upon the officers in consequence of special attributes of their courts, which go to swell the office work—work which is not seen and can hardly be appreciated by the public. But the public can very well appreciate that three distinct organisations, and three distinct staffs for discharging these office functions, must almost certainly involve a waste of power. Historically the three courts, occupied each with a distinct class of business, had every reason to maintain its own individuality, even in its forms of process. Practitioners confined themselves to particular courts, and there was in theory and in fact little in common between the three courts. But when the increasing demands of the public upon the courts necessitated the introduction of concurrent jurisdiction, and when changes in the character of all public transactions called for the abolition of special attributes, whether in local or superior tribunals, the reason for distinctiveness ceased, and from that moment separate action became confusing and obstructive.

The Commissioners advise the fusion of all the offices of the Common Law, and they propose that the united Masters' Office shall absorb all other officials required for carrying on the administration of justice, criminal or civil, in town or on circuit. A like process to the above being applied to the Chancery,

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Lunacy, Probate, and Admiralty Courts' staff, the Commissioners suggest the establishment of a connexion between them and the Common Law Masters' department, with a view to that fusion of all process which has been so long worked for. Within these departments it is proposed to have a single rule of service and condition of entry, and a uniform scale of pay and promotion.

In dealing with the Chancery departments, the Commissioners have striven to effect, as far as possible, a union between the various offices. As it is, the principle of subdividing labour—excellent enough in itself—is carried to such a pitch as, in the opinion of many most qualified to judge, to be prejudicial to efficiency, and to be the cause of delay that ought to be avoided. Thus it may be right and advisable to have a particular set of men engaged solely in the duty of taxing bills of costs; another set exclusively engaged in drawing up orders of the Court; another in examining witnesses; another in issuing process. But such an organisation should certainly be so flexible as to admit of all these operations being done, when occasion arises, by one and the same person. The Common Law offices know of no such distinctions; and though the procedure hitherto in Chancery may have necessitated some differences, the Commissioners have seen their way to suggest that in many cases a fusion of these separate functions might be most advantageous to the public. That Taxing Masters are necessary is manifest from the description of their work given by one of themselves, even though it be undoubtedly true that 'there are many solicitors 'whose bills are made out so reasonably as to give the Master 'very little trouble.' This description is clearly not applicable to the ingenious persons who are said to be employed where solicitor and client have quarrelled. But roguery of this kind apart, the *raison d'être* of taxing masters is established when a bill for 5,000*l.* is reported to have been melted down on taxation to 1,700*l.*; when 3,142*l.* are taxed off a bill for 6,580*l.*, and 880*l.* are taxed off a charge of 2,181*l.*

When the duties discharged by Chief Clerks, who are in fact, though not in theory, vice-judges, come to be considered, most people will agree with the Commissioners that these officers 'are among the hardest-worked men in the State service,' and that 'their remuneration is moderate compared with their 'work.' Before these officers is done all and more that used to be done by Masters in Chancery. They make some 75,000 appointments for business with solicitors every year; they

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draw up annually some 10,000 orders in behalf of the court, and are the occasion of an equal number of a more technical kind which are drawn by the Registrars. In their offices is done nearly the whole legal business connected with the winding-up of companies, the bulk of administrative work connected with wills, with the estates of infants and unprotected women, and a very large share of the necessary office duties of the court.

To the Registrars is committed the duty of drawing up and putting into formal shape the decree which the court has pronounced in any cause. As this order becomes the working law for large numbers of persons, and for vast interests, it is obviously of the highest importance that it should be exactly drawn, and be the very thing the court intended. The Registrars allege, and many solicitors and some judges agree with them, that for the proper discharge of this important function it is absolutely necessary that persons should be trained in the Registrar's office, first qualifying as solicitors, and that by men so trained, and by no others, the orders of the court should be expounded. The Commissioners do not seem to have deemed themselves warranted by the words of their Commission in making any recommendations on this head, beyond stating that they thought more orders might advantageously be drawn in Chambers, and that the salaries of the Registrars were out of proportion with those of similar officers in other courts. But at the same time they thought themselves bound not to withhold the strong expression of opinion made before them, to the effect that shorthand writers attached to each court should take down the judgment when delivered, provision being made for duly drawing up the decree when only intimated and not spoken; and another suggestion, much advocated by solicitors, and indeed resorted to in all cases of difficulty or complication—viz., that the winning solicitor should draw the order in his case, settle it where possible with the solicitor on the other side, and in that and in all cases bring it to the Registrar, as the eye of the court, for the purpose of getting his *imprimatur.*

On the important question of salary the Commissioners seem to have made up their minds that in some cases, e.g. those of the Chief Clerks in Chancery and of the Registrars in Bankruptcy, the amounts were too low, while in others, e.g. those of Taxing Masters in Chancery and Registrars in Lunacy, they were unnecessarily high. These are purely executive questions, to be answered by the responsible government of the

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day, and depending for their solution to a large extent upon the relation of supply and demand. There are other matters of no small importance—the recommendation to extend the use of printing as a cheap and manifestly superior substitute for hand-copying; the recommendation, strongly backed by the solicitors, that six hours' work a day, except in holiday time, should be required of all employés in the legal departments; and the recommendation to abolish all vested rights of succession to offices. Upon all these matters the Commissioners are unanimous, and have all signed the report. They differed, however, at that point in their Commission where they were invited to consider who ought to be responsible for the organisation of the legal departments. The ventilation of this question raised the ghost of a Minister of Justice, wraith abhorred of judges and feared by the departments.

The Commissioners resolved that so great a field of inquiry, involving questions of state organisation, the powers of the Chancellor, and the possible reconstruction of two large departments other than the legal departments—was beyond them, and beyond the intention of the Government. As far as it goes, the work of this Commission appears to us to have been judiciously performed, but it is impossible to read the reports of the Commissioners, and the appendices to those reports, without feeling that there is but comparative cause for gratulation in the existing order of things, and that a case has been made out, after lengthened inquiry, for further alterations and improvements in our judicial administrative machinery.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from* 1868 *to* 1871. By Dr. GEORGE SCHWEINFURTH. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER, with an Introduction by WINWOOD READE. In 2 vols. London: 1873.

2. *Ismailia. A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade.* By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER, Pacha, &c. In 2 vols. 1874.

IN order to have a clear conception of the vast regions of which the works of Dr. Schweinfurth and Sir Samuel Baker treat, it is necessary that the reader should master the physical features of the country which forms what is commonly called the Basin of the Nile. Below Khartoum, situated at about 16° North lat., the stream of the Nile is a very simple

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matter. But at Khartoum itself the perplexities of its course at once begin, and the questions arise at that very spot which is the true main channel of that mighty river, and which are merely its affluents? The town to which we refer lies, as is well known, at the junction of the Blue Nile, the Nile of Bruce and Abyssinia flowing from the east, and the White Nile, which joins its sister stream from the west. For a long period the Blue Nile was considered by geographers the true Nile, but as the horizon of knowledge was extended the White Nile was raised to that dignity, and after receiving another affluent from the eastward in the Sobat, was supposed, and is still supposed by most geographers, to be the main stream, flowing from the south-east by the name of the Bahr-el-Gebel, and traced by the recent discoveries of Baker and Speke and others as issuing from the Albert Nyanza Lake, into which, again, a stream flows from the Victoria Nyanza, called by Speke the White Nile. So much will be sufficient as to the course of the eastern stream of the Nile, the White Nile, and its affluents, and these are the rivers which traverse those south-eastern regions of the Nile Basin through which Baker travelled and campaigned. But besides the eastern or White Nile, there are a number of western affluents, which unite in the Gazelle river, which joins the White Nile just at the point where that stream is greatly impeded by great barriers and masses of weeds, which so choke the channel as to render it for some portion of the year almost impassable. This blocking of the White Nile, together with the force and volume of those western affluents which unite in the Gazelle, have lately revived discussion as to the main stream of the Nile; and some, among whom, though he does not positively say so, we think we can reckon Dr. Schweinfurth, have recently thought that the Djoor, which flows into the Gazelle at a spot called the Meshera or the Landing Place in the Dinka territory, may, after all, be the main stream and the true Nile. On this vexed question we do not presume to offer an opinion: all that we wish to impress upon the reader is the fact that besides the White Nile and its eastern affluents, there are numerous streams flowing from the west, as the Bahr-el-Arab, the Tondy, the Rohl, and though last, not least, the Djoor, which, uniting in the short channel known as the Gazelle, find their way into the grass-grown stream of the White Nile, which, if its course becomes a little more blocked and choked by that luxuriant water vegetation, is threatened with extinction as a river, and with transformation into a series of lakes. As Baker's line of

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march lay along the eastern stream of the Nile, so Schweinfurth's discoveries were towards the west, and through the regions watered by the western affluents of the river which we have named above. It adds immensely to the importance and interest of those discoveries that in the course of his travels he passed out of the Nile Basin, and crossing its watershed, arrived the first of travellers from the North in a region where the streams flowed south to the shores of the Atlantic.

Having thus briefly explained the geographical features, so far as the Nile is concerned, of the countries visited by each of our authors, we proceed to say that the two works which stand at the head of this article were the result of expeditions which traversed neighbouring regions of Central Africa with very different aims and objects. The first was a purely scientific journey made by a distinguished German naturalist, who, with great knowledge of his subject, but with comparatively slender resources, availed himself of the assistance of traders to forward and further him on his way. The other was a military expedition numbering at first many hundreds of men, and conveyed in a fleet of steamers and sailing-boats to Gondokoro on the White Nile, which was to be the head-quarters of this little army. If we ask what was the object this force had in view, the command of which was formally granted by an express firman of the Khedive to a distinguished traveller and elephant-hunter, with absolute power and the title of a pacha, that commander himself assures us that it was undertaken for the extirpation of that nefarious traffic in slaves, which he had discovered in his travels through the same regions to be the great bar to the civilisation of Central Africa. This object is put forth on his title-page, professed in the first chapter of the book, and paraded, if we may use the expression, on page after page throughout these volumes. It was against the slave trade, and the slave trade alone, that Baker's expedition up the White Nile was planned after due deliberation by the Khedive, and its command accepted by the traveller whose former travels in Africa in company with his heroic wife had proved him best fitted to lead a band of trained soldiers on a daring enterprise. We may say at once, while treating of the origin of the expedition, and of Baker's avowed singleness of purpose, that in all probability the motives of the Egyptian Government in this matter were mixed; and that the acquisition of territory and the taming of barbarous neighbours were probably far greater recommendations in their eyes than any such philanthropic object as the

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suppression of that traffic in human flesh which, as we shall see afterwards, is, horrible as it may seem to the enlightened ears of Englishmen, a normal and even necessary condition of life in Upper Egypt and the Soudan. While writing this we do not mean to say that at Cairo there are not to be heard voices round the Khedive's divan loudly decrying that iniquitous traffic as unworthy to exist on Egyptian soil; but, strange to say, those who use this language, returning to their houses and harems, find themselves surrounded by slaves, with whom, in spite and in the teeth of their protestations, even Lower Egypt is full. It is not wonderful therefore that, as the diahbeeah of the tourist and the traveller ascends the Nile, those outcries against the slave trade gradually die away, until on arriving at Khartoum, the stranger is surprised to find that he is in the midst of a population whose daily bread is the traffic so stigmatised at Cairo; nay, more, that the very men so indignant against it when in presence of the Khedive are not slow to receive backsheesh from the traders in that emporium who were at first the originators and are still the propagators of this accursed commerce.

After these preliminary observations, we propose to consider these two works in the order of time, and to see what both the naturalist and the pacha accomplished in their respective expeditions. Starting with very different views and traversing very divergent paths, it will be seen that they both meet at last in one common and outspoken declaration, that the slave-trade is the curse of Central Africa, and that before it and the ivory trade with which it is inseparably connected, all other branches of trade dwindle and decay; so that regions blessed by Providence with abundant populations and most exuberant fertility produce, under the present system of trade at Khartoum, little else but slaves, and the ivory which without slaves it is impossible to procure. To begin then with Dr. Schweinfurth. To use his own words, he was 'already no novice on African soil' when he prepared in the summer of 1868 for the great journey described in these two bulky and beautifully illustrated volumes. Born at Riga in 1836, the son of a merchant, he studied at Heidelberg and Berlin, and from his boyhood devoted himself to botany. In 1860, when the collections of the young Baron von Barnim, who had fallen a victim to the climate while travelling on the Upper Nile, were brought home, they were placed in the young Schweinfurth's hands, and their examination roused in his mind what he well calls 'the blameless 'avarice of a plant-hunter,' and the hope that he too might one day make discoveries in his favourite science. To such

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a man where there is a will there is always a way, and in 1863 we find him in Egypt and penetrating as far as Khartoum after skirting the Highlands of Abyssinia. Thence he returned, with an empty purse indeed, but a splendid collection of plants, in 1866. He could not, however, rest at home. He soon submitted a plan to the Royal Academy of Science at Berlin for the botanical exploration of the equatorial regions lying west of the Nile. His proposals were accepted, and in 1868, with a grant from the Humboldt Institution, he landed in Egypt to pursue his researches. 'During 'three years,' says Mr. Winwood Reade in his Introduction, 'he was absent in the *heart of Africa*,' and even before he had returned, his name was famous in Europe and America. Travelling not in the footsteps of Baker, but in a more westerly direction, he reached the neighbourhood of Baker's lake, passing through the country of the Niam Niam, and visiting the unknown kingdom of Monbuttoo. As an explorer he stands in the highest rank, and deserves to be classed with Mungo Park, Denham, and Clapperton, Livingstone, Burton, Speke and Grant, Barth and Rohlfs. Two qualifications he possessed which no other African traveller can claim to have combined. He was a scientific botanist and an excellent draughtsman, while in these most necessary acquirements for a traveller others have been mere amateurs. If we are to sum up briefly the scientific results of his discoveries, we may say that by him the limits of the Nile Basin have been finally settled, the existence of a pigmy race in these regions, so much in dispute since the days of Herodotus, has been proved, while in the skin girdles of the Niam Niam and the Monbuttoo we see how the fable of a tail-bearing race in Central Africa has arisen. That he found not one but several tribes incorrigible cannibals was to be expected; but his evidence on this fact outweighs, by its authority and gravity, the confused accounts of Du Chaillu. These, together with a great mass of geographical and ethnological discoveries, are what the scientific world owes to the endurance and learning of this most accomplished naturalist.

If it be asked how it was that Schweinfurth accomplished so much, while others in these regions have had such small success, the answer is ready. He did at Khartoum as they do at Khartoum. It is true that while at Alexandria and Cairo he armed himself with special orders from the Prime Minister of the Viceroy, by which the Governor of Khartoum was to superintend any contracts he might make with the merchants, and to take care that any obligations undertaken by any member of that body should be fulfilled; but his former experience of

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that place and its atmosphere had convinced Schweinfurth that if he was to penetrate into those regions west of the Nile, it must be by attaching himself to some one of those traders when proceeding on an ivory expedition, who would then pass him on from tribe to tribe with which he had relations, and even accompany him himself on his adventurous journey. Government help might forward him just to the verge of the countries which he wished to explore, but beyond that point all travellers would be dependent on the merchants whose greed of gain led them as pioneers into those regions over which the regular government of Egypt had no control. The neglect of this alliance with the trading interest of Khartoum had caused the failure of many expeditions fitted out at a great sacrifice of life and money. We pass over the journey from Cairo to Khartoum, which was made like Baker by going by sea from Suez to Suakin on the Red Sea, and thence, cutting across the country to Berber on the Upper Nile. Suffice it to say that Schweinfurth reached Khartoum by boat on Nov. 1, 1868, and strong in his special recommendations of the Egyptian Government, and backed by the support of Herr Duisberg, the Vice-Consul of the North German Confederation, and, though last not least, by the powerful Djaffer Pacha, Governor-General of the Soudan, proceeded to make his arrangements with the traders. In this indeed he had little choice. The Governor-General settled it all, and fixed on Ghattas, an ivory trader and Coptic Christian, as the traveller's guide into the regions of Western Africa. Truth to say, Ghattas would rather have declined the doubtful honour. If anything happened to the naturalist thus confided to his hands, he would have to answer for it, and as he was the richest of the ivory traders, the Government would 'have the most legitimate reasons for proceeding to the confis-'cation of his estates.' Well, therefore, in this part of his story does Schweinfurth call Ghattas 'unlucky.'

Our readers must bear with us if we tell them a little more about these ivory traders, of whom Ghattas, the only Christian, by the way, among them, was the chief. The trade, according to Schweinfurth, is in the hands of some six great, assisted by about twelve minor, merchants, and for some years the total value of the ivory exported from Khartoum has not exceeded 500,000 Maria Theresa dollars, and even that amount would decrease were it not that the traders year by year penetrate farther and farther into Central Africa. In this pursuit the traders, under the protection of an armed guard procured from Khartoum, have divided the vast regions in and about the Nile Basin among themselves by mutual understanding, and have

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established camps or depôts, called *Seribas* by Schweinfurth, and *Zareebas* by Baker; in the territory thus apportioned, in which each trader deposits his ivory, ammunition, goods for barter, and supplies of food. These camps are in fact pallisaded villages in which the superintendents and subordinates of the traders permanently reside. Between these settlements and Khartoum the communication is kept open by annual expeditions, those up the Nile carrying goods for barter and stores, and those down stream bringing back that ivory which costs such immense trouble to procure, besides many a cargo of slaves. At this point we may make one remark on a question to which we shall return. If the ivory thus brought back, with infinite toil and expenditure both of labour and life, produces so little when it is at last delivered at Khartoum, why in the world do these traders continue to traffic in it? For 500,000 dollars can be a sum by no means equivalent to their trouble and outlay. In a word, the ivory trade must be attended with other advantages, or it would no longer be worth the while of the traders to carry it on. But to return to our traveller. He was consigned, as we have seen, to Ghattas, and in the boats of that trader he was to begin his journey up the White Nile, and thence along the Gazelle river to the Meshera, where his river journey was to cease. Though the unlucky Ghattas had engaged for a substantial consideration to supply the traveller with the means of subsistence and to furnish him with bearers and a guard, as well as a boat for the river journey, Schweinfurth resolved to take with him six Nubians as his personal servants, who had already travelled with Petherick and other Europeans on the Upper Nile.

At length, all contracts and preparations over, the journey began on Jan. 5, 1869. On that day Schweinfurth started with thirty-two souls in his boat, eight of whom were boatmen, fifteen so-called soldiers as a guard, and two women slaves, whose hard lot it was to grind corn incessantly, a fact which we only mention to show how soon this institution of slavery, as the Americans used to call it, makes its appearance in African travel. The voyage up the White Nile has been frequently described; we pass rapidly therefore over this part of the expedition, and only pause at Fashoda in the Shillook country, where the Egyptian Government had a governor or *mudir*, and a fort which, in 1869, was the *Ultima Thule* of Egyptian rule. Since then, in 1871, the whole Shillook country has been annexed to Egypt, which at the present moment is extending its rule by the conquest of Darfour under Gordon, the successor of Sir Samuel Baker. According to Schweinfurth, the Shillook

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country is one of the most densely peopled of the Nile regions, the inhabitants numbering more than a million souls, while in the boundless acacia forests the finest gum is produced in such quantities that a man might with the greatest ease collect a hundredweight in a day. Not once, however, did our botanist see anyone engaged in that pursuit. As the Roman people clamoured alone for *Panem et Circenses*, so slaves and ivory are the sole articles demanded by Khartoum trade, and for them the most valuable gums and grain and oil and drugs are entirely neglected. Above Fashoda one great difficulty of the White Nile began. They had passed the mouth of the Giraffe river, one of the affluents or channels of the White Nile to the east, when on February 6th Dr. Schweinfurth saw his first papyrus, an event which to him, botanist as he was, 'elevated the day 'into a festival.' On the same day he met for the first time a man to whom he was indebted more than anyone else for his African discoveries; this was a Nubian, Mohammed Aboo Sammat by name, an ivory trader bound up the Gazelle, who now joined Ghattas' expedition with a single boat. But though the first papyrus was a botanical festival to Schweinfurth it was the beginning of trouble to the sailors and traders, and to them was anything but a festival, marking as it did the commencement of those obstructions to Nile navigation which both before and after Schweinfurth's journey have been so terrible to travellers. From whatever reason all the streams and channels of the Nile regions have been of late years periodically blocked by great rafts of river weeds, which so overgrow the stream that it dwindles away to the depth of a foot or two. Between these enormous rafts, which every year shift their position, there are lakes or oases of water, in which it is dammed up, until even on the main stream of the White Nile, as in Baker's expedition in 1870–71, no practicable channel was to be found, and he had to return foiled for a while, till at the end of the year he broke through these gigantic grass barriers, called by Schweinfurth the *Sett*, by almost superhuman exertions in which the combined efforts of his army were strained to the uttermost. Our naturalist's expedition was not foiled, and it did not find the *Sett* so terrible, but it was bad enough. 'On 'February 8th,' he writes, 'began our actual conflict with this 'world of weeds. . . . . The pilots were soon absolutely at a 'loss to determine by which channel they ought to proceed, 'and two hundred of our people, sailors and soldiers, were 'obliged to tug with ropes for hours together to pull through 'one boat after another.' In this laborious fashion they toiled on for several days, and it was only by one of the side chan-

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nels called by the sailors *Maia Signora*, because it was said to have been discovered in 1863 by the unfortunate Miss Tinné, that the expedition at last reached the mouth of the Gazelle river, which runs into the White Nile from the west. For this river and its affluents Schweinfurth takes up the cudgels against Speke, who in 1863 called it an 'unimportant 'branch;' nor is he quite satisfied with Baker, who 'has 'spoken of its magnitude with great depreciation.' For ourselves on this occasion we are Gallios, and care little whether the Blue Nile of Bruce, or the White Nile, or the Gazelle, or the Djoor are the main stream; and we think Ismael Pacha was quite right when he said that 'every fresh African traveller 'had his own private sources of the Nile.' Dr. Schweinfurth, even while asserting the magnitude of the Gazelle, is not at all ashamed to confess that he has not found the sources of the Nile, and on ground where doctors differ we are afraid to tread.

More to our present purpose is the fact that after reaching the mouth of the Gazelle the difficulties of the grass barrier gradually ceased. The boats proceeded prosperously along the Gazelle till they reached the Meshera or 'Landing Place' *par excellence*, a settlement on an island amidst swamps and marshes about sixteen miles above the confluence of the Djoor river, another of those perplexing affluents, with the Gazelle. On this pestilential island, which had already proved fatal to many European explorers, Schweinfurth was doomed to spend the rest of February and the greater part of March waiting for the native bearers who were to carry him and his effects to the chief seriba of Ghattas. It could not have added to his spirits to reflect that here amid these swamps had perished in 1863 no less than five out of nine European members of Miss Tinné's expedition, among whom was the German botanist Dr. Steudner; here too, just before Schweinfurth's arrival, had perished Le Saint, a naval officer sent out by the French Geographical Society; and here Heuglin had lost the greater part of his valuable time by continual relapses of fever. But there was a cheeriness of nature and an activity and energy of disposition in Schweinfurth which sustained his spirits. Instead of fretting at the delay he was indefatigable in investigating the ethnology and natural features of the country round the Meshera, which is inhabited by a branch of the great Dinka race, whose extreme outposts extend eastward towards the Egyptian borders of Upper Sennaar and whose tribes are counted by the hundred. While our traveller was there in 1869, the Dinkas round the Meshera acknowledged the supremacy of a woman called Shol, a sort of female

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Job, rich after the old patriarchal fashion in cattle. Her fate in a year or two was sad, as the reader will hear; but at p. 133 of his first volume Dr. Schweinfurth has depicted her in all her magnificence and ugliness. 'My pen,' he says, 'fails to 'depict her repulsiveness. Her naked negro skin was leathery, 'coarse, and wrinkled; her figure was tottering and knock-kneed; 'she was utterly toothless; her thin hair hung in greasy locks; on 'her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links 'of iron, brass, and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in 'his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips 'of leather, strings of wooden balls, and Heaven knows what 'lumber more. Such was old Shol.' On all which we only ask what old Shol would have said had she seen some of our fine ladies, ancient women of fashion, in low dresses, their heads dressed up with ostrich feathers, and chains and beads and various trinkets around their wrinkled necks. Perhaps she would have said, 'they are not so fine as I am, and they are 'just as ugly.' So meet the extremes of fashion in every land. But besides his love of work our naturalist carried with him another receipt against African fever. In his former expeditions he had suffered so much from fever as to believe himself for that very reason fever-proof. At the very opening of his first volume he says:—

'The chief drawback to my journey was the state of my health. I suffered from a disorganised condition of the spleen, which gave me some uneasiness and misgiving; yet after all it appeared to be just the key that had unlocked the secret of the unexampled good fortune of my journey. The numerous attacks of fever had probably reduced it to such a state of inactivity that it ceased to be affected by any miasma; or perhaps it had assumed the functions of a condensator so as to render the miasma innocuous. Anyhow, it seemed to perform services which I could not do otherwise than gratefully accept as a timely gift of Providence. As a farewell on my landing at Alexandria, I experienced one slight twinge from my malady, and then it was quiet; it did not reappear, even in the noxious swamps of the Upper Nile, which had been disastrous to so many of my predecessors. No recurrence of my disorder interrupted my activity or clouded my enjoyment; but, fever free, I remained an exception among a hundred travellers.'

What can be said of a traveller, who with boundless energy and cheerfulness derives strength and comfort from what others would have considered the best ground for apprehension and dismay, but this, that with such a spirit he was pre-eminently fitted to brave exposure to a deadly climate, and to succeed in exploring a field which so many others before him had reached only to die when beholding it from afar.

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And now, on March 25, 1869, behold our traveller starting from the Meshera with a caravan numbering 500 persons, of whom the armed men amounted to 200. These were not all Ghattas' people, for the train was swollen by those of other traders who, on a six days' march through a notoriously hostile population, were anxious to combine for mutual support. Though the ivory traders fight like game-cocks among themselves, and especially when one intrudes on the territory or beat of the other, they are always ready to act in concert against hostile tribes. In such a caravan the men of each trader are distinguished by a peculiar banner; Ghattas', as the only Christian, bearing a white flag on which were worked a Crescent and St. Andrew Cross. With the exception of a few who went on the backs of asses, one of which Schweinfurth wisely declined, the whole company went on foot, the baggage being borne on the heads of bearers, whether slaves or hired. Entirely on foot, our traveller began wanderings which lasted for more than two years, and extended over 2,000 miles; and, while relating this, he makes the melancholy reflection that the elephant, the only animal by the aid of which Central Africa could be opened to civilisation, is made to contribute towards her degradation, for he is literally exterminated by fire and sword, while his tusks, exchanged for slaves, only serve to make paper knives, and knife handles, and billiard balls for Western Europe.* At first the sharp trot of the African bearers was very trying to our traveller, but he soon got used to it, and was able to keep up easily with the caravan, which proceeded at the rate of thirty miles a day till the 180 miles between the Meshera and Ghattas' chief seriba or depôt was reached without any attack from the Dinkas. At this spot, which lies between 7° and 8° of north latitude, about midway between the great rivers Djoor and Tondy, two of those Western Nile affluents which we have mentioned, Dr. Schweinfurth remained for some months. It was what may be called the mother settlement of nine smaller depôts, and situated on the borders of three great tribes, the Dinka, the Dyoor, and the Bongos, it was admirably suited for the traffic both in slaves and ivory, and an excellent centre for Schweinfurth's scientific researches. The resident armed force, consisting almost entirely of natives of Dongola,

* It is stated by the editor of Livingstone's last journals that, taking the average weight of a pair of tusks at 28 lbs., the consumption of ivory imported into Great Britain alone would require the destruction of 44,000 elephants per annum.

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was not much below 250 men, and under their protection a number of Nubian and other slave dealers had taken up their abode; it was a spot exactly suited for them too, for here it was that they completed their purchases of slaves in order to carry them on to Darfoor and Kordofan. Whatever might be said at Cairo, or even be denied by the authorities at Khartoum, here in Ghattas' chief seriba, it was useless to shut one's eyes to the fact that slaves were, even before ivory, the great staple of the district. At least half of the 1,000 souls which the caravan found within the strong palisades of the seriba were slaves, either reserved for future traffic or divided among the soldiers as part of their pay; added to which all the hard household and domestic work was done by male and female slaves. Before we quit this part of our subject we may say that Ghattas' rule in the Northern Bongo country extends over 200 square miles, of which about forty-five in the immediate neighbourhood of the camps are under cultivation, the population of the whole being about 12,000 men. This domain, which, as Schweinfurth remarks, would be worth millions of pounds in Europe, might be purchased at any time from its owner for about 20,000 dollars, which he mentions as a proof of how little actual profit is made by expeditions fitted out at so much cost. Landed in a district so promising for his pursuits, Schweinfurth did not fret himself at the condition of the inhabitants. Here in Europe, and throughout his book, he, of course, is quite against the slave trade, and ready to point out its baneful influence; but there in the Western Nile region, he came as a botanist, and instead of protesting against a necessary condition of existence, calmly followed up his favourite study. In fact, just where he then was, a man who declared that he would have nothing to do with slaves or slave dealers would be considered as silly as a man who insisted in London on breathing air without carbon in it. In unfailing good health, our traveller occupied himself with excursions and in arranging the collections thus made. Thus, during several months, he traversed the districts between the Djoor and Tondy, and has much to tell us of the loveliness of the country as he saw it first after the early rains. In the course of these excursions he became well acquainted with the Dinkas, the Dyoors, and the Bongos, all races which, compared with the cannibal tribes beyond them, may be considered half civilised; all are subtle workers in iron, having fixed abodes and great herds; all however are destined, in our author's opinion, to extermination before the slave trade, which seeks in them its chief victims, as well as before the dangerous protection of Egypt.

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At the beginning of September 1869, the naturalist was enabled to despatch to the Meshera the treasures which he had collected, and which now adorn the Museum at Berlin. Thus forty packages were sewn up in hides and smeared with a kind of caoutchouc which covered them with a varnish impenetrable either to rats or insects; so that having been twelve months on the way they reached Europe in perfect safety. Having exhausted that botanical region, Schweinfurth pined for further discoveries, and having sucked Ghattas' country dry, prepared to advance farther into the interior towards the south. In this plan he found an unexpected and a most welcome ally in that chivalrous Nubian Mohammed Aboo Sammat, whose boat had joined them on the White Nile, who had since kept up his intimacy with the traveller while he was under the guardianship of Ghattas, sending him not only skins and plants, but flocks of sheep, and whose generosity now reached its climax in a most magnificent offer to convey the traveller, free of all charge, into the inmost recesses of Central Africa. A native of Dar Kenoos, in his way he was a little hero. Sword in hand he had vanquished various districts large enough to have formed small states in Europe. A merchant full of enterprise, he avoided no danger and was sparing neither of trouble nor of sacrifice. 'Yet all the while,' adds Schweinfurth, 'he had the keenest sympathy with learning, and 'would travel through the remotest countries at the bidding 'of science to see the wonders of the world.' In the matter of slaves, however, we have no doubt that he was as an arrant a dealer as even Aboo Saood, the pet aversion of Sir Samuel Baker. Such was the man who now offered his protection to Schweinfurth, and in spite of the remonstrances of Idrees, Ghattas' chief agent at the seriba, who declared that the traveller would be starved to death in those wildernesses, and that then the firm would be held responsible for his death, Schweinfurth had little hesitation in throwing in his lot with the Nubian who was to guide him into unknown regions of botanical research, especially when he considered that if he continued his travels with Ghattas it would cost him some thousand dollars, while with Aboo Sammat he would travel free. Having made up his mind, Schweinfurth joined the caravan of his new friend at Kulongo, near the Tondy, with his six Nubians, three slaves, and an interpreter, his baggage being cut down to thirty-six packages. Then on November 17, 1869, the whole caravan, 250 in number, crossed the Tondy, then in full flood, by swimming and wading, the baggage being carried over on a great raft of straw, the stream

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being about 200 feet wide. They were now bound south-east for Sabby, the chief seriba of Aboo Sammat, which they reached on the 23rd of November, at the latitude of 6° 20′ North. There Schweinfurth was received with Oriental hospitality and respect, so that the natives, when they saw Aboo Sammat providing the stranger with a palanquin for every brook, and even with cows that he might 'have new milk,' said, 'This white man is a lord over all the Turks,' a superiority which, continued into the Niam Niam and Monbuttoo tribes, contributed not a little to the success of his journey. While the Nubian, who, besides his quarrels with the natives, had an old feud with one Shereefee, a rival ivory trader, was looking after his interests in that district, Schweinfurth explored the country and enriched his collections. Now he became acquainted with the Mittoo country, and its fauna and flora, and after meeting Aboo Sammat at an outlying seriba, on January 7, 1870, he prepared for his journey into the country of the hostile and cannibal Niam Niam. Before starting, however, the adventurous Nubian held a review of his force to strike awe into the natives whom he had laid under contribution; and it must be admitted that his method of proceeding and style of speaking were most effective. His people, numbering 500, were divided into groups according to their tribes, and with each of these, now arrayed as a savage with lance and shield, now with bow and arrow, the indefatigable Nubian danced from morning till night; now taking the character and dress of a Bongo, now as a Mittoo, now as a Niam Niam, and now as a Monbuttoo. This scene, which shows that dancing is as common to the tribes of Central Africa as it is in Dahomey and Ashantee, was followed by a gathering of chiefs to whom Aboo Sammat delivered a terrible oration. He did not want their women and children, nor their corn, but he must insist on the regular transport of provisions to his expedition and on a proper system of bearers. 'If one of the bearers runs away or throws down his load, I will 'tear out his eyes; and if a package is stolen,' turning to the chief, 'I will have your head.' Here he brandished a huge scimitar, like Blue Beard, over the head of his intended victim. Proceeding, he warned two other chiefs that a rival trader's people had lately come into that district, and carried off two elephants, but that this could not be allowed, or if it happened again they should pay for it in their lives. 'If any 'ivory is taken by any one of you to a strange seriba, I 'will have him burnt alive.' If they ran away into caves he would smoke them with cayenne pepper—*à la Pélissier*—till

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they crawled out and begged for mercy. This and much more of the same sort convinced Schweinfurth, as it must convince everyone, that ivory dealing in Central Africa has its rough as well as its smooth side, and that this chivalrous Nubian, so gentle and so scientific, was, when his blood was up, as great a cutthroat as any pirate that ever sailed under the black flag.

On January 14th, the whole caravan returned to Sabby, and in a fortnight more, which Schweinfurth spent in making up his diary and providing for the transmission of his fresh treasures to Europe, the bulk of the caravan started for the Niam Niam. As this journey would have been impossible except by the aid of the Nubian, Schweinfurth is quite right to say that all the museums of Europe which have been enriched by his collections owe an endless debt of gratitude to Aboo Sammat. This was one of the occasions on which it was prudent for the ivory dealers to combine, and so the caravan was swollen by a number of Ghattas' people, besides which it was followed by a whole troop of women and female slaves, with a crowd of negro lads who followed the soldiers to carry their equipments. It is no easy matter to marshal more than 800 people in single file, and thus it was late on the first day when they reached the arid steppes of a wilderness which they were to cross. With little incident they proceeded south for some days bound for the territory of one Nganye, a Niam Niam chief, who, though the tribe was generally hostile, was a friend of the Nubian. At his settlement they arrived after crossing the Ibba, or Upper Tondy, then about 100 feet broad; and Schweinfurth's eyes were gladdened with the first sight of the cannibal Niam Niam; 'with their black poodle crops of 'black hair and the eccentric tufts and pigtails on their heads, 'they afforded a spectacle,' he says, 'which to me was infi-'nitely novel and amusing. Amongst the hundreds of Bongos 'and Mittoos with whom the Dinkas were associated as drovers, 'these creatures stood out like beings of another world.' Botanically, the chief feature of that region was the 'popukky' grass, a species of *punicum*, the tallest and strongest our traveller had ever seen—fifteen feet high and with a haulm as thick as a man's finger, it affords the Niam Niam an excellent material for their huts, and is the haunt of those herds of elephants, who when the grass is set on fire perish by thousands—their brown and blackened tusks attesting the cruel war of extermination which is waged against this noble beast, and which threatens to extinguish the race as completely as that of the Dodo or the Great Awk.

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After an interview with Nganye, who, with all his people, was most curious to see the white man, the caravan proceeded across his territory to an outlying seriba of the Nubians, called Nabambasso, in lat. 4° 50″ N., about eighty-seven miles due south of Sabby. To reach it they crossed a river called the Sway, which, according to Schweinfurth, is the upper course of the Djoor. At this seriba he remained from the 10th to the 26th of February, 1870. After again enriching his collections, the caravan started, and this time on hostile ground, for was not Wando, a great Niam Niam chief, at feud with Aboo Sammat? Schweinfurth had now been long enough among the Niam Niam to form some opinion of their character and customs. Though confirmed cannibals, and that from pure choice and no lack of other food, he is bound to admit that, with this drawback, they are rather a pleasant race than otherwise. The men brave and honest, and devoted to their domestic duties; behaviour which is repaid by their women by a modesty and constancy which places the tribe far above the usual standard of the Monbuttoo and other neighbouring tribes. To judge from the representations of the race which we find in these volumes, we should say that the Niam Niam are far handsomer in features and much more gentle in expression than any of the races which we find there delineated. Their aprons and girdles of skins, with the tails hanging down behind, have probably led to the fable of an African tail-bearing race. Of all the Central African tribes, except perhaps the Monbuttoo, the Niam Niam have the most fantastic fashions of dressing their hair, so much so that we recommend some of the head-dresses and hair-dressing in these volumes to such of our *coiffeurs* who have the ambition of introducing a new style for our fine ladies.

But however interesting these Niam Niam may be, we must hasten on with Schweinfurth till we land him close to the settlement of the ferocious Wando, once Aboo Sammat's friend and father-in-law, but now his bitterest enemy, who had sworn, according to the testimony of one of his brothers, that if Mbahly or 'the Little One,' which was the Nubian's nickname in Central Africa, fell into his hands this time he should not escape, but be annihilated with all his crew, even down to the white man whom he was bringing with him. As this was not a pleasant position of affairs, our readers will be relieved to learn that not only was Wando's wrath assuaged for the time by the address and courage of the Nubian, but that this ferocious potentate actually condescended to pay the traveller a visit in his tent. There, with a composure and self-possession which no European prince could have surpassed,

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the corpulent savage threw himself into the traveller's only cane chair, making it creak with his bulk. In it, with the merest apology of a piece of skin to cover him, he sat in all but absolute nakedness, 'revealing the exuberance of fat which 'clothed his every limb.' And here let us not omit to record one great point in Wando's favour. Among a race of cannibals, he was the avowed enemy of the practice. What induced him to abandon human food is not known; perhaps he had had a surfeit, perhaps he was *banting* in his African fashion. Whatever were the reasons, there was the fact.

'I was informed,' says Schweinfurth, 'in several quarters, that people from the neighbouring districts had come to him when they found themselves growing too fat, and had declared that they did not consider their lives safe on account of the man-eaters by whom they were surrounded. But this sentiment of the chieftain did not appear to exercise much influence on the majority of his subjects, as we only too soon became aware as we advanced farther to the South.'

Which mention of fat again reminds us that farther on in his book Dr. Schweinfurth, gravely discussing the question whether a white man—strong in that charmed life which most African tribes suppose him to possess—could pass alone safely to the West Coast—decides it in the affirmative, 'if the 'traveller were not too fat;' for fatness, whether in black or white, makes all cannibal tribes lick their lips and rub their abdomens, like that well-known New Caledonian chief who being asked if he had seen a corpulent Australian colonist, named Boyd, who had been wrecked on his coast, said nothing but 'Massa Boyd, him berry fat man,' significantly patting at the same time that cavity of his person into which the unhappy colonist had descended.

This visit of the corpulent and bellicose Wando gave Schweinfurth an opportunity of protesting against the want of hospitality with which he had been received. His dogs he declared had been better treated by the Nubians than he himself by Wando, though Wando called himself a king. When Wando remonstrated, Schweinfurth to give him a lesson dashed his fist against a camp table till all the plates and cups rattled, and at the same moment the traveller's servants took the unhappy Wando to task, and threatened him with speedy and certain vengeance if he suffered a Frank to come to the least harm. They charged him not to forget that it was a Frank he was dealing with, 'who could make the earth yawn and give out 'flames that would consume his land.' No wonder that after this warning the Niam Niam King hastened home and sent the traveller some unsavoury fleshpots containing a ragout

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made out of the 'entrails of an elephant 200 years old.' The relations between Wando and the Nubian were still too critical to admit of any longer stay in his territory than was absolutely necessary; the fire so lately quenched might break out at any moment and was merely smouldering; they hastened on therefore, thereby, as it proved, avoiding a collision, bent on proceeding still farther south into Monbuttoo land, where the Nubian had a firm friend and ally in the king of the country.

It was in the Niam Niam country that Schweinfurth at first suspected, and then became gradually sure, that he had passed the watershed of the Nile Basin, and had entered into a region in which the rivers ran south to the Atlantic. All the way from the Gazelle the country had presented a monotony of geological conformation, in which the surface of the soil was composed of a red ochreous earth, rich in bog or swamp iron ore, which had been moulded into valleys and hills by the action of the streams which traversed it east and west, at last to unite in the Nile. But here in the heart of the Niam Niam country he passed a rough and rugged upland forest region, on one side of which the waters ran north towards the Nile Basin, while on the other they ran south, and away from it. At the same time the flora and fauna of the new region underwent a change. The chimpanzee, unknown in the Nile Basin, roamed in the woods, which opened out into large galleries of Pandanus and other trees, equally wanting on the other side of the watershed. It was on March 1, 1870, so far as we can gather, that at an elevation marked by his trusty aneroid as 3,000 feet, Schweinfurth on the banks of a stream called the Lindukoo crossed, the first of Europeans coming from the north, the watershed of the Nile. The word 'galleries,' advisedly used by Schweinfurth after the term applied to these openings in the woods by the Italian Piaggia, who first of all set foot on Niam Niam soil, is singularly appropriate to these primeval forests. There on slopes of earth saturated with water like an overfull sponge, a wealth of vegetation springs up, which, on either side of old furrows formed by the water-courses, rises in tall trees more than 100 feet high. Their gigantic trunks are covered with brilliant creepers, which form the walls of these galleries which run along and across the terraces of the hills at different levels, as though cut by the hand of a landscape gardener. The reader must imagine for himself how a botanist like our traveller revelled in such a scene, and how day after day he discovered fresh plants, or found others hitherto supposed to be confined to America flourishing in Central Africa.

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At every halt it was his practice to quit the camp and wander through the forest, bringing back with him quantities of plants; but as the savage Niam Niam, who was his interpreter, informed the natives, it was not science but hunger which drove this mysterious white man into the woods, where, dismissing his attendants, he used to gather and devour enormous heaps of leaves. At this the wise men of the tribe would shake their heads and remark that it must be true, for while they were starving for hunger, 'Mbarikpa,' or the 'Leaf-eater' as they nicknamed him, invariably came out of the forest with an exhilarated expression and a satiated look. Much in the same way David Douglas, who gave his name to the magnificent Douglas Pine, and who was gored to death in California by a wild bull, or lost in a wolf-trap, was known among the North American Indians as 'The Grass-man.' On another occasion when the Monbuttoo saw Schweinfurth's anxiety to collect skulls for his anatomical museum they were sure that he was a sorcerer who extracted a subtle poison from those bones; while everywhere throughout his journey it was not so much the colour of his skin as his long hair, which in their eyes gave him a supernatural look, that most excited the surprise of the natives.

An object thus at once of respect, admiration, and awe, Schweinfurth passed with the adventurous Nubian out of the Niam Niam country and arrived at the court of King Munza, in Monbuttoo land, a potentate who was anxiously expecting the coming of his friend and ally, for were not his storehouses filled full of ivory, the booty of a whole year's hunting, to be exchanged for the red copper which would then flow into the royal treasury? On March 22, 1870, Schweinfurth had audience of the king at his palace, situated midway between the third and fourth degrees of North latitude, some miles beyond the Welle, a mighty stream which flows towards the Atlantic, and is quite beyond the limits of the Nile Basin. In a solemn suit of black with heavy Alpine boots, which he wore so constantly that the natives thought he used them to conceal his feet, which were those of a goat, Schweinfurth awaited the arrival of King Munza. His rifles and revolver and his inevitable cane chair were borne before him by his Niam Niam squires, while his Nubian servants carried the presents reserved for his Monbuttoo majesty. The hall in which the interview took place was a hundred feet long, forty high, and fifty broad, while the bold arch of the vaulted roof was supported on pillars formed from the straight stems of trees; the spars and rafters and sides of the building being composed entirely of the leaf-stalks of the wine palm *Raphia vinifera*. The floor was a hard

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red clay plaster, as firm and smooth as asphalt; here in England it would form an excellent skating-rink, but there in Central Africa it was a noble hall of audience for a king. With a blare of trumpets and the dub-dubbing of kettledrums, King Munza came, the monarch whose daily food was human flesh. He was about forty, of fair height, slim but powerful build, and like the rest of his countrymen erect in figure. Though by no means ugly, and with a thoroughly Caucasian nose, which contrasted strongly with his Negro lips, his features were by no means prepossessing, and his expression was a combination of 'avarice, violence, and cruelty.' With great self-control this cannibal king, who was attended by Aboo Sammat, and a crowd of courtiers and wives, at first took no notice of the white man, whom he was so anxious to see, and when he did condescend to recognise his existence, and asked him questions through an interpreter, the conversation was most commonplace and languished on account of the king's taciturnity. Even the presents, which consisted of a piece of black cloth, a telescope, a silver platter, a porcelain vase, a piece of carved ivory, a book with gilt edges, a double mirror which both reduced and magnified objects, and, though last not least thirty necklaces of Venetian glass beads, though they excited the applause of Munza's fifty wives, and though regarded with attention by the king, were received with no approbation, and at last exhausted by hunger, Schweinfurth retired from the presence of this *nil admirari* monarch with the conviction that no sovereign of the West could surpass King Munza in the gift of self-possession. When he departed the king asked what return he could make the traveller, who modestly demanded a river-hog, *potamochærus*, and a chimpanzee, which Munza gave his royal word that he should have, and as royally never kept it. If we are asked in what the riches of this king consisted, we answer at once, in copper. With that his treasury was filled, and with copper ornaments the royal person was so covered on that day that he shone all over like a *batterie de cuisine*, and in his hand he held a strange sickle-shaped scimitar of that metal as though it were a sceptre. Iron and copper are the only metals known in that country, and the Monbuttoos look on them as silver and gold are regarded by us; the only remark that was elicited by the presentation of the silver platter being that it was white iron. With these views of the precious metals, it will be readily conceived at what advantage Aboo Sammat traded with this wily king. It was well worth his while to barter half a bar of copper, worth four or five dollars at most, for a huge elephant's

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tusk, which on an average realises in Europe two or three dollars a pound, and on these terms the Nubian continued to deal with the king till his store of ivory was exhausted. These business dealings were relieved by royal visits from King Munza and his wives, and by a court ball in honour of a great victory gained by Mummery, the king's brother and general, over the Monvoo, a tribe to the south. There is not much dancing, as is well known, at our court balls, but in Monbuttoo land only one person danced, and that was the king himself. There in a noble hall of the palace, Schweinfurth saw him dancing before his eighty wives clothed in nothing but paint of different patterns, and his courtiers and great officers of state. As the king danced the gongs and kettledrums accompanied him and his wives clapped their hands. The king was chastely attired; on his head he wore the skin of a great black baboon, and atop of it a plume of feathers; on his wrists and arms he had the tails of genets and guinea-hogs, and around his loins he bore an apron of the tails of other animals, while countless rings rattled upon his naked legs. As for his dancing, it was furious; 'his arms dashed in 'every direction but still keeping time; while his legs exhi-'bited the contortions of an acrobat's, being at one moment 'stretched out horizontally to the ground, and at the next 'pointed upwards and elevated in the air.' No dancing dervish ever spun round so madly; and so the royal dancer went on for hours with very slight pauses of rest. How long it would have lasted no one could tell, when fortunately a hurricane of wind, and torrents of rain, and thunder and lightning came on, and King Munza, vanquished by the elements, abandoned the hall.

All this occupied three weeks, during which Schweinfurth was indefatigable in his researches, not only into Monbuttoo land but into the regions beyond it farther to the south. On these points, as well as into the polity and government of the Monbuttoo dynasty, which is practically a despotism based on a monopoly of trade, these volumes contain most reliable information which makes them the most valuable contributions to African discovery which we have ever read. Geographically his suspicion that the Welle had its outlet into the Atlantic was rendered a certainty during his residence in that district, and ethnologically he ascertained the existence a few days beyond the Monbuttoo borders of a race of pigmies which has haunted history since the day of Herodotus. Not only did he see a colony of this race settled near King Munza's palace, as well as a whole regiment of them in his service, but he actually

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exchanged a dog which King Munza fancied for a pigmy boy, named Tikkitikki, whom he brought with him as far as Berber on the Nile, where he fell a victim to a dysentery engendered by his insatiable gluttony. At the same time in these Akkas, as they call themselves, our traveller sees only another branch of the race of Bushmen on the shores of the Atlantic, whom he regards as the primeval African race which has disappeared before the inroads and extension of other more civilised tribes. Very remarkable is the fact that as the traveller in Central Africa proceeds south he finds the people less nomadic and more inclined to regular rule, and therefore to civilisation. King Munza and his chiefs and great officers of state and hosts of wives, all painted in different patterns, cannibals though they be, form a polity much more approaching a regular government than the Dinkas, the Mittoos, the Bongos, and even the Niam Niam. On these and many other most interesting points we must refer our readers to these volumes themselves; suffice it to say that after having collected great masses of plants, and a whole heap of human skulls and bones, many of them just fresh from the Monbuttoo cooking pots, our traveller and his Nubian friend were ready to push on farther south, the gallant Nubian declaring that he would guide Schweinfurth to the world's end. Unfortunately, however, there were obstacles in the way, and a lion in the path, in the person of King Munza, who had no notion of allowing Aboo Sammat to enter into commercial relations with any tribe beyond his own territory. Against this fixed determination all their efforts failed, and on April 12, 1870, the traders and the traveller left the royal residence, taking the little Tikkitikki with them, who, little savage that he was, howled awfully, not, as Schweinfurth thought, at parting with his family, but because he was quite sure they were only taking him with them to kill and eat him by the way. As soon as he was re-assured on this point, and found that he was fed on the best of everything, he became quite resigned, and went on over-eating himself till he died.

On their return to the north, the travellers found it not so easy to get out of the Monbuttoo country as into it. As soon as they reached Wando's country they found him as implacable as ever, and for some time they had to fight their way through a hostile country, Aboo Sammat himself receiving a dangerous wound, in spite of which he continued to show the most determined bravery. When they had defeated Wando, Schweinfurth was left at the scriba on Nabambasso for some weeks while the Nubian was adjusting further differences with the

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natives sword in hand; and then the starvation which Ghatta's people had predicted nearly overtook him. Visions of pale ale and beefsteaks rose before his disordered vision, as they had done to Baker's, and had it not been for the unctuous insects in a great ant-hill which they devoured fried, they would not have been able to keep body and soul together. At length the rains fell and the roots grew, and the Nubian returned victorious from his campaign. Then they made another start north and, passing through Nganye's friendly country, though again suffering from hunger, they crossed the Tondy on a rude suspension bridge, and Schweinfurth at last arrived at the seriba of Kulongo on the borders of Ghatta's country, whence he had started with Aboo Sammat eight months before. This was in July 1870, and there, after completing his journals and arranging his collections, our traveller was on the eve of beginning another journey into the Niam Niam country—where we may observe that he would most certainly have perished, and as probably been eaten, since the whole expedition was cut off—when a terrible calamity overtook him, and rendered him powerless to penetrate farther into Central Africa. From Kulongo Schweinfurth had moved to Ghatta's head seriba, where he had spent so much time the year before, and here, on December 1, 1870, a conflagration broke out which consumed the whole camp.

'I had saved little beyond my life,' he says; 'I had lost all my clothes, my guns, and the best part of my instruments. I was without tea and without quinine. . . . All my preparations for my projected expedition; all the produce of my recent journey; all the entomological collections that I had made; all my examples of native industry; all my registers of meteorological events, in which I had inscribed some 7,000 barometrical observations; all my journals with the detailed narrative of the transactions of 825 days; all my measurements of the natives, and all my vocabularies; everything was gone in a single hour, the plunder of the flames.'

It was indeed fortunate that a great part of his anatomical and botanical collections had been already despatched to Europe, and that science has been thus immeasurably enriched by the discoveries of this accomplished naturalist; but it is no less heartrending to imagine the position of such a man, so full of energy and devotion to science, standing alone, as it were, in Central Africa, without shoes or clothes, or arms, or ammunition, or instruments, or even paper to preserve his specimens; without a watch to reckon the time, or a barometer to register the weather. Many a man would have sunk under such a calamity; but Schweinfurth was equal to the occasion. Amid

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the ruins of his hut he discovered ink and the materials for writing and drawing. He soon made up his mind that the footsteps of a man are a much more accurate standard of measurement than those of a beast, and for the remainder of his travels he carefully counted his steps, and ascertained with a patience which none but a German would have exhibited, that in the six months during which he remained in Africa, before he re-embarked at the pestilential Meshera, he had made a million and a quarter of steps. On his travels during that period we will not dwell. They afforded him abundant proof of the fact that in those regions the institution of slavery was indigenous, and not to be extirpated by any one expedition of a reluctant government, or by stopping up one branch of the Nile to the traders who find it so profitable. We shall return, farther on, to the consideration of this question. As a traveller devoted to science, Schweinfurth took things as he found them, and made the best and the most of them. He is loud in his abhorrence of slavery, yet he had slaves as his servants, and his own people were stopped and nearly confiscated by the governor of Khartoum on their return, for having been concerned, like all the rest of the world, in the traffic; for, unknown to their master, they had a little venture of their own in human flesh. And for that matter, what were the two Niam Niam whom Schweinfurth brought back with him, and little Tikkitikki himself, whom he exchanged for a dog, but the slaves of the traveller himself? Again, as to the cannibalism which he found rampant among the Niam Niam and farther south, though Schweinfurth abhorred it and rarely ventured to eat anything unctuous, except ants, lest the grease should be human fat, he accepted it as another institution, and readily availed himself of the fleshpots of the Niam Niam and Monbuttoos to enrich his anatomical collections, taking credit to himself for rescuing these poor remains of humanity from an ignoble oblivion in Central Africa, to attain a kind of immortality when numbered and catalogued in the Museum at Berlin. We have perused his book with the greatest interest, and part from him with regret. On June 26, 1871, he embarked at the Meshera, when we are sorry to say he heard that poor old Shol, the Lady Bountiful of the swamps, had been barbarously murdered in his absence by some Nubian marauders. After a prosperous voyage down the Gazelle and through the grass barrier, he reached Khartoum on July 21st. On August 9th he departed for Berber and Suakin, and on September 30th landed at Suez. By November 3rd he reached Messina, and was thus once more on the soil of Europe, after an absence of three years and four months.

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As we write, we are glad to hear that Dr. Schweinfurth has been appointed by the Khedive Director of the Museum of Natural History at Cairo.

Of very different character is the other work to which we now direct the reader's attention. Our German naturalist for the sake of science shut his eyes to many iniquities and abominations, and even made use of them to further his researches; but Sir Samuel Baker's volumes breathe but one spirit from beginning to end, and that is the extermination of the slave trade on the Upper Nile. On his former journeys, as described in 'The Albert Nyanza,' and 'The Nile Tributaries of Abys-'sinia,' the prevalence of the traffic had so shocked his sense of humanity, and so convinced him that nothing could be done for the material or moral improvement of Central Africa till the slave trade was extinguished, that he joyfully accepted the command of an expedition organised by the Khedive in council, for the purpose, as was expressly stipulated in the firman, 'of 'suppressing the slave trade and introducing a system of regu-'lar commerce,' which could only be done, as another article of the firman expresses it, by 'subduing to the Khedive's authority 'the countries situated to the south of Gondokoro.' The supreme command of this expedition was accordingly confided to Sir Samuel White Baker for four years, commencing from the 1st of April, 1869; to whom was also given in as many words 'the most absolute and supreme power--even that of 'death—over all those who may compose the expedition.' Of this expedition it will be sufficient to say that, so far as its commander was concerned, nothing was left undone to ensure its success. Three steamers, and two steel lifeboats by the best English makers, were ordered to be so constructed that they could be carried across the Nubian Desert on camels in plates and sections. These being completed, the commander, now raised to the rank of Pacha, started with an English staff, of whom Lieut. Julian Baker, his nephew, was the chief, and accompanied by his wife, the inseparable companion of his travels, he reached Khartoum by way of Suakin early in January 1870. During this time the whole expedition which when it reached Khartoum, should have consisted of nine steamers and fifty-five sailing vessels containing more than 1,600 men, should have been already on its way; but on reaching that emporium of the Upper Nile Baker soon found that his undertaking was very unpopular, that everyone was against it, and that every good Mohammedan in the place was convinced that it would be quite right to coalesce against an expedition commanded by a Christian avowedly to annihilate the slave

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trade upon which Khartoum existed. In fact, as Baker expresses it, 'the Khedive in the North issued orders which were 'neutralised in the South by his own authorities.' At last, after infinite trouble, the whole fleet, with the exception of the steel steamers from England, which, under the care of Mr. Higginbotham, the chief engineer, had then only reached Berber on the Nile, started on February 8, 1870, by which time eight months of the first of the four years during which Baker was to command had already expired. All went pretty well in their journey up the White Nile, till they reached the *Sett* or grass barrier, which we have already described as blocking up the entrance to the Gazelle river in Schweinfurth's journey. Baker's expedition found the obstacles on the Giraffe channel of the White Nile still worse than those on the western branch, and even the steamers were unable to force their way through the water vegetation. After many efforts to break through the barrier, on April 3rd Baker reluctantly gave the order to return, and on the 19th of the month reached a point near Fashoda on the White Nile in the Shillook country which we have already described in our account of Schweinfurth's discoveries. There at a spot to which he gave the name of Tewfikeeyah, he built a camp, in which he remained till December 11, 1870, to the great annoyance of the Mudir or Governor of Fashoda, whose connivance at the slave trade was soon detected by Baker, who confiscated the slaves and thwarted him and the slave traders with whom he was in league in various ways; but all this time, so far as the purposes of the expedition were concerned, was wasted by the lateness of the start the year before, a year and nine months of the four years having now expired. At this camp on August 9, 1870, Baker received, by way of the Gazelle river, a letter from Schweinfurth who, quite unknown to him, had 'the extreme courtesy 'and generosity to entrust' him 'with all the details of his 'geographical observations collected in his journey in the 'Western Nile Basin.' The delay and obstacles both material and moral which he had encountered thus far rendered it absolutely necessary for Baker to return to Khartoum, where he accordingly arrived on September 21, to the astonishment of the Governor and population, who fondly believed that the expedition aimed against the great staple of the place must now be abandoned. But Baker had only returned to be the better able to pounce on his enemies, the ivory and slave traders of the Soudan. The supreme command entrusted to him by the Khedive was practically much limited south of Gondokoro by a contract entered into by the Governor-General of Khar-

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toum and the House of Agad, which gave that trader the monopoly of the ivory trade in the regions north of Gondokoro till April 1872. So long as the slave traders were masters of the position north of that point, it was useless in Baker to proceed with his conquests to the south, for the slave traders and their allies and armed force would be between him and his base of operations. Though Baker was bound to admit the validity of this contract up to the time mentioned, it was settled at the divan of the Governor-General that after that date he should 'assume the monopoly of the ivory trade in 'the name of the Khedive throughout those regions north of 'Gondokoro in which Agad was now virtually independent;' and this solemn agreement was signed not only by Agad himself but also by his son-in-law and agent, and afterwards on the death of Agad his successor, one Aboo Saood, a man who ever afterwards was Baker's *bête noire*, and to whom as the representative of the slave traders he ascribes all the trouble, peril, and disasters to which the expedition was exposed. But there before the Governor-General nothing could have been more submissive than Aboo Saood's behaviour, and he vowed fidelity to Baker and the Khedive, and offered material assistance in terms so extravagant as to awaken suspicion.

Returning from Khartoum Baker started with his expedition early in December, and having cut and forced his way through the *Sett*, which was nearly as dense as it had been early in the year, but still not quite impenetrable, he at last arrived at his head-quarters at Gondokoro, in 4° 54″ N. lat., on April 15, 1871, when more than two years of the period of his command had expired. This place, about 1,400 miles by the river from Khartoum, was well known to Baker from his former journeys. It had then been the seat of an Austrian missionary station, who had planted lemons and other fruit trees, which were still flourishing; but the missionaries themselves had died, and the natives had destroyed their house. Soon after his arrival he renamed it Ismailia, in honour of the Khedive, and fondly hoped that the old name would vanish before the new. The natives in those parts were Baris, a tribe which occupies a district about ninety miles long and seventy broad, and was now governed by a Sheik called Allorron. It did not take Baker, with his knowledge of the African character, long to discover that the Baris and their chief were decidedly hostile to the expedition; and this attitude he ascribes to the machinations of Aboo Saood, who saw in the extinction of the Agad contract the year after the ruin of the house of which he was the representative. Against this trader

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Baker does not scruple to lay the charge of a determination to make the Khedive's expedition a failure, even if it resulted in the extermination of the commander and his troops. It was in vain, therefore, that Baker cleared ground, and sowed seeds, and laid out gardens; he and his men were in danger of starving in the midst of plenty, for the Baris would neither bring corn nor cattle into the camp. It added much to his trouble that several of his subordinates, and a great many of his troops, were in their hearts averse from the service on which they were engaged; so that besides his outward enemies, Baker had to be ever on his guard against a secret foe. There can be no doubt of this fact, or of the hostility of Aboo Saood, and it is clear that Baker would never have surmounted the difficulties of his position had it not been for the heroism of his wife, the devotion of his nephew and the rest of the Europeans, and the bravery and fidelity of his picked corps of forty-six men, armed with Snider rifles and commanded by one of Baker's aides-de-camp, Lieut.-colonel Abd-el-Kader, who had distinguished himself in Mexico in the army of Bazaine. Called at first the 'Forty Thieves' from their light-fingered propensities, this bodyguard became, under the strict discipline which Baker enforced, as remarkable for honesty and morality as they were for courage, and with them and them alone their commander fought his way through thousands of savages, and ultimately returned victorious over all his foes. The campaign on which Baker now entered divides itself into two parts. The first, in which he routed the Baris in the districts round Gondokoro, and, in spite of the opposition of Aboo Saood, who worked like a mole underground, finally reduced them to submission. In the course of these operations he carried off the corn and cattle of the natives, deposed their hostile Sheik Allorron and set up another in his stead, and sustained a series of attacks and surprises by night which were all foiled by his own energy and the bravery of his bodyguard. It was not till the month of December of 1871 that this first portion of his campaign came to an end. The authority of the Khedive had been established in the basin of the White Nile north of Gondokoro; numbers of slaves had been detected, confiscated, and set free, in the seribas of the ivory traders; and, in a word, Baker thought himself justified in believing that the extinction of the slave trade in those regions was in a fair way of being accomplished. But besides these philanthropic results, the firman contained clauses for the extension of the Khedive's dominions to the south; and perhaps, if it had been put plainly to that potentate and his divan, it

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would have been found that this was their main object in organising the expedition, and that the extinction of the traffic which Baker had so much at heart was not so very dear to them after all. At any rate, there the acquisition of territory stood in Baker's bond, and, with his adventurous nature, he set himself to the task as soon as his work round Gondokoro was done.

By this time the expedition had been upwards of twelve months without communication with Khartoum, and, indeed, Baker's most constant cause of complaint against the Egyptian Government was that they neither answered his letters nor sent him supplies. The soldiers were in rags and without pay, and on December 14th would come the great Mohammedan holiday, called the Ume-el-ete, when everyone was expected to be smart. On the 13th, with a happy generosity, Baker, out of his own magazines, was able to serve out new clothing to the officers and 212 men, whom he intended to carry with him to the south of Gondokoro into the country of that Kamrasi whom he had known on his previous expeditions. At the same time the wives of the men were attired in gaudy clothing, and thus the festival passed off with general good humour. All his preparations for his onward march having been completed, Baker, on January 22, 1872, started with 212 men up the White Nile to annex Central Africa to Egypt, leaving behind him at Gondokoro 340 men, together with his English engineers, who were to put together the steamers which had been brought thus far in pieces during his absence. Thus his force of 1,600 men had been reduced to 552 all told. On January 27th, the expedition arrived at the cataracts of the White Nile in north latitude 4° 38″, where they left their vessels, and were met by one Bedden, a Bari chief and old friend of Baker's, who it was hoped would provide them with bearers for the sixty miles between that point and Loboré. Much to the surprise of Baker this old friend, when asked for at least 2,000 bearers, ungratefully refused to supply them. Neither he nor his people had ever worked as bearers 'for the Turks,' and they would not begin now. If any readers should think that 2,000 bearers were rather more than were needed to carry the effects and baggage of 212 men, let them know that there was a steamer in parts and artillery, and we know not what besides, to carry, all of which had to be left behind owing to this laziness of the Bari chief and his people. Thus foiled, Baker again divided his expedition, leaving 120 men under Major Abdallah in a camp by the river, sending the English engineers back to Gondokoro, and pressing on himself to Loboré with about 100

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men, who were to drag the baggage and supplies in carts for sixty miles. With this slender force and light equipments, Baker started, on February 8th, under the guidance of an old rainmaker named Lokko. Four horses, on one of which Lady Baker rode, ten donkeys, and a whole herd of cattle accompanied the expedition, and on the 12th it reached Loboré without having fired a shot, where on the 24th they were joined by Major Abdallah and the men under his command, who in the meantime had been attacked by the Baris in their camp, and had lost their fieldpiece. From Loboré Baker pushed on for Afuddo on the White Nile above the cataracts, and thence for Fatiko, a spot 165 miles south of Gondokoro. At this point in the Sholi country, in north latitude 3° 01′, Baker found his ubiquitous foe Aboo Saood, who had pushed on here from Gondokoro to protect his interests in these parts, where he had a seriba and did a good business in slaves and ivory. This was in March 1872, and, as the contract with Agad had not yet quite expired, Baker gave Aboo Saood leave to remain on sufferance in the district, from which he was to be allowed to remove his ivory, amounting to more than 3,000 tusks, on condition that he was to abandon his slave trading and ivory expeditions to the south and east, in which he had been up to that time actively engaged. At the same time Baker determined to build a fort and to leave a garrison at Fatiko, while he pushed on with 100 men towards the Equator. On March 18, 1872, he started for the Unyoro country on the shores of the Albert Nyanza, though it is separated from it by a lofty range of cliffs, and when there he would be in the territory of his old acquaintance Kamrasi, whose rapacious covetousness was well known to him on his former journeys. But that potentate had been dead two years, and his son Kabba Rega reigned in his stead, who had risen to power by the wholesale murder of his brothers and relations, Rionga, an uncle, having alone escaped his attempts to take his life. As he marched through these regions along the banks of the Victoria Nile, Baker was amazed to find them, once so fertile and populous, desolated by the incursions of the Khartoum traders, who kidnap the women and children for slaves, kill the men, and plunder and destroy whatever they can lay hands on.

To make a long story short, on April 25, 1872, he reached Masindi, the capital of Kabba Rega, a large town, in latitude 1° 45′ N., 332 miles from Gondokoro and about 50 miles east of the cliffs which bound the Albert Nyanza. It must be allowed that Baker's account of Kabba Rega the young king is extremely unprepossessing; for he describes

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him as an awkward undignified lout of twenty, who thought himself a great monarch, and was cruel, cowardly, and treacherous to the last degree. In the capital of this monarch Baker remained till June 14th. During that period he had, as he conceived, such sufficient proof of Aboo Saood's treachery, that he sent orders to Major Abdallah at Fatiko to arrest him. But quite apart from Aboo Saood, Kabba Rega gave Baker quite enough to do. Though at first professedly friendly, the relations between them grew worse and worse, and after having tried to poison the whole force by a present of drugged beer, the treacherous king gathered his warriors around him, drove off his cattle, and attacked a fort which Baker had fortunately built to protect his force. Then ensued a series of hostile operations in which was fought the battle of Masindi, to the sore loss of the natives and the destruction of the whole town by fire, though Baker lost several valuable lives. Then the natives set fire to the quarters of Baker's force while they retired to their fort, and on the whole matters assumed such an angry complexion, that on June 13th Baker resolved to leave Masindi and fight his way back to Fatiko. Up to this time his heroic wife had exhibited the greatest bravery and devotion, and her name must ever be remembered amongst those women who have shown that they can be as brave as lions and yet as gentle as doves. On the march back through woods and marshes lined on either side by unseen foes, she still maintained a cheerfulness and resolution which sustained the spirits of all around her. That Baker was thus enabled to extricate himself and his men on this weary march is the best proof that can be afforded of his military talent and of the discipline by which he had converted his Forty Thieves into one of the bravest bodyguards that ever rallied round an adored chief. On June 24th, after ten days' incessant fighting, they reached Foweera on the Victoria Nile, where Rionga met them with supplies. Him Baker appointed King of Unyoro, in the name of the Khedive, in the room of the faithless Kabba Rega. Continuing his march, Baker reached the fort at Fatiko on August 2nd, where he found that the slave traders, at the instigation of Aboo Saood, had spread the report that he, Baker, was dead, a fable which was speedily passed down the Nile to Egypt, and thence to Europe to the alarm of Baker's many friends. One more victory still remained for Baker and his Forty Thieves. We have seen that the slave traders had a camp at Fatiko, and in despair at seeing their hopes of the failure of the expedition frustrated, they had the rashness to open fire on Baker's men. In a few moments Baker was

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armed, his devoted wife handing him his rifle and belt, and in as many minutes the Forty were charging the enemy at the point of the bayonet, and scattering them in all directions.

Firmly convinced of Aboo Saood's treachery, Baker says that he ought to have hanged him on the spot; but he confesses that diplomacy was necessary, as he had, at that distance from Gondokoro, only 146 men to contend against many hundreds. On August 7th the traitor appeared in Baker's camp, and exhibited so much ingenuity in lying in his defence, that Baker says, 'he could merely reply by dismissing him with 'the assurance that there was only one really good and honest 'man in the world who invariably spoke the truth; this man was 'Aboo Saood. All other men were liars.' So next day the traitor according to Baker departed, swearing 'by the eyes and 'head of the Prophet,' 'his favourite oath,' says Baker, 'when-'ever he told the biggest lie,' that there was no one so true to him as himself; a promise which he carried out by spreading every false report against the Pacha and by lodging a complaint against him with the Khedive at Cairo as having ruined trade. It was during his stay at Fatiko that Baker received envoys from Mtésé, the well-known king of Uganda, the region which Speke and Grant had visited, and in which Livingstone was then lingering. These envoys were beautifully clean and as civilised and intelligent as Europeans. Of old we know Mtésé had been a sad ruffian, but Baker tells us that he had become a Mussulman, said his prayers daily, no longer murdered his wives, and, if he cut the throat of a man, it was done in God's name. He kept clerks too who corresponded for him in Arabic, encouraged all trade except that in slaves, and, greatly to Baker's delight, had treated Aboo Saood's emissaries like dogs. This great potentate had now sent a letter to Baker expressing the greatest friendship and informing him that as soon as he heard of Kabba Rega's treachery, he had sent an army under General Congow to be placed at his disposal. All he desired was to see Baker's face, and, rare exception among African kings, 'he did not wish for presents.' Alas! all that Baker could do was to say that his command would shortly expire, and to send him a letter for Livingstone.

After his last victory at Fatiko there is little left to tell of Baker's expedition. After some sporting adventures in that delightful region, which he describes as an earthly paradise, he retraced his steps to Gondokoro, where he arrived on August 1, 1873, the very day on which his four years' term of command expired. For nearly three years he had heard nothing from the Government which had appointed him. On

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May 25th he parted from his Forty Thieves, not without emotion; and on June 29th he reached Khartoum, having passed near Fashoda a cargo of 700 slaves consigned to Egypt by Aboo Saood. On August 24th he reached Cairo, where he had an interview with the Khedive, to whom he explained the position of the territories which he had annexed to his dominions. At the same time he laid his counter-charge against Aboo Saood, and left the evidence supporting it in the hands of the Egyptian Government. Six weeks afterwards, having been decorated with the second class of the Imperial Order of the Osmanie, Baker left Egypt. The work which he had begun, whether for suppressing the slave trade or for annexing new territory, has since been confided, as is well known, to Colonel Gordon, who by the last accounts has annexed Darfoor to Egypt. The last drop in the cup of bitterness which the Egyptian Government has made Baker drink is contained in the very last sentence and postscript to his book:—'After my departure from Egypt, Aboo Saood was 'released and was appointed assistant to my successor.'

So ends the story of Baker's attempt to extinguish the slave trade on the White Nile. We call it an attempt, for it is evident, even from his meeting those 700 slaves on the main stream so low as Fashoda, that it was not successful. So ingrained in fact is slavery in the regions in which Baker conducted his operations that, just as Schweinfurth's Nubians had ventures in slaves, so even the terror of Baker himself could not keep his own troops from engaging in the very traffic which they were sent out to suppress. On one occasion he discovered that, under his own eyes, the soldiers had purchased no fewer than 126 slaves, while on another he distributed a number of young women, whom he had set free, among his men as wives. We cannot help thinking, when we reflect on the ordinary lot of the wives of Egyptian soldiers, that the position of the women thus emancipated must have been merely that of nominal freedom; for it appears, both from the evidence of Schweinfurth and of Baker, that in the seribas of the traders, and in the forts and camps of the Egyptian governors in the Soudan and the regions of the Upper Nile, it is the common practice to allot female slaves to the soldiers in lieu of pay. More than this, with all our admiration for Baker's bravery and for the endurance and skill with which he brought his men out of the perils into which he had led them, we cannot acquit him of Quixotism in undertaking the command of such an expedition. Daily life in Egypt, whether in the bazaars of Cairo or along the silent highway of the Nile, ought to have con-

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vinced the merest tourist and tyro in travelling that slavery is an institution of the land which everyone acknowledges, the more enlightened, perhaps as an evil, but still as a necessity. But that a tried traveller, for a man who had already spent years in those regions of Central Africa where the slave trade is indigenous, and slaves so common that every other man or woman is a slave, should be so credulous as to suppose that even the Khedive would be ready to organise such an expedition for philanthropy alone, quite passes our belief, and, if we are called on to believe it, we can only do so in favour of Baker's heart at the expense of his head. Once committed to such an attempt, its failure was only a matter of time, and for the time at least it has failed. The emancipation of the African tribes who have fallen under the bitter yoke of slavery can only be accomplished by infinite patience and an amelioration of Egyptian morality which presuppose a still more infinite period of time. Certainly the extirpation of this horrible traffic in Central Africa is neither to be accomplished, as the visionary Schweinfurth fondly fancies, by the immigration of Chinese, nor by a single expedition or by a series of expeditions however ably commanded. As we close these pages we receive another contribution to the literature of African discovery in the 'Last Journals of David Livingstone,' to which we regret that we cannot give a more extended notice. They exhibit the same picture of indefatigable energy and endurance on the part of the British traveller, and of barbarism and slavery amongst the natives of Africa; and they derive a peculiar interest from the closing scenes of the life of that great traveller.

ART. IX.—*A History of Greece.* By GEORGE W. COX, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford: Author of 'Mythology of the Aryan Nations,' &c. 2 vols. London: 1874.

THE contribution to the study of Greek history furnished in Mr. Cox's recent work will be welcomed by those who have attended to this subject as undoubtedly opportune. It marks decisively the stage at which speculation has arrived in regard to the earliest questions opened by the history of Greece: it examines with unflinching steadiness the traditional narratives of prehistoric origin: it rearranges the confessedly authentic materials for the treatment of the historical periods with an amount of critical sagacity and genuine scholarship which will be readily anticipated by all who are acquainted

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with the author's earlier productions. We do not indeed profess to agree with the entire conclusions drawn by Mr. Cox, and we have not hesitated to express on a former occasion our entire dissent from his theory of solar mythology, which seems to have acquired an undue influence over his mind. Having dared to be original in many of his views. he exhibits on several points the courage of his opinions. But few, we think, would dispute his right, earned by vast preliminary studies, of entering the lists in the field of historical inquiry; and fewer still, on laying down these opening volumes, will be inclined to deny him the palm of a distinguished place among the historians of Ancient Greece.

This, the first instalment of Mr. Cox's work, closes with the termination of the Peloponnesian War. In a third volume he proposes to bring down the narrative to the death of Alexander the Great. The fourth will conduct his readers to the revolution which ended the reign of the Bavarian Otho. The present portion of the History is divided into three Books. The first deals with the formation of Hellas; the second with the struggle with Persia and the growth of the Athenian Empire; the third with the struggle between Athens and Sparta; closing, as we have said, with the end of the Peloponnesian War. It is evident that it is in the first of these divisions of his subject that the largest scope is found for the author's originality and independence of view. The Second Book, it is true, reaches only 'the border-ground between his-'tory and mythical tradition,' and furnishes accordingly many new conceptions both of the incidents and characters involved in the Persian War. No part, indeed, of Mr. Cox's history seems to us more worthy of attention than his estimate of the credibility of Herodotus as a historian, or of the virtues and faults of Themistocles. Yet in the Third Book which, drawn out to great length, occupies nearly the whole of the second volume, there is still much freedom of handling and of critical inquiry, which it is matter of regret should be so often remitted to a lengthy and close-printed note. The analogies not infrequently suggested between the institutions of England and Athens both slowly ripened into maturity, and in the developement of their respective empires, as well as in their treatment of subject races and political personages, while of course often open to dispute, are not the less interesting and instructive. Grote as well as Thirlwall had indeed corrected with just severity the perverted applications of Mitford to modern politics of the facts of Greek history. But in Mr. Cox's point of vision we discover the freshness and warmth of sym-

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pathy which belong rather to a pupil of Arnold. Still, as will be seen, he by no means accepts the views of the historian of Rome on many fundamental questions lying at the root of Greek political conceptions. 'To the death of Themistokles,' observes Mr. Cox, 'the history of Greece is 'wholly a traditional narrative; and the task of the modern 'historian with regard to it must for the most part be confined to an examination of the evidence. The ascertainment of fact is his first duty; his second duty is to provide 'for his readers the amplest means for testing his own narratives and conclusions.' We will begin our task of criticism by affording the reader a résumé of the earliest facts in connexion with the civilisation of Hellas on which Mr. Cox relies.

The geographical description of Greece with which, as might be expected, this history opens is somewhat lightly touched. No definite region within its boundaries can in the opinion of the author be assigned as the mother-country of the rest. The cradle of the Hellenes cannot be confined to the eagle's nest of Olympus or the vales of Phthiotis. True; yet the Hellenes undoubtedly looked back to the Thessalian Olympus as the home of their patriarchal gods; while in Dodona was recognised the primeval sanctuary of those Pelasgian Graici (the men of the West or 'of the gloaming'), who were destined in later days to give a name to the whole land of Hellas, through their neighbourhood to their Hesperian kinsmen. At the dawn of acknowledged history we find the Greeks established in their *continental** home, within a northern confine stretching at the least and under the strictest limitation from Ambrakia to the Peneios; but also scattered widely along the coasts of the Ægean and the Euxine, of Kyprus, Kyrene, Sicily, Italy, and Gaul. The islands of the Ægean may be treated, as they were by the ancient geographers, as part of Continental Greece. In the physical features of this region, as we are reminded by Mr. Cox, so broken by mountain ranges, so imperfectly penetrated by rivers, there was everything to foster that love of political isolation which, however it be accounted for, is a marked feature of the Hellenic race.† Only in the circum-

* Ἑλλὰς συνεχής, as opposed to Ἑλλὰς σποραδική, the scattered Hellas of the remoter coasts and islands, a distinction drawn by the ancient Greek geographers.

† What might not Hellas, if united, have achieved in earlier times, when we remember the exploits of Alexander! Mr. Cox remarks with truth, that the growth of a Hellenic nation under an Athenian con-

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stance of an unrivalled reach of coast-line, characteristic of the Greek peninsula, do we find a counterbalancing element. Two alone of all the Greek States, Doris and Arkadia, had no access to the sea; though it must be acknowledged that it is only on the Eastern coast that bays and harbours, suitable for the encouragement of navigation, are to be found. There can be no question, however, as to the effects of maritime activity on a large portion at least of the Hellenic people.* For the same advantage attended them on the Asiatic side of the Ægean. It is remarked by Curtius that the developement of the coast-line of Ionia in all its bays and projections amounts to more than quadruple its extent in a straight line from north to south. By their very position, then, the Greeks in Asia, cut off from the central uplands of the interior, were from the earliest days drawn to be a sea-faring people; and in the *Javan* of the Hebrews, the *Iuna* or *Iauna* of the Persians, and the *Uinim* of the Egyptian hieroglyphics at as remote a date as the Exodus, we recognise the Iaones or Ionians of Grecian history. All attempts, however, to determine the course of the migrations which brought about this local distribution of the Hellenic race can yield, in Mr. Cox's opinion, only conjectural results. He accordingly refrains from entering on any such minute and ingeniously constructed examination of the course of Greek colonisation as lends to the opening chapters of the history of Dr. Curtius their unquestioned charm. He does so for the following reasons, which it will be necessary to review in detail.

In the first place Mr. Cox calls attention to the stupendous fabric reared by later poets and mythographers on the very slender materials ready to their hand. 'The purely mythical 'traditions of the Hellenic tribes,' he elsewhere says, 'are not 'history, nor quarries out of which we may dig history.' But in the hands of writers separated by a thousand years from the times which they describe, the voyage of the Argonauts, the banishment and return of the Herakleids, and the Kalydonian boar-hunt became genuine records of actual events invested with historical importance, and only too acceptable to the cities, families, or clans whose antiquity and dignity were thus en-

federacy would have rendered the empires of Carthage, Macedonia, and Rome impossible. So also, had the Ionians under the advice of Bias (Herod. I. 170) established themselves as one state in Sardinia, the history of Western Europe might have been changed.

* Arnold finely spoke of Athenian civilisation 'as the child of com-'merce and of liberty.' See on Thuc. II. 43. Both Themistokles and Perikles regarded the sea as the true base of the greatness of Athens.

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hanced. The relationships in this manner instituted among widely separated towns and tribes must be held of slight account. But still more is this conviction impressed upon the mind when we discover, by the aid of an analysis of language, that the derivations of tribal names and Eponymic heroes are drawn from roots pointing to a widely spread solar worship.

'The philological identity,' observes Mr. Cox, 'of the names Hellen, Hellas, Hellê, Helloi, and Selloi, Sellêeis, and Hellôtis as a name of Athênê, and of all these with Helios, Eelios, and the Latin Sol, is not disputed; and thus the mythical genealogy of the Hellenes plays throughout on the ideas of light and darkness. Of Hellen's children one is the dusky Xouthos, another the flashing Aiolos whose name carries us to the Aither (Ether) of Zeus and the Aithiopians (Ethiopians) of the Odyssey. Thus with the Delians, Lykians, and Ortygians, the Hellenes are, like the people of Khorassan, simply the children of the light and of the sun, and the Hellespont marks their pathway. . . . The Athenian name denoted simply the worshippers of the dawn, and the title Iostephanoi, or men of the violet crown, in which most of all they glorified, declared merely that Athenians were also Ionians who had come from the violet land of the morning where also the Phœnicians had their dwelling in the purple regions of the East. The Argive again is but a sojourner in the realm of Aphroditê Argynnis, or Argennos the favourite of Agamemnon, or of Arjuna the brilliant, the comrade of Krishna in whom we have seen the counterpart of the Hellenic Kephalos; and his name is but another form of that of the Arkadians, which reappears not only in the name of the wonderful ship Argo but in the Greek Arktouros, the Latin Ursa and Ursula the queen of the eleven thousand virgins, the goddess of the Horselberg. . . . We can therefore no longer look to the mythical movements of Aiolians, Argives, or Herakleids, as throwing light on the distribution of the Hellenic tribes in historical times. The fact of that distribution in historical ages must be received as they are given to us by the most trustworthy historians and geographers: to reason back from history into the regions of myth is an occupation not more profitable than the attempt to fill a sieve with water.' (Pp. 39, 40.)

The same is the conclusion, on philological grounds, of Professor Max Müller. 'It is but lost labour,' he says, 'to try 'to extract anything positive from the statements of the 'Greeks and Romans on the race and language of their bar-'barous neighbours.'* Even when we descend the stream of time to the well-known name of Lycurgus (Lykoergos), the ideal lawgiver of the Spartans, the application of this test produces a similar result. He becomes one of that band or knot of mythical legislators,

'who are common to most of the Aryan nations and whose names

* Lectures on Language, vol. i. lect. iv.

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denote their origin or their office. Like Drakon and Zaleukos,* he is the bright being who drives away the darkness of anarchy. (Drakon, the keen-sighted (dragon): Za-leukos, the gleaming; Lykourgos, the light-bringer.) Like Minos, and Menu, and the Teutonic Mann, he is the measurer, the thinker, the man; and like Numa Pompilius (=Pompifex or Pontifex (so *πέμπε, πέντε*), the propounder of ceremonies or pomps) he is the lawgiver who prescribes the customs and ceremonies of the people. His reputed wanderings which take him, like the mythical Solon, to Egypt and India, seem to betray the shaping of the tale by those who had the great Hindu lawgivers in their mind. But the mythical Lykourgos is not, like the mythical Solon, a person for whose historical existence we have contemporary documents and of whose constitutional changes we have accounts on the whole adequately attested, but around whom the mists of oral tradition have gathered, as they have gathered round Karl the Great and Hruodland, the Roland of Roncesvalles. Solon lives and dies among men of whom we have at least some historical knowledge. Lykourgos is removed from the period of genuine history by a gulf of centuries, and he belongs to the ages in which Mann, like Prometheus, Hermes, and Phoroneus, bestows on his kinsfolk that boon of fire without which they would never have attained to social order and law. The Spartan lawgiver must therefore be banished to the cloudland; and we must content ourselves with such knowledge of the early condition of Sparta as may be furnished by statements relating to the working of the Spartan constitution at a time which may be said to mark the dawn of contemporary history.' (Vol. i. p. 75.)

Again, no independent evidence for the portions of myths claiming to be historical is forthcoming: there are no contemporary documents, no durable monuments, or constitutional records. The so-called Dorian Migration seems, perhaps, to lose much of the freshness and charm which gather round the earlier myths. This, then, may be due to the fact that some of the prosaic ingredients of an historical age and, it may be, of sober fact are intermixed with the floating elements of a popular mythology.

'But whether,' says Mr. Cox, 'the eastward migrations which are said to be caused by the return of the Herakleids, represent any real events, we cannot tell, although we cannot in terms deny it: only the fact

* Of whom we may remark that his very existence was doubted by Timæus. (See Cicero, 'Legg.' II. 6, and cf. Bentley's 'Phalaris,' p. 274.) Yet by Strabo (VI. 960) he is made the first legislator who published written laws, and in Stobæus his laws are actually quoted (44. 279). Nor does Aristotle hesitate to mention the tradition which makes him the disciple of Thales. Others with more plausibility associated his name with Pythagoras. (Diod. XII. 20.) See Sir G. C. Lewis, 'Credibility of Early Roman History,' vol. ii. p. 582; Grote, 'History of Greece,' vol. iv. p. 562.

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remains that they are movements eastward corresponding in many of their features to other movements which are said to have preceded them. All that can be said further about these legends as a whole is that the historical character of any of the incidents recorded in them can be attested only by evidence distinct from these myths: and no such evidence is forthcoming. . . . In the absence of contemporary testimony even likelihood cannot be converted into fact; and we must rest contented with the presumptions furnished by particular traditions. The circumstantiality of these traditions adds nothing to their value. Except in times for which we have strictly contemporary history the dates of great inventions and the men who are said to have made them must be regarded with extreme suspicion.' (Vol. i. pp. 49, 66, 67.)

A consequence of this very weakness on the side of minute detail is the tendency, not infrequent in the early history of nations, no less than of medieval legends, to reduplicate personages and events; an attempt to reconcile difficulties which, as Mr. Cox justly observes, savours too much of the method by which Egyptologists cut up or multiply Sesostris. The case is different with events for which there can be claimed the contemporary evidence of poets, hymns, and the like. The testimony of Archilochus, of Tyrtæus, or of the Delian Hymns is to a certain point unexceptionable.

'The splendour of the Delian festival,' writes Mr. Cox, 'had long faded before the growing popularity of the Ephesian games; and when in the days of the brilliant Pan-Athenaic celebrations of their own city the Athenians made some attempt to renew the glories of the Delian feast, the Hymn which spoke of those ancient gatherings was the only document from which Thucydides could obtain any knowledge of that time. But if in this hymn we have the evidence that alike in the East and in the West the Ionic name was a proud distinction; that in Delos was a centre of union for tribes always too prone to fall away from each other, and that this union was maintained with a constancy which made the Pan-Ionic gathering second to no other Hellenic festival, we derive from it just that kind of knowledge which we may receive with the surest trust, a knowledge obtained not by means of inconsistent or contradictory legends, but from the faithful description of a state of society in which the bard himself lived and moved. It is a history without incidents: and a narrative rich in incidents not recorded by contemporary writers lies on the borders or within the confines of fiction; but we have to bear steadily in mind the limits of the knowledge possessed by Thucydides, and to give up the thought that we can acquire anything more.' (Vol. i. pp. 116, 117.)

In this point of view the very precision of dates in the earliest historians of authority, Herodotus and Thucydides, proves too much. It has been usual indeed on this ground to prefer the latter to the former; and an assertion or date in Thucydides

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relating to a prehistoric era (whenever he goes out of his way to give one), has been commonly accepted as simply and unquestionably true. Yet it is clear, as Mr. Cox takes care more than once to insist, that we have mainly the same materials for judging which these writers had, only with a larger impartiality. The same consideration, it is plain, must be allowed to apply with still greater force to all later collectors of tradition, as Polybios, Pausanias, Plutarch, and even to Aristotle himself. Thus when Pausanias (ii. iv. 2) tells us that only Messenians and Spartans had access to the temple of Artemis Limnatis on the Messenian border, he is speaking, as Mr. Cox points out, of a state of things which had come to an end in the days of Teleklus, that is, at a time preceding his own by perhaps ten centuries; for more than three of which we have not even the pretence of contemporary history. Of this character are the dates assigned by Thucydides to the foundation of the Sicilian colonies. His sketch, observes Mr. Cox,

'is drawn with all the confidence of a man who feels sure of the trustworthiness and completeness of his evidence. . . . Nothing can be more precise than the ethnology given by him, nothing more definite than the dates which he assigns to the several Greek settlements in the island. From first to last the narrative is to all appearance thoroughly probable: but the account which he gives of the Trojan war has the same air of likelihood. In the latter case we know the process by which this result has been obtained, and we have no guarantee that his early Sicilian history may not be of precisely the same kind. This at least is certain, that for none of it was there any contemporary registration, and that most of the events recorded in it took place by his own admission more than four hundred years before his own day.' (Vol. i. pp. 143, 145.)

Tradition asserted that the first naval battle of the Greeks was fought by the fleets of Corinth and Corcyra. Thucydides is as ready with a date for this battle as he is with dates for the expulsion of the Bœotians from Arne, or for the other events which he assigns to the ages popularly called heroic, although he could have no really historical records of these events. The fall of Ilium, Curtius has truly remarked, is with Greek writers as the year 1; and they commence their entire chronology with a war which has no foundation or basis beyond that of the Homeric poems. The first recorded Olympiad is assigned to B.C. 776; nor have we any reason, as Grote has shown, for rejecting this date. But neither is there any historical evidence to support it.

A similar remark may be made, and a similar inference drawn, as to the ethnological knowledge of the very best Greek

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authors. Their observations continually prove their ignorance, or at least an amount of information so vague and indistinct as to be unfit to build on. Herodotus alternately affirms and denies that the Pelasgians and Hellens were of one and the same stock.

'The ethnological traditions of the Greeks,' writes Mr. Cox, 'are not to be trusted, and the attempt to extract history from the genealogies of eponymous heroes is a mere waste of labour. The genealogies were the expression of local convictions often wholly at variance with the not less strong convictions of neighbouring tribes and states; and the evidence of language would only go to establish affinities between clans which regarded each other as aliens in blood and therefore in religion. The Athenian would never admit that a Thrakian was a Hellen: yet the speech of the Thrakian was perhaps as nearly akin to the dialect of Athens as was that of the Aitolian mountaineer. . . . Of previous conditions of society the Greek historians had no more real knowledge than ourselves. They spoke of tribes who had preceded the Hellenes in the occupation of the land. But with their confused accounts of Pelasgians, Lykians, and Karians, we dare not lay down any positive conclusions about beings so shadowy as the Kaukones, Temmikes, Kouretes, Aones, Telchines, Phlegyai, and others. Some of these may with good reason be banished to that aerial region which is peopled by the Erinyes and the Valkyrien, where the Phaiakian barks journey from shore to shore without oar or sail or helm. . . . In the belief of Herodotus the Achaians and the Arkadians were with the Kynourians indigenous inhabitants of the Peloponnese; but his belief is as much and as little to be trusted as his counter-assertions respecting the relations of Pelasgians and Hellenes. He speaks of a dodekapolis of the Achaians, who, as he says, drove out the Ionian possessors of the land. But apart from the vagueness which marks his ethnology, his enumeration of these cities does not agree with that of Polybius or Pausanias: and the inconsistency justifies a suspicion that these political and social classifications may have been not infrequently made and carried out in defiance of facts which betrayed their arbitrary origin.' (Vol. i. pp. 58, 68, 96.)

And, once more, the untrustworthiness of traditional accounts of facts presumably historical may in many cases be clearly exhibited and even demonstrated. When we remember, Mr. Cox observes,

'that by the conditions of ancient navigation every ship sailing from Athens or Argos, from Corinth or any other Peloponnesian port, worked its way coastwise to Korkyra, and thence crossed the sea to the Iapygian or Sallentine cape, we might well suppose that every Hellenic colony in Southern Italy, with the exception perhaps of Brentesion (Brundusium) which lay to the north-west of the cape, would have been established before any attempts were made to occupy the coasts of Sicily. According to the traditional chronology the course of Hellenic colonisation reversed this natural order, and the chief Sici-

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lian cities had been established for years, when, at length, Sybaris was founded by the Achaian Iselikeus (if so he was called), at the mouth of the river of the same name on a line almost due west of the Iapygian promontory.' (Vol. i. p. 151.)

Thus the origin of the Campanian Cumæ is placed as early as the eleventh or twelfth century B.C.; nor was a myth wanting which makes the Palatine hill itself a still earlier Greek settlement founded by Evander.

Traditions, also, were invented to account for an identity of name in differently situated tribes. Dryopians were imported into the Peloponnese, into Eubœa, Cythnos, and Cyprus. A whole legend * arises to associate the ruling class of Macedonia, who were known as Argeadæ, with the Peloponnesian Argos, and thus with pure Hellenic blood; forgetting, as Niebuhr pointed out, that a Pelasgian Argos was to be found nearer at hand. † 'Conjectures,' writes Mr. Cox, 'founded on the dispersion of a name are scarcely rendered safe by their seeming likelihood. The Galatian or Gallic name is far more widely scattered; but the history of the early wanderings of the Gallic tribes is wrapped up and hidden in the mists of ages' (p. 66). It is true that this argument may be retorted, and that the fact of an identity of name has still to be accounted for. But this, as we have seen, is in some cases, at least, not difficult. Community of name points indeed to a common origin, but to one which is often independent of any traditional association.

'The truth is,' concludes our author, 'that for all events which cannot be attested by the living evidence of language, these ages are hidden from us by an impenetrable veil. Philological analysis will at least enable us to determine the relationships of Greek, Latin, and other dialects, and by classifying the words by which each dialect may denote the common objects of daily life, and more especially the instruments of agriculture and war, may trace the influences to which each tribe or race has been exposed, and the measure in which they have been blended with other clans. It may further throw, and it has thrown, invaluable light on the social and moral condition of the people, and on the sources of their ancient civilisation. It may even show the meaning of the tribal names: but far from helping us to

* It is given by Herodotus (VIII. 137–39), who, however, tells us in another place (v. 22), that the claim was not allowed. Mr. Cox, of course, traces the name Argeadai to the same class with Argives, Arkadians, and others which denote simply the brightness of morning-land. Similarly misleading is the legend which, based on a false etymology, strove to account for the name of the Attic festival, Apatouria. It really denotes the union of families sprung from a common sire.

† Lectures, vol. ii. p. 254.

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maintain the distinctions by which these tribes or clans justified their incessant feuds, it will teach us that Athenians, Arkadians, Argives, Lykians, Delians, Ionians, all had names with a common meaning and differing only in subtle shades of that meaning. How worthless these names are as a basis for a scientific ethnology we can scarcely fail to see as we trace the speculations by which Niebuhr reduces to a single root, or, at the least, to common groups, the names Danai, Latini, Sabini, Samnites, Apuli, Æqui, Osci, Iapyges, Volsci, Ausones, Umbri.'* (Vol. i. p. 148.)

Having thus far supplied the reader with a summary of the author's main positions, to which we have endeavoured to do full justice, we do not propose to plunge deeply into the controversy which they undoubtedly invite. We cannot, however, but remark that in our opinion Mr. Cox allows too little scope for the extraction of solid historical material from even the traditions of this early time. But some room also must surely be left for facts which are clearly indisputable, and have a bearing on the questions at issue: as for example the early greatness of Orchomenus, a fact altogether independent of any ethnological discussion as to the origin and movements of the Minyæ; or again of Mykenæ and Tiryns; of Argos, whose dominion was once identical with Peloponnese itself, and with districts beyond its limits; the thalassocracy of Crete; or, again, the confederacy of Calaurea, not to speak of the earliest Amphiktionies. It may indeed be true, as Max Müller has contended,† that the legend of Apollo leading Kyrene across the ocean to Libya is a specimen of mythological allegory which should be read in sober prose as, the town of Kyrene in Thessaly sent a colony to Africa under the auspices of Apollo. Yet the lengthy narrative of Herodotus, which describes the Minyæ as passing from Sparta to Thera, from Thera to Platea and Kyrene, has all the features of a genuine historical myth; that is, of a legend embodying historical transactions. In the course of his treatment of it Mr. Cox points out the interesting coincidence that as with the annals of the English Conquest of England, the chronology of the Battiad kings of Kyrene consists of multiples of eight. In one passage it would seem that Mr. Cox inclines to the testimony of tradition even when running counter to the evidence afforded by philology.

* This subject has also been carefully worked out by Mr. Cox in his well-known volumes on 'The Mythology of the Aryan Nations,' to which he naturally refers for a more detailed examination of this portion of his subject. See vol. i. pp 235–40.

† See Cox, 'History of Greece,' vol. i. p. 167.

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'Geographers,' he says, 'may point to "the path of Helle" and connect the name of the river Sellêeis with that of the Helloi who dwelt in the wintry Dodona: but while such reasons would lead us to ascribe to the Hellenic cities of Asia Minor an antiquity greater than that of Sparta or of Athens, the popular tradition regarded these Ionic, Aiolic, and Dorian towns as colonies from Western Hellas, and made some of them younger even than settlements lying beneath the mighty masses of Etna and Vesuvius.' (Vol. i. p. 142.)

The example just adduced may be taken as a specimen of the whole difference of treatment adopted by different authors in their purview of the prehistoric period of early Greek history, and of the questions it involves.

'From one point of view,' says Mr. Cox, 'the question (of the course of the various migrations) may be of very slight importance. There is little either to instruct or to interest us in the fortunes of a number of independent and isolated societies, which might go on for ever without adding a jot to the sum of a common experience: but if we find in every case the traditions which profess to relate the origin of these scattered cities are either inconsistent or wholly contradictory, we may well learn the lesson that we are safe only when we pass within the borders of genuine contemporary history.' (Vol. i. pp. 142, 143.)

But in taking up this ground he excludes the whole series of interesting and, it may be added, most instructive investigations which are gradually unfolding the relations of a far earlier period of antiquity than historical speculation (though our author holds that 'history is no field for speculation') has hitherto been able to appropriate. Towards the elucidation of this era in the annals of the human race many elements, including the analysis of language, are tending to combine. The evidence supplied by coins, by tablets, by excavations and local surveys, in the 'survival' of early customs, in religious rites, temples, and mausolea, no less than in comparative philology, serves continually and progressively to throw light and confirmation on the happy anticipations of genius and the forecasts of constructive criticism. It can hardly now be questioned, as the result of these inquiries, that, to use the words of Dr. Curtius, 'the real beginnings of Hellenic civili-
'sation are to be sought for on the eastern side of the Archi-
'pelago, where as early as in the fifteenth and sixteenth
'centuries we may assume the existence of Greek tribes par-
'ticipating in the general maritime intercourse of the nations
'of the world.'* In the West the Minyae, who were Æolids,

* Curtius, 'History of Greece,' translated by A. W. Ward, M.A., vol. i. p. 157. In relation to this subject we would draw attention to the highly interesting contribution to our knowledge of this period

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were the first tribe of Continental Greece developed by means of contact with the so-called Old Ionians; followed indeed by the Achæans, whose communications with the coast of Asia Minor point through the Pelopidæ to Lydia.

We cannot then agree with the verdict of Mr. Cox, which seems to us far too narrow in its scope, when he says—

'Of the changes which preceded the advent or growth of this Hellenic people we know nothing. The record of them was never made, or it has been lost irretrievably; and these tribes appear in the earliest dawn of their history separated by certain strongly-marked features from the inhabitants of the countries round about them, and little, if at all, affected by the civilisation of the great empires which had come into existence on the banks of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates, and along the narrow strip of fertile lands at the base of the mighty range of Lebanon.' (Vol. i. p. 58.)

Even in the case of home-spun myths we are content to see in them, in the expressive language of Curtius, 'a wealth of 'reminiscence indicative of a nation's consciousness of the 'beginnings of its history.' These in Greece point continually to the East and beyond the sea. They are the effects then of colonisation, but by colonies of foreign *Hellenes*, for they exhibit in their details a common relationship and assume in their ideas the Hellenic form. The introduction of foreign rites and objects of worship is here a consideration of the greatest moment. Whether the Pelasgians were or were not Monotheists, the importation of images (Xoana, Bœtyli, Cabiri) by the Phœnicians, the naturalisation of Phœnician deities, of Hercules, the type God, answering to Melkar, of Astarte, of Poseidaon, the Ionian God, not known inland; as also of Dionysos and Artemis, of Athene with the olive, of Apollon and the laurel, are facts which cannot be left out of account as if they were circumstances in themselves inexplicable. The legends of the Heroes must be allowed to contain in whatever kind of envelope a nucleus of fact, even where only of an eponymic character; in which light we may still regard the *gesta* of Danaus, Perseus, Cadmus, Cecrops, Io, and Iason (=Iaon), and still more, of Minos, as embodying historical information. In this way monumental remains, institutions, and consentaneous tradition mark the basis of the earliest history or at least the dawning of its advent.

In his chapter on the origin and growth of Hellenic civilisation, Mr. Cox has traced back with considerable skill to their

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furnished in Mr. Gladstone's recent Essays on the early connexion between Egypt and Greece.

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commencement those ideas of property, private rights, kinship, and religious associations which constitute in historic times the conditions of citizenship both in Greek and Latin states. Arnold indeed had not failed to perceive that in these commonwealths of the ancient world property was derived from political rights rather than political rights from property: and that one part at least of these rights was closely identified with community of worship if not of race. But the ground of these facts, it is now certain, must be sought in those immemorial customs and primeval ideas which mark the earliest life of all the Aryan tribes, and which may still be found in the village communities of India and other countries. Historically the family is the original unit of society (*οἰκία πρώτη*, as Aristotle long ago pointed out); and Mr. Cox is never weary of reminding his readers that there was a time when

'the house of each of our Aryan progenitors was to him what the den is to the wild beast which dwells in it; something, namely, to which he only has a right and which he allows his mate and offspring to share, but which no other living thing may enter except at the risk of life. . . . The stranger could have no rights whether of intermarriage or of inheritance: nor could the lapse of generations furnish the faintest legal ground for the relaxation of these conditions. If, again, the old society was thus hard in its relations with all who lay beyond its narrow boundaries, it was not less imperious within its own limits. The father was the absolute lord within his own home. He was master of the lives of his children, who, so long as he lived, could be nothing but his subjects; and his wife was in theory his slave. This state of things is attested by social conditions which we find existing in historical times. It is impossible that the Greek or the Roman or the Hindu house could have acquired its inviolable religious character, had it not been held as the stronghold of a family long before the religious sanction was devised. In Latium and Rome, as in Hellas, every house was a fortress carefully cut off by its precinct from every other. No party walls might join together the possessions of different families; no plough might break the neutral ground which left each abode in impenetrable seclusion. (Vol. i. pp. 11, 13.)

But to this exclusiveness of the ancient family, and to the 'patria potestas' on which it rested, must be added the religious element derived, as Mr. Cox explains, from the belief in the continued existence after death of the progenitors of each Aryan household. As generations moved on, the living master ruled, but only as the vicegerent of his immediate predecessor. He alone could offer the necessary sacrifices to his deified ancestors.* Younger brothers and their children passed

* Compare in Mommsen's 'Rome,' vol. i. p. 75, English translation, the account of the Savonian 'house-father.' Hence the Spartans

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into the absolute disposal of the head of the house, who became at once its priest and its king. If the natural succession failed, the remedy lay in adoption effected only by a religious ceremony of the most solemn kind. The subject of it renounced his own family and the worship of its gods to pass to another hearth and to the worship of other deities. So

'indispensable was it,' writes Mr. Cox, 'that the same blood should flow or be thought to flow through the veins of every member of the houses, and that they must worship the same gods with the same sacrifices. All who could not satisfy these conditions were aliens or enemies, for the two words were synonymous: and thus we have in the East the growth of caste, in the West that of a plebs or a clientela, beneath whom might be placed the serf or the helot.'

Property in the soil, and the doctrine of its inalienability,* followed as a consequence of the inviolability of the home, its hearth, its altar, and its tombs; and similarly the custom, or, as Gibbon terms it, 'the insolent prerogative,' of primogeniture.

'No room was left for any testamentary power; and accordingly we find that the prohibition against wills was no peculiarity of Athenian or early Roman legislation, but may be found in the laws of the Hindu and other Aryan tribes. . . . If the father of the family ruled wholly by a religious sanction, the same sanction could alone constitute the authority of every magistrate who could bear rule over any aggregate of such families,—in other words, over the state, so far as at that time the idea of a state could be said to be conceived. The first duty of every such officer was to the gods whose priest he was by virtue of his birth and blood; and in the claim of the plebeian to fill his place, if chosen by the suffrages of the community, he would see not merely a political movement which might end in the rule of the Demos or mob, but a direct insult offered to the majesty of the Gods. Hence that fierce opposition which at Rome resisted the admission of plebeians to the curule magistracies, long after the plebeians had shown as great a fitness to fill those offices as could be shown by any members of the patrician houses.' (Vol. i. pp. 18, 19.)

From the same source originated the identity of religious

chosen to defend Thermopylæ were those who had sons. Herod. VII. 205.

* We consider that Mr. Cox is right in contending against Dr. Arnold, that the division and assignation of lands in later times by the act of the community, as for example, in colonisation or the occupation of conquered territory, or even in the case of returned exiles, is no sufficient precedent for the original ground of tenure. Popular belief or conviction furnishes no sufficient evidence as to the fact. No adequate proof exists of any equal distribution of land among all the citizens in early times, whether at Athens or at Sparta. Mr. Grote's conclusions on this subject are correct, though exception may be taken to his reasoning.

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and civil penalties; the custom of colonists taking out with them the sacred fire; and the terrible character in the eyes of the Greek and Roman of the doom of exile. It may be asked through what stages did this ancient family life pass into the phase of civil society?

'The Greek Phratriai,' answers Mr. Cox, 'and the Latin Curiae (=κουρίαι or bands of κοῦροι, sons) were but clubs in which a number of houses (γένη) were combined. No change was made in the character of the houses themselves: and their alliance seemed scarcely to bring men a single step nearer to forms of social life in which blood ceases to be the indispensable condition of citizenship. . . . While the circle of interests was widened, the bond of union remained not less strictly religious; and each group of families had a common altar erected in honour of a common deity who was supposed to be more powerful than the gods of each separate household. The principle of combination thus introduced was capable of infinite extension; and as the grouping of Houses or Families had formed the Phratria, so the union of Phratriai alone was needed to form in the Tribe a religious society strictly analogous to the Phratria, or Family.'

And:—

'as the worship of the Family was subordinated to that of the Phratria and that of the Phratriai to the worship of the Tribe, so Tribes which were locally near to each other could not fail to desire for themselves a union similar to that of the Phratriai or the Houses. This final union of Tribes constituted the Polis or State, the society which, founded on a common religion, embraced all its members within the circle of a common law, destined in the end to sweep away those distinctions of blood in which its foundations had been laid. With the formation of the State, in other words, of the individual City, the political growth of the Greek may in strictness of speech be said to have ended; and his inability to advance to any other idea of Parliament than a Primary Assembly involved a fatal hindrance to the growth of a nation.' * (Vol. i. pp. 24, 25.)

We have now followed Mr. Cox through his vivid and convincing analysis of the origin of society in Hellas. Neither law nor language, he justly observes, sprang from a deliberate convention. The religious character of family union formed the basis of the superstructure in later times of civil government. Some points in the course of this developement must probably remain always dark. What were the original differences in respect of ancestral worship which characterised the Aryan from other primeval branches of the human stock?

* The farther step in the political education of the Greeks was that of a confederacy of independent cities; but here the difficulty of a mutual subordination arrested farther progress. According to Plutarch Pericles attempted to collect at Athens a Pan-Hellenic congress.

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How did the practice of solar worship and the adoration of the powers of Nature take their place beside this hereditary worship of ancestors without confusing or obliterating the lines of political distinctions undoubtedly connected with this belief? These are inquiries to which little or no answer can be given. Nor has Mr. Cox himself given any. Yet in this manner by the admission of foreign and wider elements of a common faith the area of the Family expanded into that of the Tribe, and of the Tribe into the State. What, again, we may ask, was the course of transition from the patriarchal rule, which must have coincided with the earliest form of government, to the varieties of historic times? In the growth of population multiplying rapidly the members of dominant houses Mr. Cox sees the natural tendency of Hellenic as well as of other Aryan society towards oligarchy. No basileis or kings ruling by divine right; or, as among Oriental despots, as the direct representatives of the Deity, ever established themselves beyond the boundaries of Asia and Africa.* Yet that many of the Hellenic states came to be ruled by hereditary sovereigns, not to speak of the Spartan Diarchy, is an admitted fact for which our author gives no sufficient explanation. The kingly power, hereditary or usurped, was indeed not long in decaying and dying out; and when oligarchies were set up in its place, this was strictly nothing more than a return to the earlier form of civil government, growing out of the confederation of families.

Want of space excludes us from following in any detail the account given in these volumes of the constitution and early history of Sparta, of the early constitutional history of Athens, and of the Solonian legislation. Obdurate in refusing to later writers the right of theorising on the object or the details of political arrangements which are themselves matters of question, Mr. Cox. is contented to point out the difficulties attaching to the received accounts of the reforms of Lycurgus. Unlike Mr. Grote, he is not always at the pains to refute or to expose what he sees to have no historical basis. In Attica, indeed, the early developement of a constitution followed a

* See Aristotle's remarks in the 'Politics,' III. xiv. 6. He inclines to refer the heroic monarchies to casual origins. It is a moot point as to whether they were hereditary. The description by Herodotus (VI. 57) of the Spartan kings furnishes many instances of patriarchal authority, e.g. the protection of female wards (ἐπίκληροι). The Archon Basileus at Athens sacrificing at the altar of Ζεὺς Ἑρκειος, and retaining the unique privilege of his wife sharing in his title and official dignities, as Basilissa, must be looked on as a similar instance of 'survival.'

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more regular and explicable course. The divisions of clans and houses, and of the soil on a correspondent footing are sufficiently accounted for by the still earlier forms of social growth, on which we have already enlarged. This arrangement lasted in the main to the days of Kleisthenes, though subject to a perennial course of modification from the time of Theseus, until, finally, local Demoi took the place altogether of the tribal basis. We have already noticed Mr. Cox's view, in point of historic credibility, of the legislation of Draco. 'Constitutions,' said Sir James Mackintosh, 'like languages, 'are not made, but grow.' We may, then, rest satisfied with discerning the stages of that growth without being able in all instances to assign them to personages or even within exact limits. In the case of Solon, however, it must be admitted, that while, as Mr. Cox points out, three generations had passed away between the date of the living man and the first writer who can really claim the title of a contemporary historian, we are still dealing with facts undoubtedly historical. The conquest of Salamis, the distress and misery of the Athenian plebs, the increasing prevalence of home slavery under the laws of debt and mortgage, are unquestionable. The sole difficulty lies in the right interpretation of the measures of redress; and little here can be added to the just and cautious examination by Grote of the materials which are extant for its solution. Mr. Cox, we think, has done good service in exhibiting the entirely theoretic character of the touches given by Dr. Curtius to his picture of the social distress of the Athenian people at this period, as well as of the special financial remedy which he believes Solon to have applied. To use Solon's own expression, 'the land was itself enslaved;' and the simplest form of Seisactheia or removal of burthens lay in freeing the soil from the monopoly of the Eupatrids, rather than in lowering the currency or rate of interest, or in abolishing accumulations of debt. The Classes of Solon introduced further a road to independence and a principle of political self-assertion based on a property franchise as the title to citizenship, which needed only the subsequent removal of the tribal qualification to ensure complete constitutional rights to the lowest order of the community. This step we may be sure was the work of Kleisthenes, although the passages in Herodotus and Aristotle which describe his measures are, unfortunately, extremely disputable.* We see no reason to disagree

* These are Herod, v. 66, 69; Arist., 'Politics,' III. ii. 3. Notwithstanding Professor Rawlinson's note on the former passage, the

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with Mr. Cox's conclusions as given in the following passage:—

'To create new tribes on a level with the old ones was an impossibility: to add to the numbers of phratries or families contained in them would have been resented as a profanation and a sacrilege. There was therefore nothing left but to do away with the religious tribes as political units, and to substitute for them a larger number of new tribes divided into cantons taking in the whole body of Athenian citizens: and into this body Kleisthenes, according to the express statement of Aristotle, introduced many resident aliens and perhaps slaves. . . . So carefully did he provide that the cantons of the Tribes should not be generally adjacent that the five Demoi of Athens itself belonged to five different tribes. The demos, in short, became in many respects like our parish, each having its own place of worship, with its special rites and watching over its own local interests, each levying its own taxes, and each keeping its own register of enrolled citizens. This association, which was seen further in the common worship of each tribe in its own chapel, differed from the religious society of the old patrician houses in its extension to all citizens; but it served to keep up the exclusiveness which distinguished the polity of the most advanced of ancient democracies from the theory of modern citizenship.' (Vol. i. pp. 244, 245.)

Into the institutions of the Heliaia, of the Dikasteria, and of the cumbrous and highly questionable democratic resource of Ostracism, which may be compared with the Dorian Xenelasiai, there is no need here to enter. The same absence of the idea of representation in respect of the judicial powers constituted the vice of these arrangements in the most enlightened of Greek cities as is apparent in their legislative assemblies.*

We must not omit to notice, though we can do no more than advert to the excellent, if somewhat scanty, chapter in which Mr. Cox reviews the growth and mode of developement of the intellectual education of the Greeks. Showing first how festivals, which were strictly local celebra-

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early existence of *castes* in Attica must still be left an open question. On the legislation of Cleisthenes see Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece,' vol. v. pp. 169–175. In the 'Politics' the unanimity of the MSS. is too strong to allow any alteration of the text. Some resident aliens may have been in a servile condition; or they may have included freedmen, i.e. those who from altered circumstances had regained the position lost during their time of penury.

* Their consequences may be traced in the judicial murders of the Six Generals and of Socrates. On the merits of the Athenian jury courts we cannot altogether agree with the view of Mr. Cox. See vol. ii. p. 597.

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tions of cities or villages, grew into Pan-Hellenic congresses, and how, as Delos waned, Olympia rose to greatness; how pilgrims from all lands crowded to Delphi and to the Pythian contests, to the Nemean and Isthmian games; how Athens with the instinct of empire extended to all Hellenes the right of initiation into the mysteries of Eleusis, and in her own Ionian feast, the Dionysia, inspired her sons by the exhibition of dramas * which quickened the national life; Mr. Cox still reminds his readers how great was the need of such influences to counteract the isolation of village and cantonal communities, or, as he somewhat fantastically expresses it, the 'centrifugal 'instinct or sentiment,' an isolation which ever threatened to lay Hellas at the mercy of Thracian or Persian ambition. In this species of national education Pan-Hellenic gatherings proved a powerful means of creating a national sentiment.† The origin of written literature among the Greeks dates probably from a time not much preceding the lifetime of Herodotus. But to a glorious future it united also a remote past, both of Poetry and Art.

'Between the rude log which probably represented the Athene of the Iliad and the glorious statue of Zeus, which burst on the eyes of wondering worshippers at Olympia, the gulf seems almost impassable; but the sculptors of Athens, Aigina, and Krete were slowly working their way across it, while Alkman and Tyrtaios were opening a path for Simonides and Pindar; and the two temples of Hêrê at Samos and of Artemis at Ephesos, of which Herodotus speaks as the greatest in his own day, assuredly exhibited not a little of that majesty and grace which dazzled and charmed the eye of the beholder on the rock of the virgin goddess at Athens. Influences such as these were all Pan-Hellenic. Along with the poet, the sculptor, and the painter the orator was daily attaining to wider power: but the eloquence even of Themistokles was necessarily directed first and chiefly to promoting the individual interests of Athens. Art cannot be thus selfish: and the sense of beauty, springing as it did from a thoroughly patient and truthful observation of fact, was combined with the possession of a common treasure of poetry, linking together by a national bond tribes which never could be schooled into our notions of political union.' (Vol. i. p. 124.)

* Such as the Persæ of Æschylus and the Fall of Miletus by Phrynichus. See Herod. vi. 21. This was the true defence of the measure, attributed to Pericles, by which the Theorikon was distributed among the poorer classes. 'Attic tragedy,' says Mr. Cox, 'was essentially the 'child of Attic democracy,' vol. ii. p. 593.

† In later times the ambition of cities, families, and individuals employed these gatherings for selfish purposes. Compare the Alkmæonidæ in Herod. v. 32, and the avowed policy of Alcibiades in Thuc. vi. 16.

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These observations of Mr. Cox, at once truthful and eloquent, will go far to modify the cruder notions of earlier writers on the history of Greece, which have usually represented the unity of Hellas as identical with its public shows and common ground of worship. So again, commencing from the first vague stirrings of physical inquiry when the belief that all phenomena were the voluntary or involuntary acts of individual agents expressed itself in the cosmogonies of Hesiod and the earliest poets, then noticing in passing that stage of thought marked by the sayings of the Seven Wise Men and the maxims of the Gnomic poets, an intellectual condition which, as Mr. Cox observes, has in certain nations become stereotyped, as among the Jews, Saracens, Persians, and Spaniards; our author conducts his readers over tracts of culture in the history of the Greek mind, too lightly perhaps touched in these volumes, but fraught with surpassing interest. In the earliest theories of causation broached by Greek speculation, crude and unmeaning as they may now appear, lay the germs of a method and course of inquiry, unessayed by races of older standing in the history of mankind, to which we probably owe all those successes which, whether in natural or metaphysical philosophy, have signalised the research of modern times.

'The Greek,' says Mr. Cox, 'had laid the foundation on which has been raised the vast fabric of modern scientific knowledge. But was the Greek himself reaping on a field where others had sown the seed? Was his work confined to the introduction of a philosophy which had grown up elsewhere? Greek traditions of a later day pointed to foreign lands as the sources of their science.' (Vol. i. p. 127.)

Was this indeed the fact, and are we to seek in Egypt or Chaldea the origins of the intellectual education of Greece? Mr. Cox thinks hardly so. Following the track of his acknowledged master in matters of historical credibility, Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, laid down in his last great work on the 'Astronomy of the Ancients,' he considers that even if Egypt had gathered the materials for scientific induction by amassing a store of observations for which in the first instance they may have been indebted to Babylonia; yet that the really historical and always progressive science of Greece was practically of home growth. And no doubt Greek philosophy can exhibit a genealogy which sufficiently attests the independence of the schools of thought among which it flourished. The astronomy, on the contrary, of Egypt and Assyria, it has been remarked, is always ascribed to the priests in the one country, and to the Chaldeans in the other. No one man attains to eminence or leaves a name. Yet as, according to an old observation of

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Aristotle, nations must be well advanced along the road of prosperity and progress ere they betake themselves to the work of purely intellectual speculation; while all the earlier names in the roll of Greek philosophers are found in the cities of Ionia and of the colonies which themselves owed their culture to foreign intercourse; it is still, we think, matter for inquiry in what proportion the sum of Hellenic ideas in philosophy as well as in theosophic speculation stands indebted at the outset to the East. For the rest the work of progress was all its own, through the phases of a hazy Pantheism and of a materialistic universalism up to the creed of one God and Father, and to the morality of a Socrates and an Epictetus.

'The teaching of all these schools,' Mr. Cox writes in an admirable passage, 'Ionic, Eleatic, and Pythagorean alike, is thus seen to be marked by fancies and notions which may seem to us as grotesque as they are strange. But the mere propounding of the first guess was the emancipation of the human mind from the yoke of mythological belief: and each successive guess, linked as it was to the theories which had preceded it, and having further a certain logical justification, had the effect of strengthening the mind and widening the range of its knowledge. The numerical mysticism of the Pythagoreans laid the foundations for those mathematical and geometrical inquiries which have unlocked many a potent secret of nature and are destined to unlock many more. The influence of these philosophical schools must be carefully distinguished from those general influences which, culminating in the great games and festivals, wrought so powerfully towards the formation of a Pan-Hellenic, although unhappily not of a really national sentiment. It was not a popular influence. The schools themselves were liable at any moment to be drawn into deadly collision with the popular belief: and this collision became inevitable when from the condemnation of human conceptions about the gods they went on to deny the functions of the gods in the production of physical phenomena. But they did, nevertheless, a mighty work. They moulded the highest thought of their countrymen; and the teaching of Xenophanes and Anaxagoras had its fruit in the statesmanship of Perikles and in the judicial criticism of the greatest of Greek historians. It has borne even a wider fruit, for the science of modern Europe could not have been what it now is, if the Greek thinkers had not first broken the ground and taught men that the powers of the human mind have been given to brace it for tasks immeasurably more formidable than the climbing of the Glass Mountain in folk lore.' (Vol. i. p. 140.)

We have now reached the Second Book of Mr. Cox's History, which is commenced by a critique, on the value of which we have already remarked, of the evidence for the traditions of the Persian Wars. This is indeed the strongest portion of a work in which the evidence of facts claiming to be historical,

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together with the credibility of the historians themselves, has been more thoroughly treated than in any, not excepting Mr. Grote's, with which we are acquainted. On this ground alone, as it seems to us, Mr. Cox's work will have established for itself a permanent place among the best Histories of Ancient Greece. The object and scope of the narrative of Herodotus, its dramatic tone, its historical conceptions, its mingling of supernatural and human causes, its epical contrasts and coincidences, e.g. in the accounts of Crœsus and Polycrates, its general credibility and trustworthiness come severally under review, and are treated with justness and discrimination. A comparison of the intellectual condition of the age of Herodotus with that of Thucydides, separated though they were so narrowly in point of date,* renders it unnecessary for the author to undertake a similarly lengthened survey of the sources of historical information at the command of the latter writer for his account of the Peloponnesian War. We shall, however, a little later summarise and discuss Mr. Cox's views of this historian. No doubt individual differences of thought and temperament may help to account for the presence throughout the work of Thucydides of much real historical criticism, which is altogether wanting in the pages of Herodotus. No doubt, in the words of Mr. Cox,

'the history of the Peloponnesian War has its climax not less than the history of Herodotus. If the sacrilegious pride of the barbarian reached its greatest height in the assault on Delphoi, the downfall of Athenian greatness is not less sharply traced from the massacre which followed the conference at Melos. In this instance Thucydides has departed from his rule of not importing into his speeches materials which either were not or might not have been employed by the speakers. In short, in the so-called Melian conference Thucydides has expressed sentiments which he chooses to ascribe to the Athenians, not those of the Melians, or even those of the Athenian sophists, with which they are even less in agreement. In other words, a moral conviction had led him to insert in an historical form a parable designed to enforce his view of the causes which led to the downfall of Athens. We may re-arrange the narrative of Herodotus; but by no process of selection can we bring it into harmony with the general spirit of Thucydides. We may, if we please, maintain that political causes for the course of events are not omitted; but we cannot say that the excision of the super-

* A fact which makes it all the more remarkable that Thucydides should so completely ignore Herodotus even when going over the same ground, e.g. the history of Pisistratus. See Thucydides, VI. 53, 55, &c. On some laxity of expression in Thucydides, see Mr. Cox's remarks, vol. i. p. 424, *note.*

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natural phenomena recorded in it would leave his narrative in substance that which it now is.' (Vol. i. pp. 233, 234.)

So marked a contrast can only be attributed to the differences in the intellectual condition of the age of Thucydides as compared with that of Herodotus. And what then is the result of this criticism on the credibility of the older historian? His impartiality is beyond question. He tells us at least all he knows; and he has taken pains to gain the truth. But his judgment in matters of opinion or inference is fairly open to objection. He is dogmatic in statements in which he is at the same time inconsistent. He is sometimes bewildering in the breadth of his assertions, e.g. that the Athenians were the first Greeks who could look undismayed on the dress of the Persians, and that to the Greeks generally the passage across the Ægæan was as terrible as a voyage to Tartessus. His details, even where manifestly unhistorical, e.g. the debates of the seven conspirators against Smerdis, which are palpably unreal as speeches of Oriental grandees, or again the story, epical in its solemnity, of Xerxes' dream, are generally inextricably interwoven with the course of the main narrative. To separate them requires the closest application of modern critical tests. Oral tradition is for the most part the groundwork of his information; for, unlike Thucydides, he was not contemporaneous with the events he describes. If born in B.C. 484, he was but six years old when the last event recorded by him took place. Very often mythical and legendary exaggerations in his work may be pruned, explained, or modified by other attendant circumstances, or by more recent historical knowledge. But there remains the certainty, attested by Thucydides in more than one example, that popular tradition, where this is our only guide, has, even as to events, wandered away from truth of fact, and that too at no great distance of time from the particulars narrated. There are left to us as grounds of credibility monumental evidence, e.g., the stone columns set up by Darius on the Asiatic shore of the Hellespont, and in later times the pillar on which the treaty of Kallias was engraven at Athens; inscriptions which may, however, have been from the first intended to deceive, or which, as in some cases, have been subsequently changed: genealogies, official registers, and documents of state, oracular responses, and votive offerings, e.g. the tripod dedicated by the allies after the victory at Platæae. Yet to each and all of these, it is well known, particular exceptions may be taken; and it remains only to adopt the course actually pursued in these volumes by Mr. Cox, which is to determine with respect to

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each event or transaction the measure of reliance to be placed on the given record. Accordingly the remainder of this History, so far as is at present published, is occupied with a continuous narrative, treated with much spirit and accuracy and full in its details, of the Persian and Peloponnesian Wars. The critical remarks of the author, applied with much care, scholarly closeness, and acuteness, supply a sort of running commentary on the events described and on the sources from which our knowledge of them is derived. We would select as fair instances of his manner of treatment his remarks on the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, on the circumnavigation of Africa under Necho, on the details of the Scythian expedition of Darius, and the credibility of the narratives of Aristagoras and Histiæus. Of another character are the verdicts given in these volumes on the moral and political estimate to be taken of particular events and personages: as for example, the ingratitude of the Athenians in their condemnation of Miltiades or of the Six Generals at Ægospotami, on which it will be necessary later to make some few remarks. The general aspect, in Mr. Cox's judgment of the narrative of the Persian War, is summed up in the following well-chosen sentences:—

'In the history of the Persian Wars we have the narrative of a struggle, the general features of which stand out with sufficient clearness. But it is a tale in which every incident must be submitted to a searching test before we can admit it without reserve, and in which the most plausible statements will not unfrequently be found the least trustworthy. From the beginning to the end we trace an ethical or religious purpose overlying or putting out of sight all political causes and motives, and substituting appeals to exploits done in the mythical ages for less fictitious but more substantial services. Throughout we find narratives constructed to meet a popular saying or illustrate a popular belief. We find national struggles, which are beyond doubt historical, enlivened by imaginary combats of well-chosen champions; and momentous national changes in which a contradiction runs through the most important features. We find a sequence of events in which every step and every turn is ushered in by tokens and wonders, or by the visible intervention of gods and heroes. We find legend and fable interwoven with the unadorned details of political intercourse and the movements of fleets and armies. But we find also in the great men of that city, in which was centred the salvation of the Hellenic world, a distinct and deliberate policy which neither sign nor portent, seer nor soothsayer, dream nor marvel, can avail to crush or even to turn aside,—a foresight which takes the true measure of their enemy's power and their own,—a character as real and as tangible as that of any of the great men who have done good service to our own country or to any other land in Christendom.' (Vol. i. p. 601.)

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Mr. Cox yields no stinted or reluctant tribute of admiration to the historical genius of Thucydides, in whom, as he well remarks, the spirit of genuine criticism was at once both first developed and matured. It is likely that his long exile of twenty years may have had much to do with quickening in him the judicial spirit which distinguishes his history among all the writings of his contemporaries and of all later times. He has, however, no hesitation in arraigning his political partialities and in showing to what extent his judgment was occasionally warped by the prejudices of his age and position. It is true that he avoids the mixture of legend with matters of fact and of supernatural with human causation which marks so strongly the temperament of Herodotus. But it is by exchanging an implicit faith in mythological marvels for a dry and tasteless acceptance of their details as authentic, when stripped of their miraculous features. In the course of narrating the alliance of the Athenians with the Thracian chieftain, Sitalces, he warns his readers that his father Teres, *not being Tereus*, was not of kin with the mythical parent of Procne and Philomel. The honesty of Thucydides is indeed unimpeachable; and he describes faithfully the very disasters caused by his own negligence when in command, and which Mr. Cox, we think, somewhat gratuitously sets down to a preference of his own interests over those of his country.* It is needless then to say that his account of himself may be fully trusted, and if so, of all matters also of which he was directly cognisant. His accuracy is such, as well as his minuteness of detail, as to warrant the belief that on more than one occasion he is recording the results of personal observation. While not blind to the weaknesses of oligarchical cabals (viii. 63, see also his account of Theramenes and his party, viii. 89), he further acknowledges the merits of a well-balanced timocracy, such as for a moment bid fair to realise the model of the constitution of Cleisthenes (viii. 97). We are surprised then to find Mr. Cox so pertinaciously attacking the political predilections of Thucydides, as almost to endanger the very credibility of his entire narrative. Even his condemnation of the cruelty of Cleon for abetting the massacre of the Mytilenæan people is attributed to aristocratic bias.

'The severity,' writes Mr. Cox, 'of the historian's judgment might be set down to a stern moral indignation at the inhumanity of Kleon's counsel, were it not that he has just related the treason of Paches

* The whole subject is ably discussed by Mure in his 'Critical History of Greek Literature,' IV. viii. 8.

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without a word of comment, and if we could only forget that his judgment of character is not always determined by the morality or immorality of the men of whom he speaks. Not only does he relate the worst iniquities of Athenians and Spartans without saying what he thinks or feels about them, but he can hold up as one of the best of Athenian citizens a man rendered infamous by a series of dastardly assassinations. Hence when we find that the unimpassioned impartiality of language, which marks his history, is disturbed only when he speaks in praise of a man like Antiphon, or in blame of a man like Kleon, we cannot but ask whether there may not be a cause for so strange a difference. To this question the absolute honesty of the man happily furnishes the answer. He lauds the virtues of Antiphon, but he takes care to note the murders in which he had a share; he never mentions Kleon without a disparaging epithet, but he makes no attempt to conceal the fact that for Kleon he has a strong feeling of personal enmity, and that his own character was bound up with that of the noisy and audacious leather-seller. But our admiration of the man as a historian must be heightened when we find that the hatred, which could distort his judgment, could not tempt him to suppress or misrepresent a fact. While then we may fairly test his comments by his history, we may happily follow his narrative with implicit trust; and his narrative taken with this reservation will exhibit in a full and true light the real position of a man whose portrait has been generally drawn in caricature.' (Vol. ii. pp. 163, 164.)

Though expressed in emphatic language, we still think this but faint praise; nor are we, therefore, much surprised to find that in the opinion of our author Thucydides was betrayed by personal jealousy into an exaggeration, if not a misrepresentation, of the circumstances attending the mission of Cleon to Pylos. The judgment of the historian, he thinks, is in many cases the judgment of his party. From the same source proceeded, if we are to trust the estimate of Mr. Cox, his weak and unwarrantable admiration for the moral qualities of Nicias, no less than of Antiphon, a verdict as to which he does not scruple to pronounce the moral judgment of the historian to be altogether perverted. In one case he even charges him with indulging in gross invective, and that so groundless in its origin, that it may be taken as involving not the least reflection on the moral character of the man against whom it is levelled. 'We have to remember,' repeats Mr. Cox, 'that 'for the murders of Antiphon Thucydides has no censures 'whatever, while Antiphon himself is eulogised as a very 'pattern of all that is excellent.' For such strictures as these, we must avow our opinion, there is little or no ground. To us they seem to take their colour very much from the prepossessions of the author himself, and from the very heartiness of the enthusiasm which throughout his work characterises his review

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of the intrigues of Athenian politics.* Could we indeed bring ourselves to believe in the truth of these aspersions on the sobriety and candour of the greatest of Greek historians, the interest and value of his narrative would for us be irrecoverably lost. The same impetuosity and warmth of feeling, which contrast so markedly with the judicial calmness and evenness of inference displayed in the earlier portions of his work, hurry Mr. Cox, as it seems to us, into much heated and inflated criticism on the characters and transactions of the Peloponnesian War. An eager defender of democratic institutions and principles, he is especially extravagant in his oft-repeated praises of Cleon, and in his defence of the consistency, courage, and good sense of the Athenian Demos. On the other hand, his condemnation of Alcibiades, and indeed of all other Eupatrids, as well as of Sparta as the type of an oligarchical community, is alike unsparing and unmeasured in its severity.

'No crimes,' he writes, 'committed by Athenians in their worst moods ever approached in intensity of horror the enormities perpetrated both by the government and the citizens of Sparta.' (Vol. ii. p. 576.)

Again:—

'Personal corruption has often been alleged as the special vice of democracies; and in Athens it is supposed to have found a singularly congenial soil. But in Athens its growth is but dwarfish in comparison of the gigantic proportions which it reaches in the pure Doric oligarchy of Sparta and the haughty and refined nobility of her allies. We have further to note that in these blue-blooded Athenian Eupatridai bribery was not merely a sin committed to advance their own interests or heighten their own pleasures; it was direct treachery to the state whose aims and policy they thus effectually thwarted and defeated.' (Vol. ii. p. 451.)

He considers it a misfortune that the life of the young Alcibiades was saved by Socrates in the siege of Potidæa:—

'Presenting as he does an image of violent selfishness and ingrained treachery, he stands very near the pinnacle of human wickedness. . . . The task of tracing the career of a man who surrounds himself with an atmosphere of falsehood must always be repulsive; but the history of this worthless schemer is instructive as showing how nearly a systematic liar may succeed in achieving a reputation which less daring offenders vainly seek to attain.' (Vol. ii. p. 460.)

* Mr. Cox is no less severe, though perhaps with more reason, on the political *animus* of Xenophon. He is at once inaccurate and unfair: he writes in the interests not of truth, but of Sparta; and takes care to bring into glaring prominence the faults and evil doings of his democratical opponents. (See vol. ii. pp. 563, 576, 583.)

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For ourselves, we cannot but believe, whatever may have been the follies, whatever the vices, of the earlier career of Alcibiades, that there were moments when he would have given his all to re-establish his country's greatness. His ambition, like that of Pericles, was after all to be the first citizen in the first state of Hellas; and when amidst the reverses which clouded the later years of the war he employed the whole weight of his influence to save his countrymen, at the risk of losing his recently regained popularity, from a mistaken policy, in the judgment at least of Thucydides, he both saved Athens and was the only man who could have saved her. (Thucydides, VIII. 96. See also Grote, H. G., VIII. 101.) We the more regret these hasty and indiscriminate comments which, in our eyes, are not always capable of justification, when we turn to the admirable and, as we think, most true defence submitted by Mr. Cox of the character and failings of Themistocles. Seldom, in our opinion, have we met with an abler delineation of the conduct and motives of any leading statesman; nor does he fear in the course of his criticism to go against the conclusions of so high an authority as Mr. Grote. But the reader shall himself judge:—

'How much Themistokles had done, and how thoroughly he succeeded in doing that which he had resolved to do, the history of the Persian invasion has made clear. So mighty had been the impulse which he gave to Athenian enterprise, so completely had it strengthened the Athenian character, that his great rival gave his aid in the working of that maritime policy, the introduction of which he had opposed. In this business of his life he had displayed wonderful powers,—a rapidity of perception which gave to his maturest judgments the appearance of intuition,—a fertility of resource and a readiness in action which were more than equal to every emergency. He had shown a courage rising in proportion to the dangers which he had to face, a calmness of spirit which turned to his own purpose the weakness and the selfish fears of other men. He had kept those about him in some degree true to the common cause, when a blind and stupid terror seemed to make all possibility of union hopeless. These were great qualities and great deeds; they argued much love of his country and more appreciation of her real interests. They were the virtues and the exploits of a man who discerned all the strength and flexibility of her political constitution and the mission which his city was charged to fulfil. But this indomitable energy in her service implies no fastidious integrity of character. His patriotism was not hostile to his self-love. His political morality allowed him to make use of the fears or hopes of others to increase his own wealth while they furthered the interests of his countrymen. He was a great leader, but not the most uncorrupt citizen; a wise counsellor, but no rigid and impartial judge; a statesman formidable to the enemies of his country, but not especially

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scrupulous in the choice of the weapons to be employed against them. And yet of this man, whose character thus strikingly resembles that of Warren Hastings, we are asked to believe not that he yielded to some mean temptation,—not that he began his career in poverty and ended it in ill-gotten wealth,—not that he made use of his power sometimes to advance his own fortune, and sometimes to thwart and oppress others; but that from the beginning he distinctly contemplated the prospect of destroying the house which he was building up and of seeking a home in the palace of the king on whose power and hopes he was first to inflict a deadly blow. It is a conclusion which cannot be admitted without satisfactory evidence.' (Vol. ii. pp. 22, 23.)

But we must hasten to conclude. The passage we have just quoted from the pages of this history would perhaps alone suffice to show the ability of Mr. Cox as a writer; and that his style of composition is both vigorous and elegant. We will adduce one other extract to attest his powers of description, an absolute qualification in any historian of eminence. It is the narrative of the departure of the Athenian expedition to Sicily from the Piræus. Mr. Cox has striven, not unsuccessfully, to reproduce the brilliancy and pathos which characterise the well-known picture of Thucydides, nor does he, in our judgment, fall short of the excellence with which Thirlwall long since has sketched the same touching scene:—

'It was now midsummer, and the fleet was ready for sea; and never did a more magnificent force issue from Athens than when the hoplites left the city to embark on board the ships which were to bear them away to Sicily. Its splendour lay not so much in the numbers, whether of the men or of the triremes. Almost as many had gone with Hagnon to Potidaia, or with Perikles to Epidauros. But in these instances the voyages were short, and the equipments of the men were poor. Now all that the wealth and energy of Athens could procure was bestowed without stint on the armament of the ships and to ensure the efficiency of the men. But on the shores of the great Athenian harbour the day was made memorable, not so much by the brilliancy of military array as by the high hopes, troubled by some transient misgivings, which filled the hearts of all who had accompanied their friends from the city and were now to bid them farewell. Almost the whole population of Athens had come down to Peiraieus. Foreigners were there gazing in wonder at the sumptuousness of the armament, while fathers, brothers, wives, and children felt their bright hopes fading away as they were brought face to face with the stern realities of parting. Thus far they had buoyed themselves up with the thought that the power of Athens was fully equal to the achievement of any scheme on which she had set her mind; but now the length of the voyage, their scanty knowledge of the great island they were going to conquer, and the certainty that in any case many were departing who would never see their homes again, threw a dark veil over the future, and many burst into bitter weeping. The trumpets gave the signal

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for silence, and while some prayed to a God and Father neither local nor changeful, the voices of the heralds rose in invocation of the gods of the city. From golden and silver goblets the libations were poured to appease the deities of the heavens and the earth, of the land and the sea. The Pæan shout echoed over the waters, and the long line of triremes swept in file from the harbour.' (Vol. ii. pp. 347, 348.)

We shall look with much interest for the remaining volumes of this work; convinced by the portion before us that in Mr. Cox will be found yet another name to be enrolled among those English writers who have vindicated for this country an honourable rank in the investigation of Greek history.

ART. X.—*The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By THEODORE MARTIN. Volume the First. London: 1875.

THE proper limits of contemporary history have never been rigorously defined, and in consequence of some recent publications they have been discussed of late with a good deal of animation. We allude of course to Lord Dalling's interesting Life of Lord Palmerston, which contains much of the confidential correspondence of a Minister of the Crown under the present reign, and to Mr. Charles Greville's Journals, which are replete with the secret history of an earlier period. It appears to some persons, that although the character and conduct of the most conspicuous members of society may be very freely discussed in their lifetime, an interval of at least half a century ought to be conceded to them after death, during which their virtues and their faults are alike withdrawn from criticism, and that the record of their lives should not be made up, until all their contemporaries have, like themselves, passed away. It appears to others, that the task of history never ceases and knows of no interruption; and that as the chief, indeed the sole, object of history is to hand men down to posterity as they were in their lives, leaving posterity to award the praise or blame which may attach to their motives and their actions, so the more fresh and vivid are the colours, the more likely we are to arrive at truth and reality. This much is certain, that if contemporary history is to have any permanent value, it must deal alike with what is bright and what is dark in the picture; and that if the work of historical investigation is to be carried down to a very recent period, it should, as far as possible, be complete. 'En 'fait d'histoire contemporaine,' it was said by our ever-

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lamented friend M. Van de Weyer, in one of his *Pensées diverses*, quoted in this volume, 'il n'y a de vrai que ce qu'on 'n'écrit point'; and his own delightful conversation on the unwritten events of recent times was the best illustration of his remark. But what is contemporary history to us becomes past history to those who come after us; and without contemporary testimony there would be no authentic records of men or of events. We hold therefore that the world is greatly indebted to the men who have the industry to write what they have seen, and the courage to write it with truth and impartiality. The excellent Bishop of Manchester seems to be of the same opinion, for he had the wisdom to recommend the other day from the pulpit, to a Liverpool congregation, the perusal of the Greville Memoirs and the Life of the Prince Consort, in order to measure fairly the distance which separates the last generation from the present, and George IV. from Victoria.

These disputed questions appear to have been solved in the most striking manner by the publication of the volume before us. The gracious condescension of Her Majesty in sanctioning and authorising the preparation of a work, which enters so freely into many of the principal transactions of her reign, and even withdraws the veil from the interior of her Court and the privacy of her domestic life, demonstrates beyond the possibility of doubt that the Queen desires to withhold nothing from the knowledge of the world and the judgment of history. No one has as yet presumed to enter upon the task of recording and judging the eventful reign of Queen Victoria, but Queen Victoria herself; and no one certainly was more admirably qualified to commence a work which will be continued through all future generations. For in addition to that entire and exact knowledge of facts which constitutes the principal merit of autobiography, the candour and genuine love of truth and honesty, which are amongst the noblest qualities of Her Majesty, shine conspicuously in every page. The motive which dictated the composition and publication of this book was, evidently, to leave to the world a lasting picture and an imperishable monument of the virtues and talents of the Prince Consort; that all men in aftertimes should know him, as in his lifetime he was known but to few. But the lives of the Queen and of the Prince are so inseparably united, that it is impossible to describe the one without describing the other. This volume is equally characteristic of both these illustrious persons, and the materials it supplies and suggests for discussion are so copious, and at the same time so personal, that

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we feel it would hardly become us to follow them critically into minute detail. The value of them will at once be sufficiently appreciated by the reader.

One broad contrast, however, at once attracts our notice. If we look back half a century or more, to the cruel infirmities which closed the reign of George III., to the follies of the Regency, to the selfish depravity of the Court of George IV., and to the bigoted Toryism of that period; or if we pass on to the great political storm of 1832, which shook the institutions of the country to their foundation under the sway of a William IV., it may well be said that the monarchy of England has not been in greater peril than it was in those times. Suppose for instance the Duke of Cumberland had succeeded his brother William, who would have ventured to answer for the consequences? But happily for this country and for the sovereigns of this country, events took a more auspicious turn. In 1837 a young Princess ascended the throne, who first excited the sympathy of her subjects by her youth and innocence, and afterwards commanded their respect by her strength of character. She adopted at once the policy of her Liberal Ministers, and in 1840 allied herself in marriage to a Prince, who brought with him all the gifts most calculated to add lustre and stability to the Throne. From that moment the joint object of the Queen and the Prince was to raise the person of the Sovereign above all party ties and distinctions, and above all 'to effect 'the moral dignity of the Court.' 'For,' adds the Prince, in the letter to Stockmar in which this phrase occurs, 'to my 'mind the exaltation of Royalty is possible only through the 'personal character of the Sovereign. When a person enjoys 'complete confidence, we desire for him more power also and 'influence in the conduct of affairs. But confidence is of slow 'growth.' This wise and noble conduct has borne its fruit. Seventy-four years of this century have just passed away; thirty-seven of them under the reigns of the Georges and of King William; thirty-seven under the reign of Victoria, based upon the principles of her illustrious husband. Which of these periods has really contributed most to the security of the monarchy and to the prosperity of the country, it were needless to point out; but this we dare to affirm, that the comparison is one which renders the lessons of recent and contemporary history of inestimable value—in fact of more practical value to ourselves than the history of all the previous ages of the world.

We have spoken of the volume before us as the work of Her Majesty, for in fact her own hand appears in almost every

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page of it. She has allowed long passages to be introduced from her own 'Journals,' in which, as is well known from previous publications, all her impressions are recorded; she has caused copies to be introduced of the most intimate and confidential letters addressed to her by the Prince—letters, indeed, which were necessarily rare because the august correspondents were seldom separated; she has even recorded intentions which were never realised and thoughts which were never uttered, and could only be known to herself; she has described with great particularity the conversations and manners of foreign Sovereigns of the highest rank who visited the Court of Windsor; she has entered minutely into her relations with successive Ministers; and she has increased the historical value of the work by a minute account of some important political transactions, in which she and the Prince took a direct part. This therefore is the most open, unreserved, and ingenuous book which was ever given to the world by so illustrious a personage, more especially within so short a time of the occurrences it relates; and we doubt not that it will be read with extreme interest wherever the English language is spoken round the globe, and will increase the sentiments of loyalty which have made Queen Victoria an object of personal respect and affection not only to her own subjects, but to the American Commonwealth, and to the world. But if so much can be said without offence in the green wood, what may not be said in the dry? Her Majesty's publication far surpasses and eclipses in interest all previous disclosures of a similar character, for it lets in the light of history upon the events of an (as yet) unrecorded reign.

But in assigning so large a share in this publication to Her Majesty, we must not be thought to underrate the great skill, taste, and judgment with which Mr. Theodore Martin has executed a very difficult task. The office of a Court biographer does not hold a high rank in literature, because the annals of courts commonly consist of the wearisome minutiæ of state ceremonies, in which every figure is masked and every genuine feeling is disguised. But Mr. Martin has in this book ennobled the office. He has sought 'to portray the inner life' of a remarkable man, and 'to draw for the world a portrait, 'which shall be at once warmly sympathetic and austerely 'just.' The difficulties of such an undertaking are obviously enormous, especially for a writer who had not the advantage of a personal acquaintance with the Prince. But they were diminished by the fact that the better the innermost character of the Prince is known the more sympathy it inspires, and

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that search where you may it is not easy to find a flaw in his conduct or a defect in his intelligence.

As the early life of the Prince had already been related in the volume published some years ago by the late General Grey, Mr. Martin has not thought it necessary to revert at length to the scenes of his childhood, and after two short introductory chapters he arrives at the main interest of his story. The future marriage of the young Prince to his august cousin had evidently, from a very early period of their lives, entered into the designs of King Leopold and other members of the Coburg family. But no engagement whatever subsisted, and it was left to the course of events skilfully directed to bring about the result. Indeed it appears that until the Princess was twelve years old the knowledge of her own position as heir presumptive to the Crown had been withheld from her.

'This is conclusively shown in the following passage in a letter from the Baroness Lehzen (the Princess's governess) to Her Majesty (2nd December, 1867):—

'"I ask your Majesty's leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty's when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent, that now, for the first time, your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys (the Queen's instructor, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) was gone, the Princess Victoria opened as usual the book again, and seeing the additional paper said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see, I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, Madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed, 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility.' The Princess having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now, why you urged me so much to learn, even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it, but I understand all better now,' and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating 'I will be good!' I then said, 'But your aunt Adelaide is still young and may have children, and of course they would ascend the throne after their father William IV., and not you, Princess.' The Princess answered, 'And if it was so, I should never feel disappointed, for I know by the love aunt Adelaide bears me, how fond she is of children.' When Queen Adelaide lost her second princess, she wrote to the Duchess of Kent, 'My children are dead, but yours lives, and she is mine, too!'"'

To this passage the Queen herself adds a remarkable observa-

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tion. 'I cried much on learning it, and ever deplored this 'contingency.'

The Princess Victoria was brought up in such strict privacy and seclusion, that little or nothing was known of her character and powers, at the moment of her accession, beyond the walls of Kensington Palace. Yet, in spite of some trying and untoward circumstances in her education, she had already acquired so much forethought and self-control, that when the critical moment arrived, she instantly showed herself equal to her position, and astonished all about her by the dignity and authority with which she assumed it. These qualities were equally displayed in the all-important matter of her marriage. It was her own decision.* There is reason to believe that even Lord Melbourne was not consulted till all was settled. To Baron Stockmar she wrote with charming simplicity on October 15, 1839:—

'"I *do* feel so guilty, I know not how to begin my letter—but I think the news it will contain will be sufficient to ensure your forgiveness. Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning. . . . I feel certain he will make me very happy. I wish I could say I felt as certain of *my* making him happy, but I shall do my best. Uncle Leopold must tell you all about the details, which I have not time to do. . . . Albert is very much attached to you."'

As Her Majesty has been pleased to record in this ingenuous manner her own feelings on the most momentous occasion in her private life, perhaps we may be allowed to add an anecdote which was current at the time in society. Soon after the declaration of the marriage was made in Council, the Queen received the congratulations of her venerable aunt the Princess Sophia, who remarked that Her Majesty must have felt extremely nervous in making such an announcement to such an assembly. 'No,' the Queen was reported to have replied, 'for some time before I had done a much more nervous thing 'than that—*I had proposed to Prince Albert.*'

No sooner was the intended alliance made public and announced by the Queen in person to the Privy Council on November 23, than it became necessary to make suitable arrangements for the future establishment of the Prince. Speaking of the selection of his household, he expressed himself

* It appears from another passage in this volume that the marriage was not brought about without opposition *from within* and from without, and that 'a few members of the Royal Family made no secret 'of their disappointment that Her Majesty's choice had not fallen upon 'some scion of the reigning House in whom they had a nearer interest.' This circumstance had not, we think, before been mentioned.

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with his usual good sense and fairness in writing on December 10 to the Queen from Coburg:—

'"I should wish particularly," he says, "that the selection should be made without regard to politics, for if I am really to keep myself free from all parties, my people must not belong exclusively to one side. Above all, these appointments should not be mere 'party rewards,' but they should possess some other recommendation besides that of political connexion. Let the men be either of very high rank, or very accomplished, or very clever, or persons who have performed important services for England. It is very necessary they should be chosen from both sides—the same number of Whigs as of Tories; and above all, it is my wish that they should be men well educated and of high character, who, as I have said, shall have already distinguished themselves in their several positions, whether it be in the army or navy, or the scientific world. I am satisfied you will look upon this matter precisely as I do, and I shall be much pleased if you will communicate what I have said to Lord Melbourne, so that he may be fully aware of my views."'

Lord Melbourne selected Mr. Anson to be Private Secretary to the Prince, unfortunately without consulting His Royal Highness, and this was a source of disappointment. But the result showed that Lord Melbourne had made an excellent choice, and we do not see how the Prince, who was at that time quite unacquainted with English society, could have exercised a power of selection. We happen to know that Lord Melbourne took the greatest pains to find a person suitable in rank, knowledge of the world, and attainments to place about the Prince, and that he found it very difficult to fill the appointment. He therefore took Mr. Anson as the person of whom he was most sure (for he had been his own Private Secretary), and the Prince declared at the time of poor Anson's premature death, that he had been to him like a brother.

A more serious blunder was made as to the Prince's annuity. The Government proposed 50,000*l.* a year, because that sum or more had been given by Queen Anne to Prince George of Denmark, and also voted by Parliament to several successive Queens-Consort, and to Prince Leopold. Mr. Joseph Hume moved its reduction, and as Sir Robert Peel concurred in that view, the Government was beaten and the annuity cut down. As this incident occurred not long after the failure of the Tories to form a government in 1839, when party-spirit ran excessively high, and the relations of Sir Robert Peel to the Court were not of the friendly and confidential nature they afterwards assumed, the conduct of the Opposition on this occasion was attributed to spite and resentment. But, as Lord Melbourne said, the Radicals and 'some of our own people'

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were as much to blame as the Tories. The Government had been injudicious, and the Opposition factious. It was not worth while to do an unhandsome thing for a small pecuniary saving. The Prince alone came out of this trial of temper unruffled, and spoke of it as a thing beneath his notice; nor did it ever in the slightest degree diminish his cordiality towards Sir Robert Peel.

The question of precedence was made a still greater difficulty. It had been proposed to give the Prince rank immediately after the Queen; although, strictly speaking, he was not, either by birth or by official dignity, a Royal personage at all, or of Royal blood, as is stated by Her Majesty in the Memorandum we are about to cite. The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge had given their assent; the King of Hanover refused his, but this was of no importance as he had the rank of a foreign reigning Sovereign. But in the House of Lords this clause in the Naturalisation Bill was vehemently opposed, and by no one more than by the Duke of Wellington, with whom acted Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, and Lord Ellenborough. The House felt that to give the Prince precedence over the Blood Royal of England was virtually to abrogate a part of the Statute of Henry VIII., which is the basis of precedency in this country, and precedence is a thing which you cannot give to one person without taking it away from another. This the Duke of Wellington said was unjust. Mr. Charles Greville, however, showed in an able pamphlet that the Queen could confer the highest precedence on the Prince everywhere *except* in Parliament and in Assemblies of Council, and this was accordingly soon afterwards done by letters patent. But this did not obviate the difficulty in relation to foreign Sovereigns and Princes, a point on which the Queen wrote the following Memorandum:—

'When I first married, we had much difficulty on this subject, much bad feeling was shown, several members of the Royal Family showed bad grace in giving precedence to the Prince, and the late King of Hanover positively resisted doing so. . . . When the Queen was abroad, the Prince's position was always a subject of negotiation and vexation: the position accorded to him the Queen always had to acknowledge as a grace and favour bestowed on her by the Sovereigns whom she visited. While, in 1856, the Emperor of the French treated the Prince as a Royal personage, his uncle declined to come to Paris, because he would not give precedence to the Prince; and on the Rhine, in 1845, the King of Prussia would not give the place to the Queen's husband, which common civility required, because of the presence of an Archduke, the third son of an uncle of the reigning Emperor of Austria, who would not give the *pas*, and whom the King would not

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offend. The only legal position in Europe, according to international law, which the husband of the Queen of England enjoyed, was that of a younger brother of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and this merely because the English law did not know of him. This is derogatory to the dignity of the Crown of England.'

To dispose of this matter we will add that it is expressly stated in another part of this volume (p. 257) that 'so far 'back as 1841, Her Majesty, painfully impressed by the 'anomalous position of the Prince, had wished that the title of 'King-Consort should be conferred upon him.' Adding in words which Her Majesty now quotes from her own 'Journal' of December 28, 1841, 'He ought to be and is above me in 'everything really, and therefore I wish that he should be 'equal in rank to me.' The Queen made the proposition to Baron Stockmar, and through him to Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen. These judicious persons were, however, strongly opposed to the suggestion, which would certainly not have been favourably received by the nation, since it would have appeared to place a second sovereign on the throne, as was the case with William of Orange and Queen Mary. Stockmar warned the Prince not to 'catch at butterflies,' but to stick to the substance, not bartering it for show. On this subject the Prince wrote in 1845 the following sensible letter:—

'"Dear Stockmar,— . . . The Royal Consort discussion was excessively unpleasant. The *Morning Chronicle* contained an article about it, "on the best authority," and so provoked a newspaper controversy, and ultimately the question of Mr. Borthwick.* The subject was never discussed here, and the affair must have been a piece of Opposition tactics to squeeze Peel between Victoria and the public. He, too, was startled, and was afraid 'the authority' might have emanated from the Court. I seized the opportunity to discuss the question with him thoroughly, and also that of the Commandership-in-Chief. . . .

'"With regard to the title, the upshot was, that it is power and not titles which are esteemed here, that the public are inclined to attach ridicule to everything of the sort, that there is a lack of good precedents, that there are great constitutional difficulties, &c.

'"In regard to the Commandership-in-Chief, it was, that the Army would be greatly pleased by it,—that politically it would be the best arrangement, but that I should have to do the whole work myself, and must not delegate it to anybody else, if I am to be a real gainer by the appointment,—that this would absorb all my time and attention, and it is a question whether it is right to sacrifice for such an offer the duties which I owe to Victoria and to the education of our children.

* This refers to a question on this subject which was put by Mr. Peter Borthwick in the House of Commons.

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'"Peel regards my present position as extremely good, and thinks that, all in all, Monarchy never stood so well. He says that, despite the encroachments of democracy, 'there was something (considering 'the sex of the Sovereign, the private character of the family, &c.) 'in the position, that worked strongly on the feelings of the nation.'"'

But by whatever style or name the Prince was to be called, it was impossible that his great abilities and the fascination he exercised over those most nearly connected with him, should not speedily raise him to great power and influence. He had been made a Privy Councillor by Sir Robert Peel immediately after his twenty-first birthday. He had a duplicate key of all the Queen's boxes. Mr. Martin says, we suppose with authority, that 'a mistake had been committed in not esta-'blishing the Prince from the first as Private Secretary of the 'Queen, and placing the internal arrangements of the Royal 'Household under his immediate control'—functions which had been discharged, it seems, since the accession by Baroness Lehzen, Her Majesty's former governess. We should have doubted whether such offices were consistent with the exalted rank of the Prince, and he could not have filled them all without displacing persons to whom some of them at least traditionally appertained. The truth is that he became in fact the *alter ego* of the Sovereign, much more than her Minister or assistant; and Mr. Martin describes with great justice his true political position in the following passage:—

'But from the moment he was called to occupy the place nearest to the throne of England, he passed into a sphere where indifference to politics would have been inexcusable, as, indeed, for such a man it would have been impossible. Endowed, as his subsequent career proved, with all the qualities for governing, he could not be an idle spectator of the stirring events, and great political controversies and changes, in the midst of which he all at once found himself. Opinions, and very decided opinions, upon all matters of policy, both foreign and domestic, he could not fail to have; and, instead of resting in indifference, the eager interest which he must inevitably feel, where questions of such enormous magnitude were at issue, was more likely to hurry him into that open expression of opinion, that anxiety to mould the current of events in accordance with their convictions, which is to be looked for in all vigorous thinkers. From the first, however, the Prince appreciated the extreme delicacy of his position, and laid down for himself the rule, that no act of his should by possibility expose him to the imputation of interference with the machinery of the State, or of encroachment on the functions and privileges of the Sovereign. At the same time he formed an equally clear view of his duty to qualify himself thoroughly for supporting the Sovereign by his advice, and this, it is scarcely necessary to remark, involved the most assiduous attention to every subject, whether at home or abroad, in which the

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welfare of her kingdom was involved. While renouncing, therefore, every impulse of personal ambition, he resolved to consecrate himself with the most absolute devotion to deepening, by the influences of his life, and the example of his home, the hold of the Monarchy upon the affections of the People, and to making it a power, which, amid the conflicting and often selfish passions of political strife, and the tortuous subtleties of diplomacy, should have for its unswerving object to increase that people's welfare and to uphold the power and dignity of the Empire.'

Long before the Prince had attained, however, this important position, a transaction occurred which narrowly failed to produce the most serious consequences. We cannot accept without modification Mr. Martin's brief notice of the Eastern question, in the shape it assumed in 1840. It was not with France, but with Russia, that the dispute originated. Russia sent Baron Brunnow to this country in 1839, and again in 1840, to propose to England a joint action against the Pasha of Egypt, who threatened at that time the existence of the Porte. The object of the Emperor Nicholas was obviously to break up the alliance of the Western Powers. Lord Palmerston accepted the offer, because it enabled him to shake off the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, which had placed Turkey under the sole protectorate of Russia, and because he was by no means friendly to the Pasha of Egypt. The French Government committed the blunder of standing aloof from the concerted action of the European Powers; but the charge against M. Thiers of promoting 'a separate Treaty between *France and the Ottoman* '*Porte*' is totally misconceived. France was suspected, though we think erroneously, of labouring to effect a separate understanding between *Turkey and Egypt.* However this may be, when it was found that the Treaty of July 15, 1840, was likely to cost us the alliance of France and even to lead to war in Europe, the policy of that Treaty was stoutly attacked by several of Lord Palmerston's own colleagues. Lord Holland and Lord Clarendon had from the first protested against it. Lord Palmerston's conduct of the negotiations and operations became so violent and overbearing that Lord John Russell declared he must cease to attend the Cabinet. Lord Melbourne and Lord Lansdowne were seriously alarmed—and the Government was on the verge of dissolution. Indeed, Lord Palmerston only carried his point *vi et armis* by tendering his own resignation. He states himself, in a letter to his brother of July 27, 1840:—

'When it came to the point I found such resistance on the part of Holland and Clarendon, and such lukewarmness on the part of some

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of the other members of the Cabinet, that I sent in my resignation, saying that I saw there was a disinclination in some leading members to adopt my views, and that I would relieve Melbourne from the embarrassment of deciding between me and those who differed from me, by placing my office at his disposal. The dissidents upon this withdrew their opposition, and the waverers came round to my views.' *

King Leopold, combated by his conflicting French and English sympathies, was strenuous in his exertions for peace, and his views were naturally communicated to the British Court. By an extraordinary piece of good fortune St. Jean d'Acre was taken at a blow, and the whole strength of Mehemet Ali collapsed in a moment. But the crisis was one of extraordinary severity, and we are not surprised that the Queen wrote to her uncle, King Leopold, on October 16, 1840, with reference to the infant whose birth was then expected, 'I think our child ought to have, besides its other 'names, those of Turko-Egypto, as we think of nothing else.'

The following year, 1841, witnessed the long-expected transfer of power from the Whigs to Sir Robert Peel. It might have been pointed out that this event had seemed to be hourly impending in 1837, at the moment of the Queen's accession. But the spirited resolution of Her Majesty to maintain the existing government, her great confidence in Lord Melbourne, and her refusal to change the ladies of the bedchamber in 1839, prolonged the existence of the Ministry for four years. The change, therefore, was foreseen, and by no one more than by Lord Melbourne himself, insomuch that the question of the ladies of the bedchamber was settled by a preliminary negotiation with Sir Robert Peel, through Mr. Anson, some months before it took place. On May 18 Ministers were beaten on the Sugar Duties, and on May 31 a vote of want of confidence was carried by a majority of one. But the Ministers preferred the alternative of dissolution to that of resignation, and this in spite of the very strong opinion of Lord Melbourne himself, who allowed his judgment, and that of Lord Clarendon and Lord Lansdowne, to be overruled by his more vehement colleagues. The most eager partisans of the dissolution were the Chancellor Lord Cottenham, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Macaulay. The result did not answer their expectations, and for the first time since the Reform Bill the Tories obtained a large majority in the House of Commons. It was at about this time that Baron Stockmar addressed to the Prince the following letter:—

* Lord Dalling's 'Life of Viscount Palmerston,' vol. iii. p. 43.

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'"Coburg, 18th May, 1841.

'"My dear Prince,—It is scarcely a month since I left England, and yet in that short time many material alterations have taken place in its internal policy. Melbourne's rapid change in his professions on the subject of the Corn Laws, into which he has no doubt been persuaded by his colleagues out of mere good nature and easiness of disposition, has an ugly look. To stimulate hungry wolves, in order to have them as allies on the Government side, is what in his place I would under no circumstances have resorted to. To me, I confess, the business wears upon the whole a very serious aspect, and the crisis seems to me one which will demand genuine statesmanship to get over. What strikes me, however, as its most serious feature is this, that the country may be hurried into decided measures, and that it may be unable to command that clearness, insight, and practical sagacity, which are necessary to pilot the vessel of the state through the storm. . . .

'"If things come to a change of Ministry, then the great axiom, irrefragably one and the same for all Ministries, is this, viz.: The Crown supports frankly, honourably, and with all its might, the Ministry of the time, whatever it be, so long as it commands a majority, and governs with integrity for the welfare and advancement of the country. A king, who as a Constitutional king either cannot or will not carry this maxim into practice, deliberately descends from the lofty pedestal on which the Constitution has placed him to the lower one of a mere party chief. Be you, therefore, the Constitutional genius of the Queen; do not content yourself with merely whispering this maxim in her ear when circumstances serve, but strive also to carry it out into practice at the right time and by the worthiest means. A man can almost always accomplish what is right, if he set himself resolutely to do so. It is essential that we all help, according to our means, to build up a solid and well-merited reputation for you. Up to the present time things, it is true, have not been propitious for this; still both in France and Germany much more favourable impressions would have been produced, if external and most unfavourable influences had not exercised so sovereign a predominance in certain quarters."'

The accession of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen to power proved to be perfectly congenial to the political sympathies and opinions of the Prince. Although it is not expressed in this volume, it is perfectly well known that Lord Palmerston's system of foreign policy had alarmed the Court, and was steadily opposed by the wise and moderate views of King Leopold. Prince Albert abhorred and repudiated the notion that the true dignity and interests of this country were best maintained and asserted by endeavouring to create what was called an 'English party' at every foreign Court, allied to some section of foreign politicians, and by carrying on a perpetual struggle of influences and intrigues against the rival diplomatists of Russia or France. He was ever the partisan of conciliation, fair dealing, and peace. Lord Palmerston, on

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the contrary, had arrived at a conviction that war between France and this country was inevitable and must be regarded as a mere question of time. That noble lord says, in a confidential letter to his brother, Sir William Temple, of August 29, 1844:—

'Now that France becomes every day more overreaching, more overbearing, more insulting, more hostile, even the quietest and most peaceful among us are beginning to look forward to a war with France as an event which no prudence on our part can long prevent, and for which we ought to lose no time in making ourselves fully prepared. In such a war the Government would receive the unanimous support of the whole nation, and any new burdens that might become necessary for the purpose would be cheerfully borne.' (*Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. iii. p. 149.)

And again, in September, 1845:—

'"*Fidarsi è bene, ma non fidarsi è meglio*," ought to be our maxim in regard to France. She is preparing most assiduously the means of invading us, and it is not enough for us to rely upon her assurances that she has no present intention of making use of those means.' (*Id.* p. 180.)

Predictions of this kind have a fatal tendency to bring about their own fulfilment, and, unhappily, a bitter feeling of personal animosity had sprung up between Lord Palmerston and the French Government, which rendered the maintenance of amicable relations between him and them extremely difficult: otherwise, we are bound to say, that we believe these charges and prophecies to be utterly unfounded. King Louis Philippe and M. Guizot had no desire or intention of attacking England, and they were themselves perpetually accused of the same subserviency to foreign influence which Lord Palmerston attributed to his own political antagonists. But, in fact, Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot, both animated by very different sentiments, applied themselves, with the utmost sincerity and mutual respect, to remove these grounds of offence and discord; and we know not what the world does not owe to the restoration and preservation by those Ministers of that peace and good understanding which has remained, to this day, under so many vicissitudes, still unbroken. Lord Aberdeen's past life and political opinions might rather have inclined him to a close alliance with the Northern Powers who courted his friendship. But in his opinion it was on our relations with France that the maintenance of peace really depended; there alone was any serious danger of war to be anticipated and averted. And with whatever levity others might speak of war between England and France, Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot regarded such a catastrophe as the greatest

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calamity that could befall the two nations. The consequence was that although difficulties from time to time arose, they were subdued by the resolute determination of the French and English Ministers, not to seek occasions of rivalry and contention, but rather of harmony and peace; and it was at that time that the foundation was laid of the good understanding which the Emperor Napoleon III. so happily cultivated and extended in later years. This policy was cordially adopted and ably seconded by the British Court, and the work of concord and reconciliation was so far advanced within less than two years of Sir Robert Peel's accession to office, that in August 1843, the Queen and the Prince visited the French Court at the Château d'Eu. The event was far more extraordinary and important than it may seem to be at this distance of time. It was the first time, we think, for more than three centuries, that the reigning Sovereign of England had set foot on the soil of France. The incidents of the visit are described with great vivacity by Her Majesty in her own 'Journal,' but we prefer to borrow the following account of it in a letter from the Prince to Baron Stockmar:—

'"Dear Stockmar,—At last I am able to write you a couple of lines. Our expedition has gone off admirably. We have not deviated in any particular from the plan we chalked out in the month of July, and we have timed all our movements to the minute. Heaven favoured us with glorious weather, and nothing has occurred to occasion us the very slightest discomfort. The English coast is splendid, especially Torquay, Dartmouth, and Plymouth, and our sojourn at Eu was most interesting and delightful. The old King was in the third heaven of rapture, and the whole family received us with a heartiness, I might say affection, which was quite touching. Victoria was greatly struck by the novelty of the scene, and is in low spirits that it is over. Joinville accompanied us on our return, and stayed here two nights. I have rarely been so pleased with any young man. His views are unusually sound. He is straightforward, honourable, gifted, and amiable, but very deaf.

'"... All the French wore the expression of high satisfaction in their looks, and were unflagging in their courtesy towards us, down even to our servants. The effect which the excursion has produced is excellent. The French were flattered and gratified, and their only regret was, not to see us in Paris, where great enthusiasm was certain to have been shown. The public here are thoroughly satisfied with the excursion. Six newspaper reporters were in Eu, who reported everything in the minutest detail. Lord Brougham wrote to me yesterday to congratulate Victoria and myself 'on the admirable effects 'produced by the late excursion to France, and on the sure tendency 'of this wise measure to create the best feelings between the two 'nations.' I believe myself that this will be the case. Aberdeen

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was thoroughly satisfied with everything, and made himself much liked. He and Liverpool were with us on the yacht. The Ambassadors of the Northern Powers, however, spit fire, which is very injudicious, for if they do not wish for war, and are to keep up business relations with France, nothing can be more dangerous or a greater drawback to these relations than to leave the French public in a state of frantic excitement, in which no business can possibly be carried on with a chance of good results. The Emperor of Russia will be annoyed, but that is neither here nor there.

'"The family of Louis Philippe have a strong feeling that for the last thirteen years they have been placed under a ban, as though they were lepers, by all Europe, and by every Court, and expelled from the society of reigning Houses, and therefore they rate very highly the visit of the most powerful Sovereign in Europe. The King said this to me over and over again. Guizot and Aberdeen, as might be expected, are being abused by both parties for betraying their country.

'"Little passed of a political nature, except the declaration of Louis Philippe to Aberdeen that he will not give his son to Spain, even if he were asked; and Aberdeen's answer, that, excepting one of his sons, any aspirant whom Spain might choose would be acceptable to England."'

The phrase of the Prince 'the Emperor of Russia will be 'annoyed, but that is neither here nor there,' was significant, for at this period of Her Majesty's reign the friendship of the British Court and the alliance of the British Government were eagerly sought for by the rulers of France, Prussia, and Russia, who exhibited at times a ludicrous jealousy and impatience at small preferences shown to others. The Emperor Nicholas, provoked as it would seem by the success of the visit to Eu, resolved in the following spring to take the matter into his own hands, and arrived, uninvited, at the Court of England, where he was received with every mark of distinction. He told the Queen that it was an excellent thing to see with one's own eyes, but his principal object seems to have been to convince the Sovereign, the Prince, and the Ministers of his own entire disinterestedness and good faith, and above all to detach England from France, a result which the *dénouement* of the Syrian question had failed to bring about. Mr. Martin gives the following interesting account of the Czar's objects and conversation:—

'Beneath this affected indifference to France unquestionably lay an apprehension, which all the Emperor's efforts were unable to conceal. The growth of intimate relations between England and that country, which it had been the policy of both nations for many years to cultivate, and which seemed likely to be drawn closer and closer by the personal friendship of the Sovereigns, was manifestly viewed by him

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with jealous distrust, calculated as it was to affect most seriously any designs which might be entertained at St. Petersburg for enlarging Russian territory at the expense of Turkey. To detach England from this alliance would naturally be regarded by the Czar as a master-stroke of policy, and the recent conduct of France in the Eastern question may have seemed to furnish an opening for making the attempt. If, however, as currently believed at the time, one main object of his visit was to ascertain for himself whether this was possible, he must soon have been satisfied to the contrary by the very decided language with which Sir Robert Peel received his suggestions as to the probably selfish action of France, in the event of the affairs of Turkey coming to a crisis. The Emperor had already become possessed with the idea, which ultimately proved so fatal, that Turkey was in a moribund state, and must soon fall to pieces. "I do not covet," were his words to Sir Robert Peel, "one inch of Turkish soil for myself, "but neither will I allow anybody else to have one." It could only be at France that this remark was aimed, whose recent policy, in her support of Mehemet Ali, seemed to point at securing a footing for herself on Turkish territory. But it elicited no response from the English Premier beyond a general concurrence in the principle expressed, with the further remark, that England had only one thing to keep in view, which was, that there should be no government in Egypt too powerful to close the passage across that country to its commerce or its mails. As to France, Sir Robert Peel stated, it was and should continue to be one of the great objects of his policy to see that the French throne, upon the death of Louis Philippe, descended without convulsion to the next legitimate heir of the Orleans Dynasty. The same language was held by the Prince. . . .

'On the Emperor the Prince produced a deep impression. He told Lord Aberdeen he should like to have him for his own son. In their personal communications he treated him with the greatest confidence, and paid him what in the Emperor's opinion was probably the highest testimony of his regard, by expressing a hope, that they might one day meet in the field of battle on the same side. The Prince was on the point of replying, that he trusted they might never see any interruption of the then peaceful state of Europe; but as this would have implied disapproval of the policy, which seemed to assume such an interruption as certain to take place, he checked himself, thinking the remark might be taken amiss.'

The writer of this last sentence must have been informed of what was passing at that moment in the Prince's mind.

To this we are tempted to add a very discriminating sketch of the Emperor's character by the Queen herself, in a letter addressed to her uncle Leopold, to whom she had related in a playful manner all the details of the visit.

'"I will now (having told all that has passed) give you my opinions and feelings on the subject, which I may say are Albert's also. I was extremely against the visit, fearing the *gêne* and bustle, and even at first I did not feel at all to like it; but by living in the same house

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together quietly and unrestrainedly (and this Albert, and with great truth, says, is the great advantage of these visits, that I not only *see* these great people, but *know* them), I got to know the Emperor and he to know me. There is much about him which I cannot help liking, and I think his character is one which should be understood, and looked upon for once as it is. He is stern and severe, with strict principles of *duty* which nothing on earth will make him change. Very clever I do not think him, and his mind is not a cultivated one. His education has been neglected. Politics and military concerns are the only things he takes great interest in; the arts and all softer occupations he does not care for; but he is sincere, I am certain—sincere even in his most despotic acts—from a sense that it is the only way to govern. He is not, I am sure, aware of the dreadful cases of individual misery which he so often causes; for I can see, by various instances, that he is kept in utter ignorance of many things which his people carry out in most corrupt ways, while he thinks he is extremely just. He thinks of general measures, but does not look into details; and I am sure much never reaches his ears, and, as you observe, how can it?"'

The advances of the Czar, however, in no way interfered with the good understanding with France, or with the intention of Louis Philippe to pay his return visit to the Queen in the same year. The Queen herself wrote: 'I hope you will per-'suade the King to come all the same in September. Our 'motives and politics are not to be exclusive, but to be on 'good terms with all—and why should we not?'

Before we proceed, however, to review the further course of foreign affairs, we must notice two or three very remarkable statements in this volume with reference to the Government of Sir Robert Peel. In April 1843 the Prince said that Sir Robert Peel was certainly far from popular with the Conservative Party, but that, for his part, this only increased his confidence in the Minister, because Sir Robert was determined to take his own line. In June 1844, when Sir Robert suffered his first defeat upon a question affecting the West India interest, he appears to have been disposed to resign at once, and the Ministry was only saved by a vote reversing the former decision. And at the close of the session of 1845, when he was described by Mr. Disraeli as, 'practically speaking, stronger 'than he had been at the commencement of the session of '1842,' we now learn with surprise that

'Notwithstanding the success of his chief measures, the events of the session had been sufficient to satisfy Sir Robert Peel that his tenure of office had become most precarious. His own position there was uncomfortable and uncertain, and he thought it his duty at this time to prepare the Queen and the Prince, through the medium of Lord Aberdeen, for the possibility of a Ministerial crisis. Nothing, he ex-

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plained, but a conviction of the absolute necessity for a change would induce him to subject Her Majesty to the embarrassment which it involved, but the condition of parties was such, that at any moment it might become inevitable.'

These statements are, we believe, entirely new, and they throw considerable light on the subsequent course of the Conservative leader. He had evidently discovered that there was a radical incompatibility between the principles he had undertaken to defend, with reference to the Corn Laws and the Established Church in Ireland, and the measures which his wisdom and experience commended to his judgment. Sir Robert Peel found on these difficult occasions that the mind of the Prince was entirely in harmony with his own. And it is remarkable with what consistency His Royal Highness applied on all occasions the broadest principles of religious toleration, and with what intelligence he mastered completely the doctrines of free trade.

We say nothing of the German tour which occupied the summer of 1845, and introduced the Queen to the early haunts and home of her husband, though it recalls to our recollection (for we were there) a memorable evening in the gardens at Brühl, when the Queen of England was saluted by a *Zapfenstreich* of all the drums in the Rhenish province, and the Prussian bands, amidst a thousand lamps and torches glittering like fireflies through the trees, played *God save the Queen* 'better than I ever heard it.' It was one of those magical scenes which haunt the memory for ever; though we must also record the prosaic circumstance that the arrangements for the banquet were a little disturbed by the non-arrival of her Majesty's luggage at the proper moment.

It was on their way back to Osborne from Germany that the Royal Pair again called at the Château d'Eu, and on this occasion the following entry occurs in Her Majesty's Journal:—

'The King told Lord Aberdeen, as well as me, he never would hear of Montpensier's marriage with the Infanta of Spain (which they are in a great fright about in England) until it was no longer a political question, *which would be when the Queen is married and has children.* This is very satisfactory.'

This was the celebrated engagement on which so much afterwards turned. But before we reach that period of history, we have a great chasm to cross—the crisis which terminated the administration of Sir Robert Peel.

Mr. Martin has not thought it necessary to give a very full or complete narrative of all the incidents of that remarkable period, but this was the less necessary as they are related in

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minute and authentic detail in the Memoir drawn up by Sir Robert Peel himself and published after his death. The proposal for the suspension of the Corn Laws in consequence of the Irish Famine was made by him to his Cabinet on October 31, and debated by his colleagues at several meetings ending on November 6. Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert alone supported the Prime Minister. The Queen was informed of this difference of opinion. The Cabinet then adjourned till November 26, when the discussion was renewed with the same result, and on December 5 Sir Robert resigned. Lord John Russell failed, as is well known, to form a Ministry, in consequence of Lord Grey's refusal to place the conduct of foreign affairs in the hands of Lord Palmerston, and on December 20 Peel resumed office. The view taken by Her Majesty and the Prince of his conduct in this emergency is related in the following terms:—

'With a great national calamity impending, which he believed was to be averted by carrying quickly through a measure that, as parties then stood, could only be so carried through by himself, Peel was not a man to hesitate in making sacrifice of his deep-seated desire to retire into the ranks and leave the coming changes to be effected by those, who, if they had no more right than himself, so far as their antecedent history went, to claim the leadership in the present crisis, were not fettered, as he was, by party ties, and by former avowals of a creed which he had outgrown. But how much that sacrifice imported was well known to the Queen and Prince. They had been long accustomed to admire Sir Robert Peel, and those about him, for thinking only of what was best for the welfare of the State, with little care whether it was good for their party or not. But in this most trying hour they felt more strongly than ever that he had shown himself "a man of "unbounded loyalty, courage, patriotism, and high-mindedness." These are Her Majesty's words, writing two days after his resumption of office. "His conduct towards us," she adds, "has been, I "might say, almost 'chivalrous.' I never have seen him so excited "and so determined, and such a good cause must succeed."

'Entertaining such views of the Minister and of the situation, the result of the Ministerial crisis could not be otherwise than gratifying to the Queen and Prince. "We are *seelenfroh* (glad in soul), as they "say in Coburg," the Prince writes to his stepmother (25th December), "or still more frequently, *ganz fidel* (in high glee), that we have sur-"vived a Ministerial crisis of fourteen days' duration, and are now "standing exactly where we stood before—upon our feet, whereas "during the crisis we were very nearly standing on our heads."'

The fall of the Ministry was, however, only postponed for a few months, and on June 26, the same day that the Corn Bill passed the House of Lords, the Coercion Bill was defeated in the House of Commons by a combination of the refractory

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Tories with the Opposition. Sir Robert Peel resigned, and the Conservative Party was broken up. On this occasion Her Majesty wrote to King Leopold:—

'"Yesterday was a very hard day for me. I had to part with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, who are irreparable losses to us and to the country. They were both so much overcome that it quite upset me, and we have in them two devoted friends. We felt so safe with them. Never during the five years that they were with me did they ever recommend a person or a thing that was not for my or the country's best, and never for the party's advantage only. . . . I cannot tell you how sad I am to lose Aberdeen. You cannot think what a delightful companion he was. The breaking up of all this intercourse during our journies, &c., is deplorable. . . .

'"Albert's use to me, and I may say to the country, by his firmness and sagacity in these moments of trial is beyond all belief."'

We now arrive at the important question of the Spanish Marriages, to which Mr. Martin has devoted the longest and most elaborate political chapter of his work. It might appear, at first sight, that this transaction has no very direct connexion with the Life of Prince Albert; but it was a question in which he took the deepest interest, and, as we have seen, it had been made the subject of a direct personal engagement from the King of the French, not only to Lord Aberdeen, but to the Queen of England and to himself. It was afterwards represented to the world, though most unfairly, as if there had been a contest for the hand of the Queen of Spain and her sister between the House of Orleans and the House of Coburg; and we infer from the strong feelings expressed in this chapter, and the publication (for the first time) of the Queen's energetic letter to the Queen of the Belgians, that Her Majesty still feels the same anxiety to expose the deception she conceived to be practised upon herself, and to vindicate the conduct of the Coburg family and the British Government by a peremptory denial that 'Leopold 'had *ever* been put forward *as our candidate*, either by the 'English Government *or by any member of the Coburg family.*'* These are Her Majesty's own words.

* This broad and peremptory denial differs widely from the reports made at the time to the French Government. They were led to believe that Lisbon had become, under the direction of King Ferdinand of Coburg, the Queen of Portugal's husband, the seat of active propaganda in favour of Leopold; that Leopold and his father were invited thither and actually repaired to that Court; that Leopold contemplated a journey in Spain at the very time when he was rejected as a candidate for the Queen's hand; that Baron de Renduffe, the Portuguese Minister at Madrid, was his active agent there; and that Queen Christina wrote to Duke Ferdinand at Lisbon a letter which Sir Henry Bulwer

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To state the case with perfect fairness it should be borne in mind that there were two distinct alliances, one or other of which Queen Christina desired for her daughters. The first, and that which she certainly much preferred, would have been to marry the young Queen to the Duke d'Aumale, and the Infanta to the Duke de Montpensier. This she repeatedly pressed upon the French Government, but the King resolutely refused, on the express ground that England would never consent to a French marriage. Thus then the objections of England had their weight. Lord Aberdeen had said to the King at Eu that any aspirant was acceptable to England, *except one of his sons.* Lord Palmerston said in his letter to Sir H. Bulwer of August 16, 1846: 'Of objections we have but one; and 'that one is to the marriage of a French Prince to a Spanish 'Princess on the throne, or next door to it; and I wish you 'to make Christina, Rianzares, and Isturitz aware that we 'should consider such a marriage *as a measure of contingent* '*hostility to England*, on the part both of Spain and of France, 'and that we should be obliged to shape our future course 'with regard to both those Powers accordingly.' The English Minister therefore forbade the banns in the most peremptory form, and backed it by a threat.

The second scheme of Queen Christina was to marry her eldest daughter to Prince Leopold of Coburg, and the Infanta to some other prince. But to this combination the French Government were equally opposed, because they chose, very erroneously, to regard the Coburg as an English prince. Thus then it was the hard fate of the Queen of Spain to be debarred from the two alliances she would have preferred by the objections of one or the other of the two most friendly Powers, and these two Powers agreed to recommend some Spanish prince, not because he was the best, but because he excluded an obnoxious competitor. At the time of the meeting at Eu in September, 1845, it seemed probable that this would be the result, and the King of the French gave the positive assurance, which he afterwards violated, that Montpensier would not marry the Infanta till the question had ceased to be political

approved and forwarded. All these statements, whether founded or not, were believed at Paris. But the explanation of them given to M. Guizot by Lord Aberdeen was taken to be satisfactory; for of the perfect loyalty of Lord Aberdeen and of the English Court M. Guizot never entertained the slightest doubt. It was at Lisbon that he supposed the danger to lie. It will be remarked that Her Majesty's declaration is qualified by the word 'put forward *as our candidate*'; and it is perfectly certain that Prince Leopold never was the candidate of England.

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and Queen Isabella should not only be married but have children.

It is possible, and indeed a suggestion to this effect occurs at p. 351 of this volume, that Queen Christina never sincerely intended to promote the Coburg marriage, and only used it as a bugbear to make the French more amenable to her own designs. But certain it is, that at some moments she affected to press it with great eagerness. She wrote to the Duke of Saxe Coburg (father of Leopold) a letter which Sir Henry Bulwer unwisely consented to forward to that prince (an act for which he was reprimanded by Lord Aberdeen); and if our own information is correct, which we believe it to be (but this is *unwritten* history), a direct overture was made by the Queen of Spain to the Queen of England to the effect that she was tired of the French intrigues, and that if England would promise to support her she would marry Prince Leopold of Coburg out of hand, and send the French ambassador about his business. Christina was resolved to have the support either of France or of England for her daughter: she herself desired to leave Spain. This was probably on the eve of the English ministerial crisis in June 1846, when, as we are informed by Mr. Martin, the opinions of King Leopold and the Coburg family were carefully taken on the subject. 'All were agreed 'that the proposal must be declined; and accordingly it was so 'declined, mainly upon the ground of the injury likely to result 'to Spain from a marriage contracted in antagonism to the 'views of Louis Philippe and his Government' (p. 352). It was especially declined by Queen Victoria on the ground of its inconsistency with the understanding which had been come to at Eu. Nothing could be more absolute and complete than the adherence of the Court of England to the policy of abstention. M. Guizot says in his Memoirs:—'J'étais alors, et je 'reste aujourd'hui, profondément convaincu de la parfaite sin- 'cérité du Prince et du Ministre dans leurs intentions et leurs 'paroles.' But it now appears from a historical statement published by Lord Dalling himself, that however frank and fair may have been the attitude of the English Court and the English Ministers, while Lord Aberdeen was in office, there was one important person who took a totally different view of the question. That person was Her Majesty's Minister at Madrid, and it is impossible thoroughly to understand this transaction without comparing Lord Dalling's account of it, with the views which prevailed elsewhere and are now made known by authority. The subject of the Coburg marriage

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was first introduced to Sir Henry Bulwer, he relates,* by Señor Donoso Cortes, charged to do so by the two Queens. Isturitz held the same language. Then came the Duke of Rianzares, who said that Spain was not strong enough to stand up alone against Louis Philippe; but that if England would promise her support, the young queen would not submit to have her destiny subjected to foreign dictation. Upon this Lord Dalling remarks, 'What was I to do?' and adds:—

'The affair was more complicated by Queen Christina's selection of a Coburg Prince—such a selection would be a matter of indifference to the English Government and people; but it was not indifferent to the family of the English Sovereign. The Minister of the King of the Belgians did not disguise the interest which his master took in a Coburg alliance. The Portuguese Minister, who had recently been staying at Coburg and had passed through England on his way to Madrid, told me much—no doubt with exaggeration—*as to the wishes of our own Court.* . . . I was, I confess, altogether opposed to the Bourbon pretensions, but I was in one of those positions in which success is almost impossible, because decided action is not allowed. Had I been able to guide the conduct of the Spanish Court, I should have tied its tongue and confined its endeavours to getting Prince Leopold to visit Madrid, when a marriage taking place suddenly with the approval of the Cortes and amidst the acclamations of the army, would have been irrevocable.' (*Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. iii. p. 223.)

We shall always regard it as a most unfortunate circumstance that at this moment the British Ministry changed, and the Foreign Office passed from the hands of a man in whom the French Government had entire confidence, into those of a Minister whom they considered to be hostile to themselves and unscrupulous in his opposition. What Lord Palmerston's real views were may now be seen in a letter addressed by him to Sir H. Bulwer, at Madrid, on September 12, 1846:—

'"My dear Bulwer,—I am coming round to the opinion that you have been right all along, and that we have been wrong about this Spanish Marriage question. *We ought to have at once and boldly adopted Coburg; and to have carried it in defiance of the French*; but we were unwilling to break with France just on our first coming in, and we did not think the Coburg marriage a sufficiently strong English interest to justify us in doing so. However, France or rather Louis Philippe and Guizot have ill-repaid us for our delicacy towards them."' (*Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. iii. p. 291.)

That was, no doubt, Lord Palmerston's own feeling, as many of his despatches and private letters indicate, and it had all along been the policy recommended, though not pursued, by

* Life of Viscount Palmerston, vol. iii. p. 221 *et seq.*

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Sir Henry Bulwer. The French Government were persuaded that he would act upon these principles. But in this they were mistaken. In spite of all he said of the young Coburg, it is perfectly clear that Lord Palmerston never had the power, and probably not the intention, to deviate in the slightest degree from the path which the English Court were resolved to pursue. But his indiscreet and intemperate language supplied the French with an excuse for breaking an engagement which they ought to have held sacred.

M. Guizot's policy and intentions on this question were most distinctly laid down in his despatch to M. Bresson, of December 10, 1845. After stating that his desire was to prevent a conflict between French and English influence in Spain, by faithfully excluding the Orleans Princes on the one hand and the Coburg Prince on the other, he added:—

'But we cannot, my dear Count, play in this the part of dupes. We shall continue to follow honestly our policy, which is to avoid any combination likely to rekindle the conflict between France and England in Spain. But if we perceive, that on the other side, they are not as clear and decided as we are; if for instance, whether through the inertness of the British Government, or by the action of its friends in Spain and about Spain, a marriage was in preparation, whether for the Queen or the Infanta, adverse to our principle—the descendants of Philip V.—if this combination had any chance of succeeding with the Spanish Government, then we should step forward without reserve, and claim simply and plainly the preference for the Duke de Montpensier.' (*Guizot. Mémoires de mon Temps*, vol. viii. p. 240.)

Six months later the conduct of Sir Henry Bulwer at Madrid, and the language of Lord Palmerston in his despatch of July 19, 1846,* convinced the French Government that the moment was come when the success of a combination adverse to their principle was impending. They were terrified at the notion of being duped, and they therefore considered themselves free to prosecute the Montpensier marriage. But we remain of opinion that by a more temperate and judicious line of conduct that result would have been averted. As it was, England suffered all the inconvenience of a diplomatic defeat and

* This despatch was shown by Lord Palmerston to M. de Jarnac, who was even allowed to take a copy of it. For this proceeding Lord Palmerston gave in writing to Sir Henry Bulwer the following singular reason: 'I did so because it was the civilest way of conveying to the 'knowledge of Louis Philippe opinions about Spanish questions *which* '*I well knew to be at variance with his views.*' (*Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. iii. p. 276.) This was done then expressly to indicate a dissension between the two governments on the question on which they had hitherto acted together.

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a quarrel with France, on behalf of a candidate she had not supported and to whom this country was perfectly indifferent.

We believe that it never mattered one straw to France or to England whom the Queen of Spain married, and that both governments were alike in the wrong to attach so much importance to the question. But the turpitude of the whole transaction lies in this—England had tabooed two of the most accomplished Princes in Europe, the Duke d'Aumale and the Duke de Montpensier, whom Christina particularly desired for her sons-in-law. France had tabooed an accomplished German Prince,* because he was too nearly allied to the Courts of England, Belgium, and Portugal; neither the one nor the other of these Powers appears to have cared, so long as they satisfied their ridiculous jealousies, what sort of husband was to fall to the lot of the Queen of Spain, and that unfortunate Princess was at last reduced, by a very shameful intrigue, to a miserable and unworthy alliance, which has proved fatal to her personal honour and to the stability of her throne. A contrast the more striking, as her life has been the exact opposite of that of a sovereign, happy in her marriage, spotless in her honour, and secure in the affections and respect of her people. We do not wonder that Queen Victoria records with melancholy interest the painful details of a transaction which consigned a sister Queen to a fate so different from her own.

Nor was it in Spain alone that the effects of this deplorable marriage, and its concomitants, were felt. The ties of blood and marriage which had been formed between the Orleans family and the Coburgs, by the marriage of King Leopold to the Princess Louise and of the Duke de Nemours to another Princess of Coburg, had ripened into intimacy and mutual affection. These ties were rudely broken. But about eighteen months later a fresh explosion of the revolutionary volcano scattered to the winds the constitutional Monarchy of France, and the Royal Family found an asylum not only on our shores, but in that same residence of Claremont, which had witnessed the first happy, though shortlived, union, of an English Princess to an illustrious member of the Coburg family.

* This young gentleman, however, who was at one time supposed to be a candidate for the hand of the Queen of Spain, and whose name embroiled the Courts of France and England, sank forthwith into total obscurity, from which he has never again emerged. We believe that he still exists as a major-general on the retired list of the Austrian army, and that he married, about 1861, a young person of considerable musical talent, who had filled a comparatively humble situation in the establishment of a lady of rank.

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Prince Albert, who had become from 1845 a more active observer of the political state of Europe, was not taken by surprise by these events. He had perceived from the signs of the times in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, that momentous changes in the state of Europe were at hand, and he had recorded (as was his wont), in writing, his opinion of the conduct to be pursued by England, so as to afford the most rational and effectual aid and support to the progress of freedom on the Continent, and to the independence of the states which were engaged in working out the great problem of free government. The Memorandum drawn up by the Prince upon the occasion of Lord Minto's mission to Italy, in 1846, and the Considerations addressed by his Royal Highness to the King of Prussia soon afterwards, on the reforms to be introduced into the constitution of the Germanic body, for the consolidation of its unity and its strength, are masterpieces of political insight, to which we can only direct attention in this place, for the discussion of such papers would require another article. But everyone will be struck by the fact that these documents and suggestions anticipated by about two years the great events which in 1848 convulsed Italy, Germany, and the whole of Europe. Those events, therefore, found him not unprepared and not to be dismayed; but he was deeply affected by them. We remember to have seen him in those days of gloom with an expression on his face which was *harrowing*. Those who had the honour of approaching him at that time can never forget his dignified and manly bearing and his deep sympathy for the sufferings of agitated Europe. He appealed to the faithful Stockmar, who was ill at Coburg, to come at once to England, in the following somewhat exaggerated terms:—

'The posture of affairs is bad. European war is at our doors, France is ablaze in every quarter, Louis Philippe is wandering about in disguise, so is the Queen; Nemours and Clémentine have found their way to Dover; of Augustus, Victoire, Alexander Würtemberg, and the others, all we know is, that the Duchess of Montpensier is at Tréport under another name; Guizot is a prisoner, the Republic declared, the army ordered to the frontier, the incorporation of Belgium and the Rhenish provinces proclaimed. Here they refuse to pay the income tax, and attack the Ministry; Victoria will be confined in a few days; our poor, good grandmama is taken from this world. I am not cast down, still I have need of friends and of counsels in these heavy times. Come, as you love *me*, as you love *Victoria*, as you love *uncle Leopold*, as you love your German Fatherland.'

In the midst of these tremendous scenes, the Queen gave birth to her fifth child, an event which terminated a period of very critical anxiety and some misgiving. But happily all

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went well, and a fortnight after her confinement Her Majesty wrote to King Leopold:—'From the first I heard all that 'passed; and my only thoughts and talk were politics. But I 'never was calmer and quieter, or less nervous. Great 'events make me calm; it is only trifles that irritate my 'nerves.' Brave woman! These are the last lines in this volume, and we are not sure there is anything in it we like better. They were written on April 4, just six days before that memorable *tenth* of April, when the people of London showed that they had not caught the revolutionary infection, and rallied by myriads round the Constitution and the Throne.

We await with the utmost impatience the continuation of this most interesting work. As years rolled on the Prince took a more active and decided part, not only in the promotion of the arts and sciences, but in the great game of politics. His judgment was matured; his influence at home and abroad was strengthened; and the next volume must bring us to the eventful period of the Crimean War, and embrace the whole subject of the relations of the British Court to the Emperor Napoleon III. It would be premature to attempt to draw a more complete character of this highly-gifted and virtuous man until the biography is concluded.

NOTE

on Article I. on 'Professor Tyndall's Address,' and 'Mill's Essay on Theism.'

On December 28 last, whilst these sheets were passing through the press, an Address was delivered in the Great Hall of the Institute of France, and at a public sitting of that learned body, by M. Dumas, in honour of the late Professor Auguste de la Rive, of Geneva. The scientific annals of our time contain no greater or more honourable names than these, and the most eminent chemist of France paid a becoming, but not exaggerated, tribute to the distinguished electrician and physicist of Switzerland. The Address itself is a masterpiece of elegance and good taste, and it embraces a much wider field than the mere biography of a successful man of science. We trust it may in some form or other be circulated and read in this country. For it was obvious to those who heard it that M. Dumas, in the composition of this Discourse, had in his mind the Belfast Address of Professor Tyndall, and that he seized this opportunity to disclaim and repudiate in the Hall of the French Institute those materialist and atomistic doctrines which have recently been promulgated in Germany and in England as sound philosophy. It is impossible to do justice in a note to the form and eloquence of this remarkable composition, still less to convey any idea of M. Dumas' line of argument. But we accept with

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great satisfaction the aid which the authority of his name, and the undoubted value of his scientific researches, bring to the cause of spiritual philosophy and moral truth. And it is not a little remarkable, that whilst the idealism of Germany, and the scientific creed of England, threaten to dwindle and decay into mere materialism or absolute doubt, the greatest scientific body in France should thus publicly bear witness of its respect for, and adherence to, principles which are absolutely incompatible with the sole dominion of Matter and Force. We borrow, in conclusion, the following passage from M. Dumas' admirable Address:—'Modern materialism, satisfied with reviving the formula of 'Epicurus and Lucretius, regards the world as the fortuitous result of 'the arrangement of atoms, man as the highest term of the natural evo- 'lution of organic forms, life as the spontaneous modification of force, 'birth as the beginning of a phenomenon, death as its end. When, in 'consequence of this lamentable philosophy, justice is only a social con- 'vention, conscience a product of education, charity, friendship, love, 'various forms of egotism, whoever has charge of souls can no longer 'pass by the side of Science, turning away the head, and saying, '"What matter these doctrines to me?" Ampère, Faraday, and 'Auguste de la Rive, who made electricity the object of the studies of 'a lifetime and the instrument of their grand discoveries, were all three 'deeply religious. They loved to meditate on subjects bordering on 'metaphysics—the first seeking to explain universal attraction by mag- 'netism, the second denying the very existence of matter, and consider- 'ing every atom a centre of force, the vibrations of which are felt 'throughout the universe—all seeking to defend against the invasion of 'the partisans of physical forces the ground reserved to the mind—to 'that thing which thinks, affirms, denies, wills, refuses, imagines, feels, 'and which, being free, must give an account of the use it has made of 'its liberty.'

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THE

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ART. I.—*Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G.* Edited by his Son, the Duke of WELLINGTON, K.G. In continuation of the former series. 5 vols. 8vo. London: 1867–1873.

ALTHOUGH this new series of the Duke of Wellington's Despatches began to be published eight years ago, the period which it illustrates has lately acquired fresh interest as it has receded into the region of history. In all the political memoirs and biographies relating to the last generation the Duke of Wellington occupies a conspicuous place; and, as the materials for a study of his character accumulate, it becomes more desirable to correct the judgments of his friends and opponents by comparison with his own decisions and expressions of opinion. It is difficult for those who have grown up within the last twenty years to understand the position which the Duke of Wellington occupied in England from the battle of Waterloo to his death. With the doubtful precedent of Marlborough, and not even excepting Chatham and Pitt, no subject has by general consent been allowed to hold so high and distinctive a place. From the time when he took his seat for the first time in the House of Lords, after ascending through all the ranks of the peerage, he was to the end of his life the recognised and favourite chief of the aristocracy. Three successive Sovereigns rewarded the Duke's unwavering loyalty by every mark of deference and esteem. George IV., whose intermittent regard and occasional dislike were largely tempered with fear, always addressed him in terms of affectionate familiarity. William IV. after his accession wisely and generously forgot the haughty

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firmness with which his brother's Minister had repressed his attempts to exceed his authority in the post of Lord High Admiral. The Queen, after her early prejudices had, as she has herself gracefully recorded, been corrected by the judgment of the Prince Consort, recognised with gratitude the devotion of the aged statesman to the welfare and influence of the Crown which he considered as identical with the interests of the nation. When the Whig Ministers tendered, in 1851, a resignation which was ultimately not accepted, the Queen applied to the Duke of Wellington for advice. During the short interregnum Lord John Russell informed the House of Commons that Her Majesty had consulted the first and most faithful of her subjects; nor was it necessary to designate her adviser by name. In his later years the social precedence of the Duke was indicated by a titular distinction voluntarily conferred. He was commonly addressed as 'Sir,' a term of respect which is reserved in ordinary society for royal personages, and in the army and navy for superior officers. It is remarkable that in all his voluminous correspondence his brothers alone omit his formal title at the commencement of their letters.

While the Duke was reverenced and esteemed by his equals and by his superiors, it is impossible to give a definite answer to the question whether he was generally popular. His opinions, though they were those of a powerful section of the community, were adverse to the extension of the power of the majority, and he was wholly untinctured with theoretical philanthropy. His firm character and high bearing in a great measure overawed the assailants whom he provoked by his change of policy on Catholic Emancipation. A year or two later he was justly regarded as the most inveterate enemy of Reform; and for a time he was the object of unbounded vituperation. At a later period his antagonism to the popular feeling was forgotten or condoned; and, as his political activity abated, the pride of the people in his fame and his greatness prevailed over resentment and hostility. While he received from those he met in society a ceremonious appellation, he was the only private person whom passers-by saluted in the streets. The Duke himself was not unconscious of his great power and pre-eminent rank; but if general deference sometimes produced excessive reliance on himself, the personal simplicity of his character was not injuriously affected by it.

Since the publication of the earlier despatches the Duke of Wellington's lucid and vigorous style has been appreciated by all competent readers. With ready command of pure and idiomatic English he never wastes a word. The rapid deci-

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sion, the *concitato imperio*, of the battle and the march, supply a training in brevity and accuracy; but the Duke's intellect would in any case have been intolerant of confusion and ambiguity. Even when he wrote in a foreign language, though his use of English idioms might perhaps make a Frenchman smile, he never left a doubt of his meaning. It is hardly too much to say that if he had expanded his despatches into treatises, he might have achieved a great literary reputation. The second volume of the New Series contains a review, which is admirable both in composition and as a military criticism, of Ségur's narrative of the Russian War. His exposure of the loss of time as well as of men and resources which Napoleon incurred through his system of forced marches appears to civilians conclusive; and even if the Duke's judgment were rejected, the perspicuity and force of his argument would remain. He evidently wrote with perfect ease, though he never indulged in fluency. Even as a speaker, though he was wholly devoid of the oratorical faculty, he invariably contrived to make himself understood, and he never talked nonsense. When he expressed himself in writing, he had no reason to fear competition with professed authors. The Duke of Wellington's style accurately represented both the qualities and the defects of his character and intellect.

In the conduct of affairs he was simple, upright, and vigorous, but he was averse from generalisation, and he was without the imaginative sympathy of the highest order of statesmen. His conception of political duty was confined to the maintenance at home of the constitutional monarchy by efficient and economical administration, and to the security of Europe and of the world against revolution and war. His indifference to the real or alleged grievances of classes and nations was unaffected and consistent. Spanish and Italian Liberals, South American insurgents, Irish Catholics, Greek patriots, and negro slaves, were to him only elements of disturbance, until they became either formidable through their own strength, or respectable through their success in obtaining legal or diplomatic recognition. The celebrated question which he proposed of 'how the King's Government is to be carried on,' was throughout his life the key to his domestic policy. As early as 1825 he remarked to Lord Liverpool that resistance to Catholic Emancipation is 'with you and Peel a matter of con-'science;' implying that his own opposition was only founded on temporary views of political expediency. When after the Clare election he found that the King's Government could no longer be carried on without concession, he over-

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ruled with unrelenting firmness the prejudices of the King and the reluctance of his own followers, and he had no scruples of his own to overcome; but in the midst of the contest he stated to one of his correspondents that if he could by other means have maintained the political influence of the Irish nobility and gentry, he would never have stirred in the matter.

It is not surprising that a chief actor in the great European struggle which lasted from 1793 to 1815 should have associated war with revolution. The Spanish insurrection of 1820 was odious in his judgment, not merely because it was directed against an established government, but because it was effected by military mutinies, and because it threatened foreign complications which in fact afterwards ensued. 'French 'Liberalism,' he said in the early part of the reign of Charles X., 'means war, and especially war with England.' In this instance he was pardonably deceived by the insincere clamour of Republicans and Bonapartists, who denounced England chiefly for the purpose of making their own Government unpopular. The Duke's obstinate resistance to the recognition of the South American Republics was an exaggerated expression of his antipathies to rebellion. When it was proposed to prosecute O'Connell for hoping that a Bolivar might arise in Ireland, the Duke of Wellington was amused and almost impressed by the ingenious suggestion of George IV. that if it was a crime to imitate Bolivar, it could not be a duty to recognise him.

The maxim that States, like private persons, should mind their own business, though generally sound, supplies no universal rule for political action; but the Duke of Wellington was at least consistent in his disapproval of foreign intervention. If he endeavoured to restrain within the narrowest limits the aid afforded to the Greeks by Russia and by France, he also objected to the Duke of Angoulême's expedition into Spain, and still more strongly to the Emperor Alexander's project of taking part in the liberation of Ferdinand VII. The Duke had some difficulty in persuading the Emperor that he would not be allowed to march with 150,000 men through the heart of the Continent, and, as he told Mr. Greville, whose reports of the Duke's conversation correspond with singular accuracy to statements in the Despatches, he suggested that for the alternative of landing a Russian army in Spain 2,000 ships would be required. He regarded Greek independence with distaste, both as impairing the strength of Turkey, and on the ground that it was undesirable to introduce into the Mediterranean a new maritime Power which would probably be under

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the influence of Russia. In all cases his dislike of insurgents was confirmed by the support which they received from the opponents of the Government in England. The Duke of Wellington failed to understand the admixture of just and generous impulses with the unreasoning popular sympathy which attended all resistance to foreign despotism. The ignorant and oppressive barbarism of Turkish governors, the cunning cruelty of Ferdinand VII., the stupid restrictions imposed by Spain on Colonial Trade were legitimate objects of reprobation. The pretence of the Courts which were commonly designated as the 'Holy Alliance' to repress all movements against established authorities had never been approved by the English Government, and it caused the just indignation of the general community; yet it was not surprising that when only five or six years had elapsed from the close of the war, the allied Governments should be seriously alarmed by revolutions in Naples, in Piedmont, and in Spain.

The Duke of Wellington has been justly accused by adverse critics of a want of foresight which may be often imputed to those who habitually defend existing institutions. In modern times the successive reforms of many ancient abuses have produced an erroneous belief that the primary duty of a Government is legislation. In a perfect state of society there would be little need of new laws, and still less of organic changes. The Duke of Wellington was perfectly sincere in the most unlucky declaration of his life, to the effect that the Parliamentary Constitution of England was incapable of improvement. His imagination had never ranged beyond the familiar institutions which he had honestly accepted from his first entrance into political life. There was indeed a certain exercise of fancy in his combination of unwavering loyalty to the Crown with contempt for the character of the King. In the same spirit he checked as far as possible the pretensions of the great borough owners, while he supported the aristocracy of which they were principal members. It was his duty and his pleasure to discourage public extravagance, as well as other forms of maladministration; but he was content to oil the wheels and to superintend the working of the machine, without attempting improvement and reconstruction. His Despatches are a repertory of good sense and of practical judgment, but they exhibit little of that political wisdom which is concerned with general principles. Of meanness, of trickery, of vulgar selfishness they display no trace. His firmness and clearness of purpose were equally useful in diplomatic negotiations and in dealing with colleagues, with princes, and with the King.

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It is interesting to study the mixed feelings with which he was consequently regarded by George IV.

The Duke of Wellington joined Lord Liverpool's Cabinet as Master of the Ordnance soon after his return from the command of the army of occupation in France. He was frequently absent from England either on diplomatic duty, or on his periodical inspection of the frontier fortresses of the Netherlands; and as a member of the Government he confined his attention almost exclusively to foreign affairs, which were conducted to his entire satisfaction by Lord Londonderry. In recording the successful effort to reconcile Sweden and Turkey to Russia on the eve of Napoleon's invasion in 1812, the Duke applied to Lord Castlereagh the title of 'a great statesman,' which he bestows on no other colleague or contemporary. After the death of Lord Londonderry in the summer of 1822, Lord Liverpool was naturally anxious to secure the aid of Canning, with whom he was united both by private friendship, and, except on the Catholic Question, by political agreement. Lord Eldon was bitterly hostile to Canning, and the Prime Minister would probably have failed to overcome the King's personal repugnance but for the intervention of the Duke of Wellington. Though the Duke neither liked nor trusted his proposed colleague, he saw that the Protestants, as the opponents of the Catholic claims were then called, could not carry on the Government alone. Peel was willing and anxious to waive in favour of Canning his claim to lead the House of Commons; and probably neither he nor the Duke desired to increase the influence of the bigoted old Chancellor.

When the King's resistance was at last overcome, the new Foreign Secretary professedly continued the policy of his predecessor. The Government had already recognised the belligerent condition of the insurgent Spanish colonies, and it had appointed consuls at the principal South American ports for the regulation of commercial intercourse. In the first instance Canning proposed no factious step; nor could his declaration that ulterior measures might become necessary in course of time furnish reasonable ground of objection. To the principles and pretensions of the Holy Alliance, which had been censured in Parliament by Lord Londonderry, Canning was only more heartily opposed. As it would have been inconvenient for the Foreign Secretary to leave England on his first accession to office, the Duke of Wellington took the place of Lord Londonderry, who had been about to proceed to Vienna as English representative at the Congress, which was soon afterwards transferred to Verona. The instructions for the plenipo-

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tentiary, which had been drawn up by Lord Londonderry himself, were not altered, and they were executed by the Duke with firmness and discretion. He was directed to abstain from discussing the affairs of Italy, and he steadily withheld the concurrence of England from all proposals of armed intervention in Spain. Before he left Vienna he had urged on the Emperor Alexander his renewal of diplomatic relations with Turkey; and probably his influence tended to postpone the rupture which occurred some years later.

On his return, though little or nothing was ostensibly changed, he found that the spirit of the foreign policy of England was wholly altered. Canning cultivated both a political and a personal hostility against Metternich, who was at that time the chief instigator of the policy of the Holy Alliance. In the House of Commons he not unwillingly took opportunities of consulting the popular feeling which favoured the Liberal party in Spain in its resistance to foreign dictation, and the revolted colonies in their struggle against successive Spanish Governments. The Whig Opposition urged the recognition of the South American States, and inclined to the policy of aiding Spain against a French invasion. Although the Foreign Secretary refused in both cases to adopt a hasty or imprudent policy, his undisguised sympathy with the feelings of the Opposition earned for him compliments and expressions of personal confidence which were not agreeable to the less liberal section of his colleagues. The apprehensions which were not unreasonably entertained of the re-establishment of French supremacy in Spain afterwards proved to be excessive or groundless. The Duke of Wellington, though he disapproved of the Spanish revolution of 1820, used his utmost efforts to prevent the commencement of warlike operations, which might produce incalculable consequences. At Verona the French plenipotentiaries, Montmorency and Chateaubriand, had, in conformity with the wishes of the allied Courts, supported the policy of a French intervention; but on his return through Paris the Duke of Wellington satisfied himself that the King, Villèle, and Montmorency himself were really disinclined to war. The Spanish Liberals, with characteristic imprudence, on every opportunity proclaimed their intention of propagating their doctrines in foreign countries; and the restraints which they imposed on the King who was still nominally sovereign were so offensive as to furnish the head of the House of Bourbon with plausible pretexts for resentment. It was evidently expedient to correct, if possible, the democratic excesses of the dominant party in Spain; and with the consent, if

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not with the cordial good will of the Foreign Secretary, the Duke of Wellington sent Lord Fitzroy Somerset to Madrid to urge on the Government the restoration of constitutional power to the King, and the adoption in all respects of a more moderate policy. It would be difficult to find another instance in which a statesman, not at the head of a Cabinet, was allowed to accredit to a foreign Government a personal envoy of his own. The great services rendered by the Duke to Spain, and the supposed influence which he might consequently exercise, justified the anomaly; and Canning's acquiescence was a proof of remarkable liberality. He well knew the antagonism of the Duke's policy to his own; but he was willing, in the pursuit of a common object, to co-operate with an uncongenial ally. The efforts of the personal mission proved to be as useless as the regular diplomatic remonstrances. The vain and restless Chateaubriand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, precipitated the invasion, and, as the Duke had confidently predicted, the expedition of the Duke of Angoulême was merely a triumphal march. As he afterwards told Mr. Greville, the Spaniards had no army worthy of the name, having constantly refused to profit by the opportunity of learning from their allies during the Peninsular War. From vigilant observation of the movements of the French army, and accurate knowledge of their force, the Duke correctly inferred that the French Government intended in good faith to confine its exertions to the original object of rescuing the King from the Liberals, who had made him virtually a prisoner.

In the meantime, although the English nation, and even the Parliamentary Opposition, on the whole approved the pacific policy of the Government, the indignation which had been excited by the French invasion of Spain stimulated the general desire for the recognition of the South American colonies. Canning himself, either through genuine conviction or for the purpose of promoting the attainment of an object which he had long thought desirable, professed to suspect France of a design to acquire a new colonial empire under colour of establishing a protectorate in Spain. It is not impossible that Chateaubriand, during his brief tenure of power, may have contemplated some vague scheme of aggrandisement in South America; but the enterprise, if it had been practically attempted, would have been found utterly chimerical, and it was no part of the permanent or deliberate policy of France. To Metternich's proposals of a conference on the affairs of South America the Duke of Wellington had uniformly and conclusively objected that no Power except England could

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exercise any influence in South American affairs, and that the English Government would assuredly not place its means of action at the disposal of her allies. Nevertheless, as late as the end of 1826, Canning, in his celebrated oration on the expedition to Lisbon, boasted that, when there was a danger of the transfer of the Spanish colonial dominions to France, he had called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old. The equilibrium which he supposed himself to have established was unstable or imaginary; but it was true that he had made use of the French invasion to overrule the Duke's resistance to the recognition of the South American republics. Lord Liverpool, who was at all times more closely allied with Canning than with the Duke of Wellington, entertained a strong and independent opinion of the expediency of conceding the disputed recognition. The Duke was, during the greater part of the struggle, zealously supported by the King; but, when it became evident that Lord Liverpool and Canning were determined to accomplish their object, the Duke of Wellington, after conditionally tendering his resignation, withdrew his opposition, and the King was compelled to yield.* According to Mr. Greville, who was rarely misinformed, Canning afterwards contrived to persuade the King that, as he had led a charge at Waterloo and ridden a winner at Newmarket, so the merit of recognising

* The accuracy of many of Mr. Greville's statements is curiously confirmed by passages in the Duke of Wellington's Correspondence. As an instance it may be worth while to quote a strange statement of the Duke of York's, that the Duke of Wellington was 'false and ungrateful.' 'He (the Duke of York) says that at Waterloo he got into a scrape and allowed himself to be surprised, and he attributes in great measure the success of that day to Lord Anglesea, who, he says, was hardly mentioned, and that in the coldest terms, in the Duke's despatch.' The informant of the Duke of York seems to have been no other than Lord Anglesea himself, who, according to Count Bjornstierna, repeated the same assertion as late as 1829, when he was irritated by his dismissal from the Lord-Lieutenancy. 'Lord Anglesea reprit ainsi: "Pour que vous puissiez juger de la conduite de *cet* "*homme*, et de son arrogance envers moi, il faut savoir que c'est moi "qui l'ai fait nommer premier ministre; que ce n'est qu'à mes "instances que le Roi, qui ne peut le souffrir, a consenti à le mettre "à la tête des affaires, et que c'est encore moi qui ai couru une nuit "pour aller à la campagne lui annoncer sa nomination; que c'est moi "qui par mes charges de cavalerie lui ai fait gagner la bataille de "Waterloo."' It may be remembered that Mr. Greville was often told by well-informed persons that the King, notwithstanding his affectionate professions, really disliked the Duke.

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the young republics was his own. It is certain that in the latter part of Lord Liverpool's administration Canning suddenly became a favourite at Court, though the reconciliation which has been graphically described by Mr. Stapleton was apparently effected through the intervention of Madame de Lieven and Prince Esterhazy. The best reason for the recognition was, not that it redressed the balance of two worlds, but that it anticipated and prevented a separate commercial alliance between the Spanish republics and the United States. The Duke of Wellington had ultimately concurred in a Cabinet Minute which induced the King to assent to the recognition as the alternative of breaking up the Cabinet. The King's objection to the measure had been founded rather on a fear of disobliging his allies than on the antipathy to rebellion which had actuated the Duke. Soon after the decision was finally adopted, the King found, with relief and gratification, that his relations with Prince and Princess Lieven and Prince Esterhazy had been unaffected by his change of policy. About this time Madame de Lieven seems to have become, either on personal or political grounds, estranged from the Duke of Wellington, and all her influence at Court was henceforth employed in favour of Canning. In April 1825 Sir W. Knighton brought him an unexpected and affectionate message from the King; and, according to Mr. Stapleton, 'from the 'day when the King first sent to his minister his confidential 'friend on this mission of conciliation to the day of that minis-'ter's death, nothing could surpass the good faith and kindness 'which the King manifested in the whole of his conduct to-'wards him.'

Only a short time before, Canning had been in the habit of threatening that he would not allow the King to see the foreign ambassadors except in his presence. He now had a solemn reconciliation in the presence of the King with Prince Esterhazy, who, to the credit of his diplomatic ability, repeated the King's asseverations of his goodwill with tears in his eyes. The Duke of Wellington always attributed the reception of Canning into the royal favour to an intrigue; but the pleasure which Canning expressed in a memorandum or record of the Esterhazy interview seems rather to show that he was a dupe. Both before and after the change in the King's feelings or conduct, the political antagonism between Canning and the Duke continued. After the death of Canning the Duke told Mr. Greville that, 'although Canning prided himself extremely 'on his compositions, he would patiently endure any criticisms 'on such papers as he submitted for the consideration of the

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'Cabinet, and would allow them to be altered in any way that 'was suggested: he (the Duke) in particular had often cut 'and hashed his papers, and Canning never made the least 'objection, but was always ready to adopt the suggestions of 'his colleagues.' The accuracy of the Duke's statement and of Mr. Greville's report is abundantly proved by the numerous letters to Mr. Canning in which the Duke proposes alterations, generally of substance, in his despatches. His suggestions are almost always sound, inasmuch as they recommend reserve and discretion, and the suppression of unnecessary arguments which are likely to give offence; yet the patience of Canning is the more surprising because he knew that the Duke's opinions on foreign affairs were almost always opposed to his own. On some occasions Canning displayed a not unreasonable resentment at the relations which the Duke maintained with the King on the one hand and his colleagues on the other. Before Canning was admitted to royal favour the Duke of Wellington was almost a second and rival Foreign Minister, frequently in the secrets of the King, and carrying on correspondence with foreign statesmen. On one occasion he allowed his brother, Sir Henry Wellesley, then ambassador at Vienna, to address to him a communication which was scarcely compatible with official loyalty. Sir H. Wellesley transmitted to the Duke a confidential remonstrance by Metternich against the whole policy of Canning, and the ambassador adopted and enforced the arguments of the Austrian Chancellor. About the same time Sir H. Wellesley was courteously rebuked by Canning for apologising to Prince Metternich for English policy on account of the necessary deference to Parliament. As Canning properly told his subordinate, the Government regarded the House of Commons not as an adversary nor as a necessary evil, but as the strongest support of the Crown.

Prince Metternich, in his letter to the Duke, complained bitterly of the isolation of England, and of the alleged inclination of the Government to make its American policy dependent on that of the United States. If the Duke had committed an error in allowing his brother to censure his official chief, his answer to Prince Metternich was an instance of his own perfect fidelity to his colleagues. He began by saying that he must write in English because he could express his meaning more clearly in that language than in French. Admitting and regretting the isolation of England, he threw the whole blame on Metternich himself and on the Allied Powers. 'You 'can do no permanent good,' he told him, 'without the assist-'ance of the counsels and of the authority of this country;'

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'yet at Troppau, after the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, the 'Allies had commenced their separate action:' and 'I recall to 'your recollection the various occasions on which I ventured 'to foretell to your Highness the consequences to the Alliance 'in general of the state of isolation in which I was left at 'Verona.' 'Along with these transactions has been carried 'on a system of calumny respecting the conduct and objects 'of this country which would have astonished me if I had not 'lived in the days of the French Revolution.' Then, as at the recent date of the Brussels Conference, despotic Governments used or encouraged against England the libellous practices which courtiers ascribe exclusively to demagogues. The Duke proceeds to comment with remarkable force on the intrigues of the Allies in Spain, and of their policy in the matter of the revolted colonies. 'The Spaniards with all their folly have some 'sense. They know well that all the Powers in Europe, 'without this country, can effect nothing in America; and 'the Allies may rely upon it that intrigues with the Camarilla 'never settled an *affaire* either here or elsewhere.' He concludes by repudiating all responsibility for the words of any other person, apparently referring to Canning;—'but I must 'say that there is no act of this sort, there is scarcely a word 'in any public document of which any Power can complain.' He accordingly exhorts his correspondent by influence and example to prevail upon the Allies 'to consider our real situa-'tion, and to conduct themselves towards us in the manner 'which is becoming on account of the *status* we fill and the 'mode in which we have always conducted ourselves; and this 'for their own sakes as well as for the sake of the world at 'large.'

Although Mr. Canning was generally opposed to the Duke of Wellington on questions of foreign policy, he knew that he could trust his fidelity to instructions on a foreign mission; and the Duke's character and abilities were well adapted to ensure success as a diplomatist. If he was, through prejudice or want of imagination, liable to error on questions of general policy and of principle, no man was more acute in discovering the means of effecting any special object which might be prescribed to him by his own judgment or by external authority. He was an acceptable person at every foreign court, and his great military reputation gave him peculiar importance in Russia. He was accordingly, in the early part of 1826, despatched on a special mission of congratulation to the Emperor Nicholas on his accession. The King, in a letter full of profuse expressions of friendship, entreated the Duke to make his own health the first

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consideration, and declared that 'your absence for any length 'of time, or rather the *want of your presence*, would be *quite* 'intolerable to me, besides the risk which your health would 'run, perhaps even your life, which is *too frightful a considera-* 'tion, either for the private man that *loves you*, or the public 'man who cares for his country.' The Duke of Wellington appreciated the King's affection at its true value, and he told Mr. Canning that he was perfectly well, and ready to undertake the mission. In a private letter to Lord Granville, Canning says that 'the Duke not only accepted, but *jumped*, as I foresaw 'he would, at the proposal. "Never better in his life," '"ready to set out in a week," and the like expressions of 'alertness, leave no doubt on my mind that the selection of '*another* person would have done his health more prejudice 'than all the frosts and thaws of hyperborean regions can do 'to it.' The Duke himself told Lord Bathurst, in a letter written on his way to St. Petersburg, that he did not expect to do much good in his mission: 'but I don't see how I, who 'have always been preaching the doctrine of going wherever 'we are desired to go, who had consented to go and command 'in Canada, could decline to accept the offer of this mission.' The King's anxiety about the Duke's health was probably not without foundation, for it is evident that his nerves were at the time unusually affected. General Alava told Mr. Greville, that 'he had frequently taken leave of him when both 'expected that they should never meet again, yet neither on 'that occasion nor any other in the course of the seventeen 'years that he had known him did he ever see him so moved. 'Lady Burghersh said that when he took leave of her the 'tears ran down his cheeks; he was also deeply affected when 'he parted from his mother.'

The object of the mission was to prevent a Russian declaration of war against Turkey; and to arrive, if possible, at some friendly understanding on the question of Greece. The Emperor Alexander had for some years wavered between his aversion to insurrection, and the sympathy which, in common with the mass of his subjects, he felt with the Greeks, whose movement had been largely instigated by Russian agents. He had also other causes of quarrel with Turkey, and even before the date of the Congress of Verona, Lord Strangford, the English ambassador at Constantinople, had been urging on the Porte the expediency of making concessions to Russia. The negotiation ultimately failed, and one of the results of the miscarriage was the temporary withdrawal of the English ambassador. At the same time, on the invitation of Russia, a

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Conference of the Great Powers, with the exception of England, was held at St. Petersburg, on Greek affairs. The Emperor of Russia resented Mr. Canning's refusal to take part in the Conference, which ultimately proved wholly abortive. The French Government was engaged in intrigues of its own with the Greeks; Prussia, having no interest in the question, merely followed the lead of Russia; and the sole object of Metternich was to gain time and to prevent as long as possible a definite solution. Immediately before his death Alexander had been inclined to resort once more to the co-operation of England; and it was the Duke of Wellington's business to confirm his successor in the same disposition.

On his arrival at St. Petersburg the Duke was, to his surprise, assured by the young Emperor that neither on his own part, nor on that of the Russian nation, was there any disposition to encourage the Greeks in their revolt. At the same time he professed not to see how he could avoid a declaration of war against Turkey on the ground of quarrels connected with the Danubian Principalities, and with the imprisonment, by the Porte, of certain Servian deputies. The Duke, after much discussion, entered into an agreement, in the form of a protocol, to the effect that England and Russia should act together in Greek affairs, with the object of inducing the Porte to concede practical independence on condition of a tribute. It was part of the agreement that neither Power should enforce by arms on the Turkish Government the acceptance of the proposed terms. The arrangement was, after the Duke's resignation of office, and against his wish, converted into a tripartite treaty, France being admitted to a share in the understanding. The disavowal of warlike intentions was afterwards illustrated by the battle of Navarino, and by the French expedition to the Morea. In their early conversations the Emperor Nicholas voluntarily promised the Duke, that in the event of a war with Turkey he would neither seek nor accept territorial aggrandisement for himself; but it was found impracticable to obtain a repetition of the promise in writing, nor could the Duke's remonstrances prevent the despatch of an ultimatum to Constantinople. The Porte at the last moment so far conceded the Russian demands that the outbreak of war was delayed for a year. In compliance with the terms of the protocol and of the subsequent treaty, the Russians consented to maintain neutrality in the Mediterranean during the war of 1827. As might have been expected, the engagement was ultimately evaded; but even after the untoward event of Navarino, the Russians abstained from giving direct

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aid to the Greeks. The Duke declined to wait for the ceremonies of the Emperor's coronation, at which the English Court was magnificently represented by the Duke of Devonshire. Peel, to whose opinion the Duke of Wellington at this time, and after a transient interruption, during the whole of their joint career paid marked regard, had written him an account of a hasty declaration made by Lord Liverpool and Canning that the Government would resign if it were defeated on a point of secondary importance in a Currency Bill. 'I think,' he added, 'I have now written enough to prove to 'you that the public interest requires that you should not 'delay your return a single day beyond absolute necessity.'

The causes and circumstances of the Duke's refusal to serve under Canning on the retirement of Lord Liverpool have been copiously discussed. The strain which had from the first affected their mutual relations had been increased by Mr. Canning's speeches rather than by his acts, during the continuance of the complications in Portugal. The Duke had, as might be expected, disapproved of the popular revolution in Portugal; and his foresight was justified by the immediate separation of Brazil from the mother-country. The Spanish Government threatened intervention for the restoration of absolute monarchy in Portugal; and Portuguese troops, which had deserted and crossed the frontier, were apparently organising themselves for purposes of invasion. The Duke of Wellington at all times acknowledged the obligation of protecting Portugal from a foreign enemy. He was consulted on all the details of the expedition which was sent to occupy Lisbon and to repel invasion. He was anxious that Lord Beresford should resume command of the Portuguese army, and he was willing that the English contingent should be placed under his orders, provided that Lord Beresford were Minister at War as well as Commander-in-Chief.

Canning's Parliamentary explanation of the policy and motives of the Government was in the highest degree distasteful to the Duke of Wellington. The truce between the adverse sections of the Cabinet might perhaps have lasted for some time longer if Lord Liverpool had remained at the head of affairs. When he was suddenly disabled it was impossible that Canning should any longer tolerate the influence of the Duke of Wellington, or that the Duke should serve under an uncongenial colleague. He was always firmly convinced that Canning's formal offer to him of a seat in the Cabinet was intended as a dismissal. That his opinion was well founded may be inferred from the formal conclusion of the letter. It had been

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Mr. Canning's habit to sign himself in his private letters to the Duke, 'Ever, my dear Duke of Wellington, sincerely yours.' In communicating the King's commission to him to form a Cabinet, Canning adopted the form, 'Ever, my dear 'Duke of Wellington, your Grace's sincere and faithful ser-'vant.' The Duke was not informed either of the proposed policy of the new Government, or of the names of its members; and he seems not to have distinctly understood that Canning was to be Prime Minister. A cold and ceremonious invitation might perhaps have been deemed sufficient for some comparative stranger whom it might be thought expedient to admit to a new Cabinet. It is certain that no Minister who was anxious to secure the services of the Duke of Wellington would have confined himself to a slight and formal communication. In his answer the Duke expressed his desire to serve the King in the Cabinet with the same colleagues as before; but he added, 'Before answering your obliging proposition, I should wish to 'know who the person is whom you intend to propose to his 'Majesty as the head of the Government.' In the subsequent controversy several precedents were quoted of commissions given to statesmen to form Cabinets over which they were not to preside. If Canning had simply stated in reply that he was to be himself Prime Minister, the Duke would have resigned his seat in the Cabinet, but he would have retained his command-in-chief of the army. Mr. Canning regarded his expression of doubt as an affront; but in his next letter the Duke reminded him that Mr. Canning himself had only a fortnight before contemplated another arrangement, which would have consisted in the appointment of Mr. Robinson as First Lord of the Treasury with a peerage. Under a misapprehension Mr. Canning answered the Duke's inquiry in a letter which gave deep offence not only to the Duke, but to his friends, and especially to Mr. Peel. After stating that the King usually entrusts the formation of an administration to the person who is to be at the head of it, he said that he had thought it unnecessary to add that 'in the present instance his 'Majesty does not intend to depart from the usual course of 'proceedings on such occasions.' The sting of the answer was in the concluding sentence: 'I am sorry I have delayed for 'some hours this answer to your Grace's letter; but from the 'nature of the subject I did not like to forward it without 'having previously submitted it (together with your Grace's 'letter) to his Majesty.' It was totally unnecessary to involve the King in the responsibility of an angry and discourteous communication. As the Duke observed, 'If Mr. Canning

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'had on Tuesday the 10th (the date of the former letter) 'been appointed his Majesty's Minister, he might, without reference to his Majesty, have stated the fact in his answer to 'me with as much of rebuke as he might have thought proper 'to use. I cannot believe that he referred to his Majesty in order 'to cover this rebuke with his Majesty's sacred name and protection. This step must have been taken because, in point 'of fact, he was not his Majesty's Minister at the moment at 'which he received my question.' To Mr. Canning the Duke replied in courteous terms, with a request that he might be excused from belonging to the Cabinet. At the same time he addressed to the King a peremptory resignation of the command of the army: 'Adverting to the tenor of the letters which I 'have received from your Majesty's Minister by your Majesty's 'command, I could not,' he said, in a memorandum on the correspondence, 'exercise that command with advantage to his 'Majesty, the Government, and the public, or with honour to 'myself, unless I was respected, and treated with that fair 'confidence by his Majesty and his Minister which I think I deserve; and nobody will consider that I was treated with confidence, respect, or even common civility, by Mr. Canning in 'his last letter.' The Duke explained the whole transaction from his own point of view in a speech in the House of Lords. He said that he must in any case have resigned his place as Master-General of the Ordnance with his seat in the Cabinet; but he attributed to the tone and temper of Mr. Canning's letters, and especially of that of April 11th, which had become a communication from the King, the impossibility of retaining the command of the army. After the delivery of the speech in the House of Lords, Mr. Canning wrote a long letter of explanation to the Duke which confirms the impression that he had not wished for him to remain in the Cabinet, while it purports to show that he regretted the Duke's resignation of the command of the army. In reply the Duke informed Mr. Canning that his opinion of the course rendered necessary by the letter of April 11th was unaltered, and that it was confirmed by a letter from the King of April 13th, which has not been published. The letter from Mr. Canning and the Duke's answer were shown to Sir Herbert Taylor, who was at the time practically discharging the duties of Commander-in-Chief; and in answer to his expression of a hope that the breach was not irreparable, the Duke wrote him a letter with the intention that it should be shown to the King and to Mr. Canning, in which he said that 'considering this rebuke (in the letter of

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'April 11th) as proceeding from the highest authority, I have 'never thought this affair a private matter, requiring what is 'called reconciliation. Those in authority will decide whether 'I was mistaken in the view which I took of their communi- 'cation (which they have never said yet), and whether confi- 'dence exists, and under what circumstances, in what manner, 'and at what time such decision shall be made. For this the 'door can never be closed.' It was impossible to declare more plainly that an apology or disavowal was the sole condition on which the Duke would resume command of the army. Mr. Canning could not make up his mind to the necessary concession; but on his suggestion the King wrote with his customary profession of affection to permit the Duke to recall his resignation. In a haughtily respectful letter the Duke reminded the King of his reasons for resigning, and stated that while those reasons remained in force the recall of his resignation would be an admission that he had not been justified in retiring.

In the course of the ensuing summer, while the Duke was visiting his brother Lord Maryborough in the neighbourhood of Windsor, the King expressed his surprise that he had not called upon him. In obedience to the royal intimation the Duke had an interview with the King at the Royal Lodge, as he at first supposed, on the suggestion of Mr. Canning. He afterwards learned that members of the Court whom he designates as '*the* —— male and female' had told Mr. Canning that the Duke 'went to Windsor without any intimation from 'the King. I believe Mr. Canning subsequently discovered 'the truth. But he certainly did not know it from the King; 'and the Ministers declare that I went of my own motion!!!'

There is some reason to believe that the King, notwithstanding his habitual professions of friendship and confidence, was not unwilling to dispense with the Duke's services as Commander-in-Chief. At the beginning of 1827, on the death of the Duke of York, it appears by a letter from Peel to the Duke that 'the King told Sir Herbert Taylor that 'he thought it possible that he, the King, might succeed the 'Duke of York in the command of the army; that he should 'have a secretary who would give directions in his name, 'and that Taylor should be adjutant-general.' The Duke told Peel in reply that, however extraordinary the proposed arrangement might be, he had suspected that something of the kind was in agitation. Three months before the King had told the Duke that, if he had the misfortune to lose his brother, he wished him to be Commander-in-Chief. The

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Duke naturally advised the King not to make any arrangement until the vacancy occurred. 'I have always,' he added, 'considered the conversation which passed between his Majesty 'and me, like many others, as so many empty and unmeaning 'words and phrases, and I consider his Majesty perfectly at 'liberty to make any arrangement for the command of his 'army that may be thought proper by his Government.' For his own part the Duke determined to protest against the King's project 'in the most formal manner and with all the 'earnestness in my power, for the sake of the army, for that 'of the Government, and, above all, for the sake of the public.' At that time Lord Liverpool overruled the King's private wishes, and the Duke of Wellington became Commander-in-Chief. During the four months of Mr. Canning's administration the King had the satisfaction of disposing of the patronage of the army, while the duties of the office were discharged by Sir Herbert Taylor. The first act of Lord Goderich on becoming Prime Minister was to offer the command to the Duke, who at once, not a little to the annoyance of his political supporters but in perfect consistency with his own declarations, unconditionally accepted the proposal. On becoming himself Prime Minister he transferred the command to Lord Hill under the title of Senior General of the Staff. It was not for the advantage of the army that several years later the Duke of Wellington resumed the Command-in-Chief, which, on the refusal of the Prince Consort to accept the post, he retained to his death. Old age is a disqualification for certain public functions, not merely because the faculties are less vigorous, but through the inability of the old to appreciate change and improvement.

The correspondence of the Duke with the colleagues whom he chose in forming his Ministry, and with the aspirants whose claims he rejected, is in the highest degree characteristic. His refusals and dismissals are at the same time courteous and decisive. Unluckily his intimation to Lord Eldon that he had no need of his services has not been recorded because it was made in a personal interview; but we know from Lord Eldon himself that he was bitterly disappointed, and would willingly have accepted the Presidentship of the Council. At a later period, when the King, in the hope of preventing the concession of the Catholic claims, proposed Lord Eldon for that office, the Duke, by way of excuse, said, 'I must tell your 'Majesty that Lord Eldon is very little disposed to take upon 'himself the lead of and responsibility for the measures of 'the Government for which he is so highly qualified; and he

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'is as little disposed to support in public the decision to which 'the majority may have come. I have no personal objection to 'Lord Eldon, but these habits render him an inconvenient 'colleague to the Minister who has to conduct your Majesty's 'business in the House of Lords, and I must add that he 'would be found much more inconvenient on the Treasury 'Bench than on the Woolsack.' To a Minister who had then made up his mind to concede Catholic Emancipation Lord Eldon would certainly have been an inconvenient colleague.

The consequences of the first disruption of the Duke's Cabinet by the resignation of Huskisson and his friends were not fully disclosed at the time. The interest of their secession was lost in the excitement caused by the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, which apparently found and left the Duke absolute master of both Houses, and without a political rival. The section of the Cabinet which resigned included two future Prime Ministers and Mr. Huskisson, who was the first economist in the House of Commons, and one of the ablest men of business. Lord Dudley expressed to his friends his hesitation in leaving so great a man as the Duke. 'Perhaps,' Mr. Lamb (Lord Melbourne) replied, 'I do not think him so very great 'a man.' The Duke, in turn, cared too little for the capacity of his colleagues; and he resented their supposed desire to form an independent party in the Cabinet. Mr. Huskisson gave grave offence by a speech at Liverpool, in which he said that his own presence and that of his friends in the Government was a security for the continuance of Mr. Canning's policy. It was natural that his ill-advised tender of resignation should be regarded by the Duke as another attempt to assume a separate position. It was an anomaly that when the Duke of Wellington already meditated compliance with the principal demands of the Liberal party, he should separate himself from the section of his party which most nearly approximated to the Whig Opposition; but, while he was exempt from bigotry, and not ordinarily influenced by prejudice, the Duke cared as little for arguments in favour of religious equality as for the supposed duty of maintaining the Protestant character of the monarchy. As his scheme of emancipation became more definitely fixed in his own mind, he resolved to effect his purpose with the aid of his own supporters, and to avoid any dependence on the generosity of his adversaries.

The exclusively practical view which the Duke at all times took of the Catholic question was almost peculiar to himself. In 1825 he advised Lord Liverpool to decide on the period of dissolution 'in reference only to the effect which that decision

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'might produce eventually on the Roman Catholic question in 'the House of Commons;' but his recommendation was founded on the fact that Lord Liverpool and Peel as distinguished from himself regarded the question as one of principle. In the same year he told his friend Lord Clancarty, in a private letter, that 'we are farther off from the accomplishment of 'anything like an arrangement such as you and I would 'look to, than we have ever been yet.' His reasons were that the Catholics had recently become more violent, and that the Duke of York's declaration against concession had produced an extraordinary effect. 'The speech has pledged 'the Duke of York against all settlement; and others like-'wise, and has given all the low shabby people in Parliament 'a sort of standard to which they may rally, which would pre-'vent them from supporting anything of which the object 'might be a settlement.' In a memorandum written in the same year the Duke remarked that the opinion of the supporters of the Catholic claims had not been changed by the violence of the Catholic Association, and that the opinions of the adverse party had been changed by various circumstances. He thought that no hopes of strengthening the party of resistance could be founded on the probable results of the late election. He observed that young and new members were more strongly in favour of the Catholics than those who had sat for some time in the House of Commons; and he was convinced that the existence of the anti-Catholic majority in the House of Lords depended on the continuance in power of Lord Liverpool and Lord Eldon. On the whole he concluded that 'the laws 'imposing disabilities on the Roman Catholics of Ireland have 'not answered their purpose,' and that 'the King's present ser-'vants are the men who ought to consider of it (the Catholic 'question), and to decide it as far as circumstances would enable 'them.' In another passage of this memorandum he says, 'I 'do not entertain a higher opinion of the effect produced by 'the existing disabilities upon the Roman Catholics than those 'have who entertain an opinion, which I do not entertain, that 'the repeal of the laws imposing those disabilities will be be-'neficial. I would maintain those laws if I had the power of 'doing so.' The enthusiasts who, after the retirement of Lord Liverpool, applauded the Duke of Wellington as the great Protestant champion, would have been surprised to learn that he had already made up his mind that the system of exclusion was untenable.

Almost immediately after the formation of his own Government the Duke began to prepare for the settlement which he

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thought at the same time unwelcome and necessary. His adviser on questions of ecclesiastical law was Dr. Phillpotts, then Dean of Chester, afterwards still better known as Bishop of Exeter. In a voluminous mass of communications, which contain a small admixture of more valuable matter, the Dean incessantly urged on the Minister the duty of protecting the Protestant Establishment, and of prohibiting the Catholic bishops from usurping titles. On these conditions, which the Duke ultimately passed over with little notice, Dr. Phillpotts was ready to aid by every means in his power the admission of Catholics to Parliament. The best of his letters was written in answer to a simple-minded inquiry by the Duke as to the Act on which the Church of England was founded. The Dean correctly informed the Duke that the Church of England had no statutory existence, being indeed more ancient than Parliament, and probably than the Common Law. He added a clear and instructive statement of the successive measures of legislation which constituted the process which is popularly known as the Reformation. The project which was first favoured by the Duke was probably founded on the Dean's recommendation. He thought of imposing large restrictions on the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy; but he was eventually satisfied that it was not prudent to create new sources of grievance. Although some of the Duke's proceedings during the year 1828 seemed to be capricious or contradictory, a general impression that he intended to settle the Catholic question became more and more prevalent. Some of his proceedings must have been exclusively designed to baffle premature curiosity. The retirement from the Cabinet of Huskisson and his friends was supposed to indicate anti-liberal tendencies; and in the course of the spring the Duke attended a Pitt dinner, and sat there, as Mr. Greville says, 'while Lord Eldon gave his 'famous "one cheer more" for Protestant ascendency.' The opponents of concession were but partially deceived. The Duke of Cumberland wrote him a letter for the ostensible purpose of expressing a confidence in the Duke's Protestant principles, which had evidently been shaken. According to Mr. Greville, 'the Duke of Wellington's speech on the 'Catholic question is considered by many to have been so 'moderate as to indicate a disposition on his part to concede 'Emancipation, and bets have been laid that Catholics will sit 'in Parliament next year.' Mr. Frankland Lewis, who had refused the Secretaryship for Ireland, after hearing the Duke's speech regretted his refusal. The election of O'Connell for Clare put an end to hesitation, by convincing Mr. Peel that

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it was no longer possible to govern Ireland without Emancipation. In August, 1828, Peel wrote to announce to the Duke his change of opinion, and to intimate his own intention of retiring from office. At a later period, the Duke's earnest appeal to the patriotism of his colleague induced him to make the great sacrifice of conducting the Relief Bill through the House of Commons. The Prime Minister would not have hesitated to conduct the contest alone, but he placed unbounded reliance on the ability and character of Peel: nor, indeed, had he any other colleague of considerable weight, with the exception of the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, who, as might have been expected, was easily converted to the new opinions of his chief.

The secrecy which puzzled curious political observers is fully explained by the complicated nature of the problem which the Duke undertook to solve. He might, perhaps, with the aid of the Opposition have carried a Relief Bill through both Houses, unless his design had been anticipated by a dismissal from office; but the promotion of a great measure without the consent of the King would have been inconsistent with the Duke's habits and convictions; and he was determined, in the future as in the past, to maintain his alliance with the great aristocracy. For both objects it was of paramount importance that his secret should be rigidly kept; and he was embarrassed and irritated by the rashness of some of his adherents, and more especially by the vanity and folly of Lord Anglesea, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In a letter to his old acquaintance, Dr. Curtis, Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, the Duke offered the mysterious and seemingly unmeaning suggestion that the Catholic question should be allowed to sleep for a time. The letter was naturally published, and Lord Anglesea wrote to Dr. Curtis to inform him that he was himself now for the first time aware of the Duke's policy. Mr. George Dawson, Secretary of the Treasury, and brother-in-law to Mr. Peel, suddenly announced to his constituents in the North of Ireland that the agitation could be no longer resisted; but there is no reason to suppose that he was in the confidence of the Government, and the Duke said he ought to be put into a strait waistcoat. O'Connell and Shiel affected unbounded confidence in the Lord-Lieutenant, who was himself willing and anxious to take credit of any concession which might be made by the Government.

The advocates of Emancipation little knew the difficulty which the Duke found in overcoming the resistance of the King.

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He had no scruple in using the ascendency of his firm will and resolute character to enforce compliance with his counsels; but to the last he was not confident of success. The Duke was mistaken, or perhaps he spoke in a spirit of paradox, when he once told Mr. Greville that the King did not care a farthing about the Catholic Question. In his youth George IV. had adopted the opinions of his Whig associates in favour of Catholic Emancipation. At a later time the popularity which had attended George III.'s honest prejudices produced a strong impression on his son. The morbid state of his mind in his later years probably inclined him to cherish as a novel luxury a scruple which might be thought conscientious. He told Lord Londonderry (Charles Stewart) in 1827 that he had before his coronation held long discussions on the subject with Lord Londonderry's brother, the Minister. 'I told him it was in 'vain to attempt to shake me, because what Charles Fox could 'not accomplish no other man could.' Charles Fox had, as it happened, accomplished without difficulty the adoption by the Prince of his own opinions on Catholic Emancipation; but after the lapse of twenty years the King had forgotten as well as abandoned his liberal convictions. The King further stated that he had desired Lord Castlereagh to consider whether the coronation oath could be so far modified that he could, consistently with the oath, admit the Catholics to Parliament. After consideration Lord Castlereagh told him that he saw no method of adopting such a course; and the King replied, 'Remember, once I take that oath, I am for ever a 'Protestant king, a Protestant upholder, a Protestant adherent; 'and no power on earth shall shake me on that subject.' The King's narrative may possibly be fictitious or imaginary, but it has an air of probability. To the Duke's overtures he offered an obstinate resistance, and he was encouraged by the Duke of Cumberland in the belief that he could safely dismiss his Ministers. He repeatedly urged on the Duke the recall of Lord Anglesea from Ireland, and after a time his wishes were gratified. The Duke had remonstrated with the Lord-Lieutenant on his refusal to prosecute agitators for sedition, on his occasional intercourse with O'Connell, and on the presence of some members of his family and household at a meeting of the Catholic Association. Lord Anglesea, in reply, vindicated his own conduct, and addressed to the Duke language which a weaker Minister would scarcely have endured from a subordinate. Lord Anglesea's denial that he had formed friendly relations with O'Connell appears to have been inaccurate. Mr. Greville's information was derived from his

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brother-in-law, Lord Francis Egerton, who was at that time Secretary for Ireland, and from his friends of the Villiers family, who were on terms of confidence both with the Lord-Lieutenant and with the chief Catholic agitators. Mr. Hyde Villiers, on his return from Ireland, told Mr. Greville that he had seen much of the Lord-Lieutenant, and that he had been greatly struck with his imprudence and unreserve. 'He 'also appears,' says Mr. Greville, 'to have been flattered by 'O'Connell into entire confidence in him, and told Villiers 'that he would trust him implicitly;' and Lord Francis Egerton voluntarily wrote to the Duke to offer to keep his place after Lord Anglesea's dismissal, as a proof that he disapproved of the conduct which had produced the recall.

Early in January the Duke, in announcing to Lord Francis the appointment of the Duke of Northumberland as successor to Lord Anglesea, was able to add that the King had consented to allow the Government to take into consideration the whole state of Ireland. On February 1st he induced the King to approve the draft of the speech to be delivered at the opening of the session; but his difficulties were yet far from being overcome. He wrote to the Duke of Cumberland to advise him not to come to England during the session; and the rejection of his advice was soon followed by an open rupture. On February 25th he wrote to request the King, who had, as Mr. Greville was told by Lord Mount-Charles, intimated to the members of his household a wish that they would vote against the Bill, 'to entreat your Majesty not to allow 'any person whatever to talk to the members of your house-'hold on the subject.' Two days afterwards he had an animated discussion of several hours with the King, and he then informed the lords of the household that 'I have received 'his Majesty's commands to express to you the wish that you 'would give your attendance in the House of Lords during the 'discussion of these measures.' On March 4th, the King, having found it vain to struggle with the Duke, wrote to his 'dear 'friend' to announce that he had yielded his opinion to that of the Cabinet. The Duke, on Peel's suggestion, replied that 'Mr. 'Peel will proceed with the bills to-morrow in the full confidence 'and with the full understanding that your Majesty's servants 'have your sanction and support, and that your Majesty will 'go through with us.' The King's distress seems from all his letters to have been genuine; and the compassion which the Duke sometimes expressed was undoubtedly sincere, though it never affected his practical decision. The Duke of Cumberland, who more than once afterwards induced the King to

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waver, on March 20th told the Chancellor 'the Duke of Wel-
'lington is a bold man, but I do not think he will dare to turn
'out Wetherell.' Two days afterwards the Duke wrote to Wetherell to inform him that the King had no further occasion for his services as Attorney-General.

In the interval the Duke had fought his celebrated duel with Lord Winchelsea; which as he declared was as much a part of the Catholic Question as anything else which he had done. When Lord Winchelsea's rude and foolish letter was published, the Duke, as he said, instantly perceived the advantage which it gave him; and, though he afforded the offender every fair opportunity of apologising, he was not sorry that the affair proceeded to extremities. 'I was living
'here,' he wrote to the Duke of Buckingham, 'in an atmo-
'sphere of calumny. . . . . The project (the duel) produced
'the effect which I looked for and intended that it should
'produce. The atmosphere of calumny in which I had been
'for some time living cleared away.' There was nevertheless much force in the friendly remonstrance which was addressed to him, with the commencement, 'Ill-advised man,' by Jeremy Bentham: 'Think of the confusion into which the
'whole fabric of Government would have been thrown if you
'had been killed, or had the trial of you for the murder of
'another man been substituted in the House of Lords for the
'passing of the Emancipation Bill.'

Like all weak men who are forced to defer to superior judgment and vigour, the King resented the necessity of submission. After the prorogation of Parliament the Duke addressed to Sir William Knighton a strong remonstrance against the King's conduct. The letter, which was probably intended for the perusal of the King himself, was certainly not deficient in plainness of language. The immediate occasion was a proposal of the King, in which the Duke refused to concur, that a baronetcy should be conferred on Mr. Nash the architect.
'I am not considering the King's motives, or even his plea-
'sure. I discuss the prudence of his Majesty carrying this
'measure into execution at the present moment. Before the
'King can lay aside considerations of prudence, he must give
'all the strength to his Government which it is possible for him
'to give it. Look at his society at this moment at the Lodge!
'If a Minister (except always myself) or a supporter of the
'Government goes to the neighbourhood of Windsor, he dares
'not go to the Lodge, or approach the King's person. But
'few dare even to go to the Council. They are sure to be ill-
'received, and to see their opponents honoured with the

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'greatest favour and attention. What must the world think 'of this? The truth; viz., that his Majesty wishes to get rid 'of us all. It would be by far the most dignified proceeding 'to do so at once.' In another letter to Sir W. Knighton, written a few days afterwards, the Duke said: 'I hear that his 'Majesty related to the company at dinner at the Lodge on 'Monday last his version of what had passed between him 'and his Ministers and the Privy Council. This relation is 'circulated with comments in London. However, I don't be-'lieve that it does the Ministers much harm.' Although the Duke was vexed and harassed by the King's vacillation and irritated temper, he probably knew that his ill-will to his Ministers would only vent itself in petty ebullitions of displeasure. Some allowance might be made for a Sovereign who at an advanced age and with broken health had been compelled to sacrifice almost the only opinion which during his life had resembled a conscientious conviction. The Duke himself had succeeded both in the direct and the collateral objects which he had proposed to himself when he undertook the settlement of the Catholic Question. The Bill was carried; the Catholic Association was dissolved; the King had, much against his will, been induced to consent; and the Rutlands, the Beauforts, and the Lowthers, though they had declined to vote at the Duke's bidding for Emancipation, resumed their political allegiance as soon as the question was decided. The disruption of the Tory party which was afterwards caused by the mutinous folly of the ultra-Protestants had not yet become probable or imminent. As Mr. Greville said, 'The 'Duke is a man of great energy, decision and authority, and 'his character has been formed by the events of his life, and 'by the extraordinary circumstances which have raised him 'to a situation higher than any subject has attained in modern 'times. . . . . He treats with the King as an equal, and the 'King stands entirely in awe of him. . . . Whatever he may 'be, he is at this moment one of the most powerful Ministers 'this country has ever seen. The greatest Ministers have 'been compelled to bow to the King, or the aristocracy, or the 'Commons, but he commands them all. M. told me that he 'had not seen the King, but that he heard he was as sulky as 'a bear, and that he was sure he would be very glad if any-'thing happened to defeat the measure, though he is too much 'afraid of the Duke to do anything himself tending to thwart 'it.' The Duke of Wellington explained to Mr. Greville the method by which he managed the King in conversation. 'I 'make it a rule never to interrupt him, and when in this way

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'(by turning the conversation) he tries to get rid of a subject 'in the way of business that he does not like, I let him talk 'himself out, and then quietly put before him the matter in 'question so that he cannot escape from it.'

As might have been expected from his habits and instincts, the Duke of Wellington was practically his own Foreign Minister. His letters to Lord Aberdeen, who succeeded Lord Dudley as Foreign Secretary, though perfectly courteous, almost always assume the tone of instructions or commands. The transactions which occupied his attention have now lost all their importance. Although the Duke had disapproved of the treaty concluded with Russia and France in the affairs of Greece, he was vigilant in enforcing its provisions. He protested against the blockade of the Dardanelles by the Russian admiral, who, according to the treaty, ought to have received his instructions from the ambassadors of the three Powers; and he unwillingly acquiesced in the despatch of a French expedition to the Morea under the command of General Maison. Although he foretold the heavy losses and the partial failure of the Russian army in its march on Constantinople, he wished that the Russians should attain as soon as possible a success which he deemed ultimately inevitable. The Portuguese question was complicated and obscure. Don Pedro, who had already assumed the title of Emperor of Brazil, abdicated, on the death of his father, the crown of Portugal in favour of his daughter the Princess Maria, who was then a child. The Emperor's brother, Don Miguel, was appointed Regent of Portugal on behalf of his niece, with an agreement that he should marry her at a future time on her arrival in Portugal. Don Miguel immediately began to intrigue against the Queen and the Constitution. He succeeded for a time in establishing himself as absolute king. Don Pedro proposed to retract his abdication; but the English Government continued to recognise the young Queen. The Duke of Wellington was resolved that the Emperor should not, on pretence of representing his daughter, annex any of the maritime possessions of Portugal to Brazil; and he was greatly annoyed at the assemblage at Plymouth of some thousands of Portuguese refugees, who evidently meditated a counter-revolution. The Marquis of Palmella, who was the head of the Queen's party, demanded permission to despatch the exiles to Terceira, which was, as he asserted, in possession of the Queen. The Duke of Wellington refused his assent to a measure which he regarded as a breach of neutrality; and an expedition to the island was intercepted by an English man-of-war. The controversy

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which ensued has become obsolete and it is not worth reviving. In the affairs of Portugal, and still more in dealing with the question of Greek independence, the defects of the Duke of Wellington's intellect or knowledge were not less conspicuous than the skill and vigour with which he pursued definite ends. There was no sound reason for restricting the Greek territory within the narrowest limits; and it would have been desirable to establish a State of respectable strength which would necessarily have been dependent on the protection of Russia. If it had been compatible with the Duke's character to sympathise with popular or national aspirations, he would have been a greater statesman. His courage, his honesty of purpose, his practical sagacity when the policy to be promoted was at the same time definite and just, could not be exceeded. The published portion of his Despatches closes with the attainment of his greatest domestic triumph on the eve of a period of political agitation which was repugnant to his tastes and to his judgment. After a vain struggle against Parliamentary Reform, he was content to be the most powerful coadjutor of Peel in the gradual reconstruction of the Conservative party. He survived by three years his most trusted political associate, whom he described in a speech in the House of Lords as the man who, of all whom he had ever known, was most rigorous in his adherence to truth. The eulogy was not less characteristic of the Duke of Wellington than of Sir Robert Peel.

We have thus endeavoured to compress within a few pages a succinct narrative of the curious and important transactions on which this extraordinary correspondence throws a broad and penetrating light. But it is impossible without a minute study of the personal details which are here recorded and preserved, and a close examination of the vigorous and truth-telling style in which they are expressed, to form an idea of the importance of this contribution to modern history. It is thus, by the publication of the most eminent counsellors of the Crown and the ablest servants of the State, that the annals of the nineteenth century are working their way into the light of day; and we venture to affirm that there are no volumes in the language of deeper and more abiding interest to those who would penetrate the springs of character and the sources of events. The present Duke of Wellington, to whom this publication is entirely due, and who has superintended it himself, deserves the greatest credit for the frankness and courage with which he has given to the world the communications of his illustrious father with the Sovereign, and with his own col-

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leagues and contemporaries; and whatever may be the sentence which the impartial justice of history may pass upon them, the clear good sense, the manliness, and the patriotism of the Duke raise him above the mists which sometimes encompassed his path, and vindicate his claim to true greatness. It may be doubted whether, in the present generation, there is a man, living amongst ourselves in any profession or rank of life, to whom the epithet *great* can fitly be applied. The more necessary it is to study the 'large utterance' and the actions of those who have been entitled to bear it.

ART. II.—1. *Physical Geography of India.* By HENRY F. BLANDFORD, Esq., F.G.S. Calcutta: 1873.

2. *Geological Papers on Western India.* By HENRY C. CARTER, Esq., M.D. Printed for the Government of Bombay: 1857.

RECENT proceedings in Parliament in relation to the appointment of a Minister of Public Works for India, show that the subject has already grown to such magnitude, and is assuming such immense importance under all heads —particularly Railways and Irrigation—that we consider the present to be an appropriate period to take a comprehensive view of the Geology of India, and the effects the soil and climate of that country have had upon the various inhabitants. Our experience in England leads us to the conviction that these subjects are comparatively little studied or understood by the public. They are considered either uninviting in themselves or exclusively scientific, and as such, are held to be beyond the ordinary course of education and general reading; but the connexion between both in many cases is so obvious and so important, that we make no apology for introducing them to our readers. We cannot, indeed, pretend to any completeness of detail in the space allotted to us; but we shall be able to present general facts and considerations which may perhaps provide subjects for study and thought among those who are interested in India in a general sense, but who have not attempted to master the details of her organisation, physical and moral.

The geological history of India is one of the most wonderful and curious on record. We have evidence of almost the extremest antiquity to which geological science can lead us, in the Palæozoic series of rocks, and of the gradual changes of

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the Mesozoic, or Secondary, into the Tertiary Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene; and thence into the Post-pliocene, which are the most recent formations in the earth. We have evidence also of the most stupendous volcanic action in upheaval and eruption. On the other hand, we find portions of the earliest races with which India was peopled, presenting little or no change from the condition they were in before any dawn of civilisation, and can trace the partial reclamation of some of them; while we find others, still strange and barbarous, in contact with the highest forms of civilisation into which India is progressing.

If the present Geological Survey of India were enough advanced to allow of its work becoming the subject of a comprehensive view of the structure of the whole area of India, it would be a comparatively easy task to frame such a description of its earliest condition, as well as its successive changes, as would be ample for our present purpose; but the Survey is not complete, nor have its papers been published in any collected form; those that exist are, for the most part, contributions to the general science of geology in the Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Geological Society of England at various periods. They are, as it were, isolated definitions of the existing condition of districts, in themselves complete and exhaustive, but only component parts of a whole to be gradually filled up. We are therefore obliged to resort to the earlier works of Indian geologists, which, though amateur in a certain sense, that is, proceeding from persons who were not exclusively educated for the scientific profession of geology, are notwithstanding admirably correct, and are being confirmed by the experience of the present members of the Executive Survey. We have only to mention the well-known names of Voysey, Cautley, Falconer, Sykes, Malcolmson, Newbold, Carter, Hislop, Hunter, and there are many others, whose labours and discoveries have been accepted as purely scientific, and which extend all over India. Of these, two general descriptions have been compiled; one by Dr. Carter, the eminent geologist of Bombay, to accompany his collection of geographical papers which were published in 1857 by order of Government; and secondly, Chapters X. and XI. of a recent work by Mr. Blandford, F.G.S., a distinguished member of the Geological Survey of India, for the use of government schools, which we should be glad to find introduced into schools in England.

Any map of India will show that it is bounded on the north by the Himalaya mountains, which reach, in an almost un-

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broken chain, from the north-west frontier to Assam and Burmah; and that from a point on the north-western frontier, another lofty range, called the Suliman, diverges almost at right angles, and forms the western boundary of India nearly to the Arabian Sea. West of the Suliman range lies the solid plateau of Afghanistan; but the Himalayas are broken into deep lateral valleys and ranges, whose peaks ascend from 20,000 to 30,000 feet above the sea, and are crossed by passes from 14,000 to 16,000 feet high, which lead to the high table lands of Tibet, and thence decline into the lower plains of China and Siberia. It might be supposed, at a first glance, that these immense ranges were the most ancient geologic formations of India, but this would be quite erroneous. Both are of comparatively recent origin; and it is evident from their structure, and the fossils they contain, that the oldest rocks of the Himalayas are not of greater antiquity than the Eocene, or first of the three Tertiary divisions, while the Suliman is, for the most part, of a still more recent period. If then, it may be asked, these great mountain chains are not the boundaries of ancient India, where are they? And the answer lies in the discovery of the Palæozoic rocks, which form the foundation of the great continent. Of these, the first indications are to be found in the hill ranges of Central India, which may be thus defined. The northernmost region to the west of the river Indus, rising out of the sand desert, is called the Aravulli range, of which the highest peak is Mount Aboo, rising to 5,000 feet above the sea; the rest of the range being from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in height. At its eastern extremity the Aravulli is joined by the Vindhya, the plateaux of which are about 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the sea, and descend northwards and eastwards into the valley of the Ganges, and westwards into the valleys of the Nerbudda and Tapty rivers. South-east and south-west from the Vindhyas, extend two other ranges; that to the south-east under different designations, belonging to the Vindhya, skirting the western boundary of the Gangetic valley, and ending in Orissa and the sea; the other extending to Berar and Nagpoor, called first the Satpoora, and where it joins the offsets of the Vindhya, the Mahadeo or Maha Déva range, which spreads into Orissa. Proceeding southward, the chains uniting, and only broken by the rivers Godavery and Krishnah, continue irregularly till they join the plateau of Mysore, and the superior elevation of the northern and western Ghauts, which, as the Annimullays, Pulnays, and other minor ranges, continue to Cape Comorin.

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These are the lines of mountains which contain the Palæozoic rocks, and form the foundations of India. If it could be supposed that at this period of India's geologic history a man could have stood on the edge of the mountain fort of Rhotas in Bengal, he would have seen an apparently illimitable ocean to the north, east, and south; the lines of the Vindhya to the west and south-west would have jutted out in bold promontories, skirted by islands of the same geologic formation. The place occupied by the Himalayas, by the Suliman, and Hála ranges, was then part of the ocean whose waves beat against the bases of the Vindhya and Aravulli to the north, and against the plateau of Mysore to the south, east, and west. As yet the Western Ghauts were only traceable by lines of Palæozoic islands, and nearly the whole of the Dekhan, Kutch, and Guzerat were sea. What existed of India was an island, with irregular chains of islands stretching south-west in the direction of Africa.

The filling up, as it were, of this skeleton evidently occurred at various ages following, as the distinctive rocks of the Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous secondary periods led into the Tertiary; and at first were the result of volcanic action so wonderful and so enormous that it is difficult to comprehend them. The Plutonic rocks were in some places upheaved, contorted, and twisted into marvellous forms; fresh eruptive powers gave early metamorphic rocks, gneiss, mica and hornblende schists, clay-slate, limestone, &c.; and to these succeeded the Cambrian and Silurian series, and the Oolitic in the fresh-water shales, limestone, sandstone, and coal, and the marine deposits of Kutch and Pondicherry. Between the Oolitic and Miocene of the Tertiary period, the first great volcanic upheaval of the Dekhan may have taken place; excluding the sea from the central part of western India, and forming lakes of fresh water, in which traces of animal life are found in shells and fishes; but to the east and north, the valley of the Ganges was as yet sea, though the Himalayas and the Suliman ranges had been thrown up to bound it. Thus we advance into the marine formations of the Miocene—coarse shelly limestones; oyster-beds; calcareous, argillaceous, fossiliferous, and other conglomerates. Then followed the great Trappean effusion to the west, which preceded the Post-pliocene eras, and which produced Régur and Kunkur or Travertin from the fresh-water limestone deposits. By this last upheaval the Gangetic valley was filled up partially; but the lower portion of India had probably partly risen from the sea in the Oolitic period of the Secondary era, which may be inferred from the eruption of

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felspathic rocks by which the lower portion of the peninsula is distinguished, and the green sand and gault of the Cretaceous period, which are found at Pondicherry and elsewhere.

Thus, evidences of upheaval and gradual construction are everywhere distinct in India. The testimony of the earlier rocks are as patent to present observers as those of the varied geological structures which in their majestic order have succeeded to them at distances of time which it is impossible even to conceive. The upheaval of the great Himalayan chain forms a striking proof of the correctness of this assumption. In the sedimentary rocks of the peninsula there are no organic remains except such as have been left by fresh-water deposits, and are of a comparatively recent, qu. Pliocene, era. 'Whereas in 'the Himalaya,' writes Mr. Blandford, 'the mountains north 'of the great snowy range that border the valleys of the Sutlej 'and Spiti valleys, are formed of a great series of stratified 'rocks containing fossils of every kind from the Silurian to the 'Nummulitic or Lower Eocene period; rocks of the Cretaceous 'period form the summits of mountains 20,000 feet high and 'upwards. Clearly, then, there could have been no great up-'heaval of this mountain mass before the Eocene period. The 'axes of the greater ranges consist of a highly metamorphosed 'rock, a kind of gneiss, and this is followed by an enormous 'thickness of stratified rocks, less metamorphosed, on which 'rest the fossiliferous rocks above mentioned.'

And these are now found in a very different condition from their normal level or horizontal structure.

'The whole mass,' says Mr. Blandford (p. 68), 'has been broken and disturbed; the rocks on one side of the fracture having been lifted up many thousands of feet, and crushed and crumpled together as the leaves of a book might be if placed edgeways between the boards of a powerful press. If we continue the section through the whole chain of the Himalaya for some hundred miles, and still further into Tibet and the plain of the Great Gobi, we should still find the same evidence of crushing and contortion. Here, then, is the work of a power compared to which the greatest of earthquakes sinks into insignificance. Since man began to record his experience of natural catastrophes, no one has ever witnessed such gigantic movements of the crust of the earth as here stand in existence; yet in a geologic sense they are not ancient, or rather they are very recent.' (P. 69.)

In proof of this assertion Colonel Cautley and Dr. Falconer's examination of the lower and most southern portion of the Himalayan upheaval resulted in finding remains of many great animals. The Chalicotherium, allied to the Rhinoceros, an extinct form of hippopotamus, a Hippotherium,

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a pig, two specimens of Mastodon, two kinds of elephants, a monkey, a giraffe, a camel, an antelope, a stag, and a gigantic creature named Sivatheirium, a four-horned stag far exceeding any previously known deer in size. There were also flesh-eaters, and reptiles, and the Colosso-Chelys, a gigantic tortoise, was of greater interest perhaps than all others, having had a shell twelve feet long by eight feet broad. The hills which contain the graves of these enormous creatures are of no great height, and are contorted like the higher elevations; and it seems as if they had been caught in some sudden convulsion, and buried on the edge of the great swamp of the valley of the Ganges which must have undergone another upheaval to some extent before it became the alluvial tract that it represents at present.

The southern side of the Ganges valley was not affected by the stupendous convulsion of the Himalayas, nor were its Palæozoic rocks in any way contorted or crushed; and the last Trappean effusion, accompanied by upheaval, completed the formation of the western and central portions of India pretty much in the form they are at present; while the trap, at various depths, and in successive waves, leaving shells and fresh-water fossils between, and around the entire surface of nearly 200,000 square miles—varied from the thinnest superficial deposit to 3,000 and 4,000 feet deep. The upheaval by which it was accompanied, raised also the former deposits which had cut off the land from the sea, forming the northern portion of the great sea cliffs of the western Ghauts, joining itself to the more southern Palæozoic rocks, and thus completing the western sea boundary. It had also created great fresh-water lakes and swamps, and lakes partly salt and partly fresh, in which deposits of mud were formed. Some of these had become covered by trap, lava, and volcanic mud; others had been upheaved with their coverings of deposited mud unchanged; these, with earth caused by the decay of superficial trap, form the present peculiar soil called Régur, which, wherever it exists, is a distinctive feature of Indian geology.

Régur is the peculiar 'cotton soil' of India, and has no exact representative in any other country in the world. It is a black soil lying, from the thinnest deposit of a few inches on the uplands of the Dekhan, to the depth of about forty or fifty feet in the depressions of Berar and Khandesh. It exists not only in the Dekhan overlying trap rock, and therefore may have in some degree resulted from the decomposition of trap, but is also found in immense beds in the Carnatic, overlying oolitic limestone and felspathic rocks

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where there is no trace of trap within hundreds of miles. Decomposed felspathic rocks will not produce Régur, but only a stiff clay or clayey loam; and as the Régur of the trap is identical with the Régur of the granites and gneiss, we think the hypothesis tenable that both Régurs were obtained from the same source, namely from deposits of mud in large fresh-water lakes, or brackish lagoons, the bottoms of which were elevated to their present position in the latest upheavals, probably of the Post-pliocene; and this is confirmed by the salt deposits in many portions of the largest Régur localities, that is in Berar, the Dharwar and adjacent districts, as also in the Carnatic. In the valley of the Ganges, no trace of true Régur is found, and in that of the Indus it is equally absent. In those valleys, more particularly of the Ganges, the soil is an aggregate of deposits from the detritus of the mountains on both sides, but in a circumscribed degree from those of the Southern face. That of the Himalayas, whose greatest watershed falls towards India, furnished an immense quantity in proportion; and after a comparatively slight elevation, formed the covering of alluvial gravels and soil which overlie the original bed. In the southern part of the Peninsula, where another large portion of the continent had to be filled up, we find the ancient boundaries of the Palæozoic rocks to be continued along its western side, south of the Neilgherries; and thence the level plain of the Carnatic Régur and the eruption through it of the isolated felspathic rocks which probably belong to the Oolitic period. Thus as it appears to us, was India constructed out of its original simple elements, and made a dwelling-place for hundreds of millions of the human race. Hitherto we have only sought out the primary, secondary, and tertiary geologic elements and described them as they are detailed by skilful scientific observers, and the whole appears perfectly harmonious and consistent with the majestic conception of the Author of the universe; a design which has occupied countless ages in accomplishment, and some of which, the finishing touches as it were, were only completed at a comparatively very recent period, and may even have been witnessed by primæval man.

The population of India is divided into two great classes, the Aryan to the north, the Turanian or Dravidian to the south. Which of these is the most ancient, is still a moot point among ethnologists; nor is it any part of our present purpose to discuss the subject in an ethnological point of view. When India was yet in possession of rude, and as they may be termed aboriginal tribes, a vigorous race invaded the

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country from the north-west, and made a permanent settlement in the northern portion of it, which was destined not only to subvert the original possessors, but to effect the gradual subjugation and civilisation of by far the greater portion of its population, and to establish its own religion, which in essentials has changed but little to the present period. These invaders were Aryans, who, at a distance of time now unascertainable, emigrated in successive waves, from Central Asia as it is supposed, not only to India, but to the west, where their traces are distinctly followed by ethnological science. To the east their course is more readily definable than to the west. Whether through Afghanistan, or Kashmere, or probably both, this hardy intellectual race brought with them their flocks and herds, their noble language, and a certain degree of civilisation, which became advanced under conquest and possession. The Aryans drew to themselves portions of the aboriginal population, as they spread over the fertile lands of the Gangetic valley, and communities arose which were united, as well by social necessities and laws, as by the establishment at some period of castes or divisions which prescribed their separation into priests, warriors, merchants, cultivators, and handicraftsmen, which still continue. These facts we can trace from the specimens of early literature which have survived among the northern Aryans; but we have no similar records among the southern Turanians, where the same results as in the north followed in a modified form, though of the means by which they were accomplished there is no evidence, till a period apparently long subsequent.

Although the early part of the progress of India to the present condition of its population can only be followed very dimly, yet it is quite possible to define the effect and influences of the position, soil, and climate of the fertile regions in which the Aryans settled. The first locality with which they can be identified, is the small district called Hastinapoor, a little to the north-west of Delhi; and which, as 'Brahma Verta,' is still held sacred. Thence, as their conquests extended, monarchies were founded in Oude, in Behar, in Bengal, and in Central India; sometimes separate dynasties, sometimes under empires whose authority included all; again subdividing according to the various political revolutions which from time to time occurred. Out of their original language several dialects were formed; Kashmeeri and Punjabi, to the north-west, Hindi in the centre, and Bengali in the east, extending from the sea to the Himalaya, and now spoken by fifty millions of souls. From the Aryan stock also were formed the languages of Guzerat

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and Maharashtra, the latter extending southwards as far as the confines of the Dravidian languages of the south.

Of the condition of the social polity and religion of the Aryan people we have the earliest record in the Institutes of Menu, compiled probably nearly three thousand years ago; and these, with the epics of the Ramayun and Mahabharat, enable us to determine with some accuracy that the ancient Aryan civilisation had attained a practical and useful elevation, and operated upon the people in a beneficial manner, so as to be the foundation of future progress. In order to make this progress more easily understood in connexion with the geology, soil, and climate of India, we propose to divide the whole continent into zones of five degrees of latitude each; commencing from the north, and proceeding in each case from the western boundary to the eastern, whether of land or ocean.

The northernmost point of India Proper, which is just within the thirty-fifth parallel of northern latitude, is the boundary of Kashmere, which has a history of its own apart from India, and which begins, according to the ancient work Rajah Turangiri, in 3714 B.C., or at a very considerably more remote period than the earliest confirmed Aryan date. The dynasty then reigning was the Kaurava, which lasted till 2448 B.C. It was succeeded by the first Gonardhya till 1217 B.C., and the second Gonardhya reigned up to 216 B.C. Other dynasties followed; snake and fire worshippers, Boodhist, reverting to the original Hindoo faith as it arose after the expulsion of Boodhism. This, therefore, is a long record of the most ancient civilisation, and Kashmere was evidently a powerful monarchy, having authority as far as the Dekhan in the Boodhist period, as its excavated temples and erections prove. In Kashmere, the first Aryans had found a soil and climate which induced progress in invention and forms of art which still prevail. Even the earlier population seem to have produced architects and sculptors as well as historians and poets. The Kashmerians were excellent dyers and weavers, and their shawls and other fabrics found markets in Persia and Egypt, possibly Greece and Rome. They understood the art of making dams in their rivers and employing their waters for irrigation. They used boats on their lakes, and built houses and cities. If their civilisation did not progress, it at least existed till their conquest by the Mussulmans in 1326 A.D., when it received a check which it has never recovered. At the earliest period of their history, that is from 3000 B.C., the population had been not only highly intelligent but really

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intellectual. Their charming climate had regular and harmonious seasons, with neither cold nor heat in excess, and the softening influences of its lovely scenery induced a like harmony in the people. The original rude habits of the Central Asian invaders seem to have been softened by these influences. No martial zeal appears, nor is there any grand development of science and literature; but there was gradual establishment of intellectual pursuits, which is strictly in accordance with situation. The Kashmerians were then, as they are now in a great measure, cut off from the world without, and but for the local incentives of position, soil, and climate, would probably never have overcome the rudeness of their original condition. Were Kashmere now in our possession, its people would, we think, show an earnest desire for education and the means of attaining an advanced civilised culture.

Following the line which diverges from the borders of Kashmere to the south, the western part of the Indian frontier begins; which, like that of the northern, is of Tertiary period. It is peopled by fierce tribes of Afghan Mussulmans, some of whom are our own subjects, others belong, nominally at least, to the ruler of Kabool, but are virtually independent. The people are what the country they live in has made them. It is of the wildest character, consisting of long valleys which lead up into the Hindoo Koosh, where are tribes almost unknown as yet and each wilder than the other. These Afghans are well clothed, well housed, and have elements of government among themselves, but no civilisation; as they were always, so they are now, presenting the strongest contrast to the Kashmerians—warlike, aggressive, bigoted, and treacherous, but with a love of country which amounts to patriotism. They are impatient of authority, and it is most probable were never ruled over by, or made dependent upon, any kingdom. Predatory and mischievous, the Emperor Akbar tried to reduce them, but an army of 8,000 of the best Moghul soldiers sent against them in 1586 perished to a man in their defiles, and the attempt was never renewed. Our contests with them have been solely with the object of restraining their aggressions.

Following the line of western mountains to the south, are a variety of Afghan tribes who inhabit the plain between the Indus and the western range, and the ravines which lead to the plateau above. They are of the same rude independent character as the Swatees, though of late years, since the occupation of the Punjab by the British, they have been considerably restrained, and some of them are British subjects. The tribes nearest the frontier are Eusofzye, Tanaolee,

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Momund, Ootmanzye, Dhoond, Khuttuk, Kurral or Khurl, Afeedee, Wuzeeree, Suddozye, and others, who form a continuous line from the extreme north-west point of India to the latitude of Mooltan, or about the 30th parallel where the present zone-section ends. There is no real element of civilisation among these tribes, and the greatest safeguard against their combination for predatory invasions is their inability to agree among themselves. They have some virtues, but they are faithless, arrogant, and would be mischievous were they not strictly watched and curbed. They have never mingled with the people of India, except when as soldiers they have made local settlements, as for instance in Rohilkhund, Tonk, and Bhopal, where, in many respects they preserve their national character.

Eastwards from the line of the Indus, the population is of an entirely different character, that of the Punjab, which, originally Aryan in part, with a great admixture of wild local tribes, Juts, Gukkars, and Goojars, was cemented together first by Hindooism, and in later times by conversion to Sikhism, which has nevertheless left a strong Hindoo element. Many successive waves of conquest and occupancy have passed over this tract. Persian, Bactrian, Greek, and Mussulman by turn, have succeeded the Aryan, and have all contributed to modify the original rude character of the inhabitants. Alexander, in 324 B.C., found the western Aryan kingdoms in possession of great power and splendour, and their people were warlike, wealthy, and prosperous, civilised and intellectual beyond the expectation of the Greeks, who learned that there were other powerful and wealthy native kingdoms to the eastward. The Greeks retired; but intercourse was kept up with them which, through the establishment of the Græco-Bactrian kingdoms on the north-west frontier of India, contributed a new and powerful stimulus to the already existing Indian civilisation. Periods of snake worship and Boodhism succeeded in the Punjab, and were followed by the Mussulman invasions, the first of which, in A.D. 997, was met by Jugpal, rajah of the Punjab, who was defeated; and the first lodgment of the Mussulmans was made at Peshawer by Alp Tugeen of Kandahar.

Thenceforward, till the final Mussulman conquest, the Punjab continued the battle-ground of all invading Mussulmans, and successive hordes of the same religion, until the Sikh faith arose, which had converted all into a kind of republic or federacy of local chiefs, up to the time of its conquest and annexation by ourselves. From all these changes and struggles, as well as from the rude elements of which it has

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been composed, we find little evidence of any intellectual advancement in the population of the Punjab: the original Juts, Goojurs, Gukkars, and the like, who were cultivators of the soil, fill their old places; while the strictly Hindoo (Aryan) Brahmins, scribes, merchants and traders, artisans, and others, continue as a distinctive foreign element, and do not differ from the same classes of Hindoos elsewhere, forming only intellectual portions of the people. At present the Punjab is in a transition state, strictly in accordance with its soil, climate, and history, and much ignorance prevails; but as the rugged nature of the minds of the people may be affected by the modern education which is in progress, so the soil, which though in some parts very fertile, is in most others hard and ungrateful, may, with its climate, become improved by irrigation. Neither soil nor climate have, it is quite apparent, been favourable to the social amelioration or intellectual advancement of an originally turbulent people. The geology of the Punjab is wholly tertiary and alluvial, and the sections made by the five great rivers show only gravel, clay, and thin conglomerates. North, west, and east lie mountains of the Tertiary upheaval period, and all indications of Primary or Palæozoic rocks are entirely absent.

The next zone we propose to notice is that lying between the 30th parallel of latitude to the north and the 25th to the south, which has formed the greatest area of strictly Aryan development. East of the Indus and the sand desert, it includes part of Rajpootana; and from the watershed of the Indus and Ganges, the course of that river and the Jumna which unite at Allahabad, Oude, Behar, and Northern Bengal with Assam, and the mountains and their tribes as far as Burmah. The whole of this great area is of the Tertiary period, except where to the south and east the spurs of the Aravulli and Vindhya ranges of primary and secondary formation extend into the plain. We have already explained the constitution of the prominent ranges of the Himalaya, and their extension to the mountains of Assam is an upheaval of the same character and period. About midway lies the great valley of Nepal, a depression like that of Kashmere, but having no intellectual history of ancient origin. What the originally wild tribes possess has proceeded from the Aryan Brahmins who, disturbed by the progress of the Mussulman faith, emigrated in large numbers from Oude, and by intermixing with local tribes the present population and its divisions were produced. East of Nepal, the mountains are broken by narrow ravines called Dunes, and the Himalayas continue of

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the same geologic character until their higher and outer boundary is reached, broken only at one point by the Brahmapootra river which, rising in or near the lake of Manassarowa in Tibet, receives the drainage of the northern faces of the Himalayas as the Ganges that of the southern, and fall into the sea at no great distance from each other.

Although some of the local tribes may have been driven by the Aryans into the fastnesses of the southern hills, it does not appear that, with very partial exceptions, many betook themselves to the lower ranges of the Himalayas. The tribes which inhabit these localities as far as Assam are unquestionably of Tibetian origin, while in the plains of the Ganges there is undoubted evidence that the Aryans incorporated many existing tribes with their own social policy. In Oude, Behar, and Northern Bengal, for instance, we find the Panole, Masahar, Rajwar, Dosadh, Rajbunsi, Dome, Cheroo, Bhur, Teekar, Pasee, Aghoree, Koeree, Boksa, Aruk, Tharoo, Khunjur, and the like, professing Hindooism, but barely admitted within its pale. It is also evident from their habits and disposition as well as from their physiognomy, that they still retain much of their aboriginal character. We can thus trace the remnants, or indications, of the original elements which exist in the population of the greatest Aryan division of India, and we find it sparse and confused; what there are, belong to the very lowest classes in the Hindoo scale. Rising from them step by step, to the head of all, the Brahmin, we find the upper classes to be highly intellectual, and they are, and always have been, perfectly distinct from the rest. Brahmins, though there are hundreds of their divisions, are yet Brahmins, who may eat with and marry with none but themselves; and in like manner, according to their place in the social scale of Hindooism, are the Kshetrya or Rajpoot warrior, the Vaishya whatever profession he may follow, and lastly the Sudra or working class, which was received with others, including the aboriginal tribes, into its capacious and widely spread branches.

Here also, emigrating from Hastinapoor, along the banks of the Ganges and Jumna, settled the flower of the Aryan race; which, Hindoo or Boodhist, or again Hindoo, founded large monarchies and empires, which stretched from the mountains of Assam to the western boundaries of Afghanistan; and in one instance, that of Ram, King of Oude, carried its arms to the south and invaded Ceylon. Here reigned the noble Boodhist King Asóka, who, 250 B.C., spread the faith he professed to all the surrounding countries of Tibet, China, Burmah, and Siam, and even, as it is conjectured, to Greece and

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Rome. At this period, too, Northern India maintained commercial and probably political relations with Egypt, with Persia and Arabia, as well as with Bactria and Central Asia. While the great kingdoms and dynasties, Mauryan, Maghada, Andhra, &c., held the lines of the great rivers and were extending Aryan settlements to the south, portions of the warrior division of Hindooism held a rougher country to the east of the Indus, and founded principalities in Marwar, Meywar, Jondhpoor, and Jeypoor, to protect, as it were, the western flank of the Hindoo dominion. It was by these warriors that the ancient irruptions of Greeks, Sassanians, Afghans, and Moghuls were opposed and often beaten back till they became too powerful to be resisted, or the disunion among the Hindoo chiefs loosened and weakened their power and distracted their combinations for defence. We find none of the men of the Eastern Aryan stock appearing in defence of the national cause against barbarian aggression. Once the barriers of defence were broken down, there was nothing left to stay the progress of invasion, and one by one the grand old Hindoo and Boodhist dynasties fell to rise no more.

Thus it is evident that soil and climate, though they had fostered civilised progression and art, and had produced philosophers, metaphysicians, poets, and authors in every branch of science then known, had increased trade, agriculture, and production—had yet reduced the virility and self-maintaining power of the Aryan nations. These had been for hundreds of centuries without any new infusion of Aryan blood, free from all interference or attempt at disturbance. They were confessedly the dominant race in religion as well as in politics. They had no outward enemies upon whom they could turn their arms, for the Himalaya and the hard, sterile country to the north held out no encouragement to advance in that direction; while to the south a belt of rugged country, inhabited by rude, warlike tribes, forbade progress to the fair regions of the south. The Aryans therefore remained as they were, preying on themselves in contention for local supremacy, each dynasty now rising, now falling, even to extinction, replaced by another which had only the same inevitable future—extinction among its compeers, or destruction by the fierce barbarian tribes from the west, which became dominant in turn. History only repeats itself, and in the overwhelming irruption of barbarous nations upon Rome, sunk in a civilised apathy and luxury, we observe the strictest analogy between the Aryans and their fierce, rude Afghan conquerors. By these, civilisation, science, and literature were literally crushed out, and the relics only

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were left, which we, the inheritors of conquerors and conquered alike, are striving to re-create in both.

These Mussulman conquerors were at first and for many centuries full of a rare vigour of their own, which culminated with the reign of the great emperor Akbar; but this vigour could not resist the enervating influences of soil and climate. Their original savagery was at first tempered by the more effeminate people whom they ruled; and in their superb architecture and other great public works, which were the consequences of their softened character, they have left enduring memorials of wealth and power which have no counterparts among the Aryans whom they displaced. For except a few excavated religious temples and edifices, neither Hindoo nor Boodhist dynasties left any great memorials of occupation, and the very cities which were seats of their government are either undistinguishable or have become masses of crumbling ruins. Thus it is evident that in respect to Mussulman power, the influences they did not foresee and could not control—those of rich, productive soil and enervating climate, produced, in a much shorter period of time, the same results as they had upon the Aryans. Their first dynasties show a succession of cruelties to their Hindoo subjects, and bloody and vindictive treacheries among themselves. As their power culminated, under Akbar, vigour and benevolence succeeded; but in his successors, immersed in sensuality and vainglory, the Mussulman power fell from point to point of disunion, till it was on the verge of total extinction by a vigorous onslaught of Western Hindoo shepherds and farmers previously unknown.

Can we hope, therefore, for the restoration of the Aryan mind of northern and Eastern India to any approximation to its original vigorous and independent condition? Debased, relaxed, and effete as it is, can it rally to our western standard of vigour, or will the enervating effects of soil and climate, producing sensuous luxury, still more reduce, as they have already reduced, the Hindoo Aryan and the Moslim? This is a point on which the records of the past cannot be studied too carefully, for they are replete with example to be followed in our national conduct, or repelled. What we have done hitherto is of the smallest initiatory dimensions, for we have had to struggle with obstacles of enormous aggregate power; but if education and social improvement in the effect of good government can revive higher perceptions and aspirations, the Indian Aryans, following the example of the western, may yet arise from the mental sloth and incapacity into which they have been sunk since the Mussulman conquest; while thus to elevate them, is

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one of the noblest and most difficult tasks that a civilised government ever undertook.

We now proceed to sketch the condition of the third zone, lying between the parallels of 25° and 20° north. This, as will be seen by any map, has the sea south of Sinde for its western boundary, and as the delta of the Indus is passed the geological structure of the country becomes more interesting, and many of the most striking problems of India belong to it. It is, in the first place, by far the most ancient; part of the skeleton on which, as we have explained, India was constructed. On the north and west, and partly to the south was sea, and the plateau at various heights continued to the east, till it met the sea again in what is now Bengal. This mass, or irregular plateau, is variously divided, and though none of its lower rocks are older, probably, than the Oolitic series, which contains sandstone and coal, yet they are far older than any of the other formations which are contiguous to them and were the result of the volcanic eruptions of the Tertiary period. Thus in the western desert it is found that the sand is the result of the friability of the oolitic sandstone wrought upon by sun and wind, and to it succeed groups of oolitic sandstone and limestone composing the Aravulli range. These are succeeded eastwards by the secondary sandstone of the Vindhyas, which continue to Punna, in Bundelkhund, the Tara Pass, and the fort of Rhotas. Thence this sandstone descends into the Gangetic valley, and is covered by alluvial deposits across the plain until the lower hills of its eastern boundary are reached, which resemble the bases of the Himalaya, previously described.

In Central India, however, these ancient sandstones and limestones have been covered by more recent effusions of lava, scoriæ, and ashes, which are called Trap, and belong, first, to the Miocene Tertiary era, and, secondly, to the Post-pliocene; and the ages as well as the amount of these eruptions can be traced by the shells and fossils which intervene between each layer. With these are connected more modern limestones, chert, sandstones, and conglomerates, many of them containing fossils of shells and plants which must have lived in fresh water, and were produced in fresh-water lakes and swamps formed by these eruptions, many of them being identical with the fresh-water shells at present existent. Thus, after passing the quartz and limestone hills of Rajpootana, we come to the trap which, in enormous masses and comparatively slight differences of elevation, overlies much of the plateaux of the Vindhya and Satpoora ranges which form the central pro-

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vinces, and are the highest elevations of this plateau, attaining in some places the height of 3,000 feet and upwards above the level of the sea. The southern line of the Satpoora plateau descends into the valley of Berar, which was once perhaps an arm of the sea. Extending from the mouth of the Tapty river, south of the depression of Berar, the trap rises again, though not so high as the Satpoora, and stretches to the west, in the undulating plain of the Dekhan, which is in general from 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the sea, and is bounded by the Ghauts, which form the sea face of the whole, from the Tapty to a considerable distance southward, and at one point, the Mahabuleshwar hills, rise to an elevation of nearly 5,000 feet. The trap eruption is separated from the western end of the Aravullis by the valley of the Nerbudda, north of which lie the provinces of Guzerat and Kutch, both displaying eruptions of felspathic rock, which may belong to the Oolitic period. Kutch is remarkable for its craters and other evidences of recent volcanic action, and for the Runn, a lagoon which, partly upheaved from the sea, is being gradually filled up by modern deposits. We are sensible that we do not enter upon the minute particulars which this zone requires for its complete geological illustration; but in some respects further details will be given hereafter; and a peculiar interest attaches itself to the coal deposits which lie on the outskirts of the oolitic series of rocks, which we cannot pass by.

It has already been mentioned that the oolitic sandstone, the upper deposits of which occur at Punna, in Bundelkhund, and very conspicuously at the Tara Ghaut leading to Mirzapoor, has a lower strata which underlies the alluvium of the Gangetic valley eastwards along the bed of the Damuda river, which, rising in Bundelkhund, falls into the Hoogly branch of the Ganges above Calcutta. This sandstone, now termed Damuda, overlies an older sandstone, which from its locality has been named Talchir, and between these lie the deposits of coal. Some years ago, outcrops of coal in the beds of the Damuda and other similar rivers, led to exploration of the adjacent districts, and borings were sunk, which induced the commencement of mining operations now in progress for the use of factories, steam-navigation, and more recently railways.*

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* THE COAL RESOURCES OF BENGAL.

From a recent official report on the subject of coal, we learn that of the mineral resources of Bengal, coal only has largely been developed. The largest and best coal mines of Bengal are in the Raneegunge subdivision of the Burdwan district, and in the division of Chota Nagpore.

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Indications of coal had also been found at the western end of the zone we are now describing, in Sinde, and in Kutch, as also in the valley of the Nerbudda; but they appeared to be only superficial deposits of lignite, and there seemed little prospect that the seams would be worth working. The scientific explorations of the Geological Survey of India have however happily led to a very different result, which we shall proceed to detail. When the locality of coal deposit on the Nerbudda was explored, it was found that the sandstone rock in which it appeared was the 'Barakar,' or lower portion of the 'Damuda' bed, and at a corresponding level with that of Bengal, that is about 800 feet above the level of sea; and though the distance from point to point was overlaid by the tertiary 'Mahadeva' sandstone, shale, and trap rocks of successive series, yet it was evident that the characteristics of the Damuda or Barakar rocks in the Nerbudda valley had not changed, and

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There are now altogether 44 coal mines at work, of which 19 turn out more than 10,000 tons a-piece per annum. In the larger and better mines coal is raised by steam from pits and galleries. In the smaller mines it is raised by hand labour from open quarries. In the Raneegunge field alone, 61 steam engines, with an aggregate of 867 horse power, are at work. Only one seam (or set of seams) of a less thickness than 8½ feet is worked, and the average thickness of the seams at the Raneegunge mines is about 15 or 16 feet. The pits are mostly shallow, very few are more than 150 feet deep. The Bengal Coal Company, with its mines at Raneegunge and westwards, is able to raise more than six million maunds of coal annually. The gross valuation of coal mines in the Burdwan district has been registered under the Road Cess Act at 288,361 rs. The coal-fields of the lower Damuda and Barrakur are occupied for the most part by private companies; the coal-fields in Palamou belong to Government. The Najbara coal mine in Palamou supplies coal for the Delhi irrigating works, and, to some extent, for the East Indian Railway Company. These mines comprise an area of twenty-five to thirty square miles, the seams being of an average thickness of from eight to ten feet, and the coal is said to be of fair quality. The East Indian Railway Company now generally burn, in their engines, coal from their own mines at Kurhurbari which produce a coal of first-rate quality. There are great stores of coal for future ages in the Chota Nagpore division. The Eastern Bengal Railway and the River Steam Companies are at present the chief customers of the coalowners. The use of coal in the Public Works Department of Government has much increased of late years. Arrangements are at present under the consideration of the Government of India 'for smelting iron in coal furnaces after the English method at 'Hazareebaugh and elsewhere.' At present, iron is smelted from ores of different kinds after the rude native methods in many parts of the coal districts.

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that they rested, as in Bengal, upon the Talchir, an old rock probably of the Palæozoic age, and the scientific inference that coal might be found, as it had been in Bengal in the Damuda, proved to be perfectly accurate.

Mr. J. G. Medlicott's report upon the Nerbudda coal-field will be found at length in vol. ii. of the 'Memoirs of the 'Geological Survey of India.' He had examined the outcrop of coal in the valley of the Tawa river, which, rising on the trap plateau of Baitool, falls into the Nerbudda river near Hooshungabad. In its descent from the higher lands, the Tawa had cut its way through the trap and 'Mahadéva' sandstone, till at last it exposed seams of coal in connexion with the 'Barakar' series, and resting on the 'Talchir,' at a point about twelve miles from the G. I. P. railway. This was in 1856; but his opinion was not favourable to mining operations. There were eight outcrops, which gave an aggregate of 21 feet 2 inches, and other seams varied from 3 feet to 3 inches. This field was afterwards examined and reported upon by Mr. Blandford, F.G.S., in 1866, who confirmed Mr. Medlicott's unfavourable opinion; but he considered that other trials, by boring in various directions, might lead to better results, especially in a neighbourhood corresponding more exactly with that of the Bengal coal-field at Raneegunje, the deposits in the Tawa being in the lower or 'Barakar' level of Raneegunje, and showing the thinning-out of the main bed, as it descended to the edge of the formation.

Another discovery was, however, made at Mohpani, on the Sita Riva river, which, like the Tawa, descends from the upper plateau of Deogurh in Gondwana into the Nerbudda. Mohpani is eighty-four miles north-east of the lower Tawa field. The report on the discovery and survey of these fields, for there are several, was made by Mr. Medlicott in 1870, and was published in the 'Geological Survey Records,' No. 3, of that year. It is most interesting in all respects. The geologic character of the coal-field is in perfect accordance with that of Bengal. Above is the 'Mahadéva' sandstone, then the 'Barakar,' or coal-bearing rock, which rests upon the Talchir as the foundation. But there seems here to have been some volcanic disturbance of the coal measures and deposits, which confound the 'Barakar' with the 'Talchir,' and would occasion difficulty in mining. Yet the field now being worked by the Mohpani and Sita Riva companies is very promising. 'Assuming,' writes Mr. Medlicott, 'it to maintain a mean 'thickness of workable coal between the aggregates of the two 'collieries, say 25 feet, at the rate of 1,000 tons per foot of

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'thickness per acre per seam, we should have 400,000 tons for 'every 66 feet down the seam for the whole length of two 'miles. As in many places the seam may be followed for 'many hundred feet, it is apparent that without any very un-'warrantable assumption we may count upon a large supply 'of coal for many years to come.' Mr. Medlicott explains also how the area of this coal-field may be extended by boring explorations; this could not be easily understood, except by a map, which the Topographical Survey are making; but the indications of coal are found eastwards, westwards, and southwards, for many miles. Nor is it geologically impossible that the Tawa and Sita Riva coal-beds may be considered consecutive and continuous. The coal is of fair working quality; some of the Nerbudda Company's giving 55·8 of carbon, and of the Sita Riva Company as much as 70·7 against 50·9 of Ranigunge coal. In the Mahadéva, or overlying rocks, there are also indications of coal; but it is lignite, thready, and uncertain, and therefore uninviting to work. Iron ore of excellent quality, and limestone, are plentiful in connexion with these coal-fields.

At a distance of 180 miles as the crow flies, and nearly due south of the Sita Riva coal-field, the intervening space being overlaid by the trap and sandstone formations of the Satpoora range, to the height of from 2,000 to nearly 4,000 feet above the sea, a new coal-field has been discovered, which gives the highest promise of future utility and value. Here, as in the case of the Nerbudda series, the superincumbent Tertiary rocks have thinned down till only indications of them, as it were, overlie the Damuda or Barakar rock, which here reappears in almost a direct line south-west from the Damuda coal-beds and Ranigunge, and at nearly the same elevation above the sea. This affords geologic presumption that the oolitic sandstone not only continues under the superincumbent rocks, but preserves the same horizon; or in other words, is nearly flush between point and point of three coal-fields—Ranigunge, Sita Riva, and Chanda, which is the locality of the last discovery; and no matter what covers it between, there is no apparent disturbance of its original position. The discovery of coal here has arisen from precisely the same causes as that on the Nerbudda. The Wurdha river, rising on the southern edge of the Satpoora plateau, has rent its way through the superincumbent trap and Mahadéva sandstone, which grew thinner southwards, till the oolitic Damuda or Barakar level is reached, and this, under the action of the

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river water, is worn away so as to show the coal of the series in several points of the river's course. These seams had been known locally for many years, and Major Lewis Smith, Deputy Commissioner of Chanda, had reported the existence of 1,000 square miles of coal-bearing rocks; but no scientific exploration of them had taken place till 1867, when Mr. W. T. Blandford, of the Government Survey, completely confirmed Major Smith's observations and theory.

The first discovery of this carboniferous strata is, however, due to the late Dr. Bell, statistical reporter to the Hyderabad Government; he was succeeded by Dr. Alexander Walker, who actually commenced borings for coal as early as 1851 or 1852, which were suspended after his death. The first of the recent boring trials that were made, proved to be on the eastern edge of the coal-field. At 242 feet, the rods passed through the Damuda strata to the underlying 'Talchir,' but only 2 feet of coal were found. The next attempt at Ghugus, 320 yards east of the river-bed, showed 38 feet 6 inches of coal in 121 feet 6 inches of depth, when the Talchir rock was reached. This pit was visited by the late Lord Mayo in 1871. Other trials on the left bank of the Wurdha gave successively, at 75 feet below the surface, 54 feet depth of coal; and at 128 feet, 41 feet of coal. But these did not satisfy Dr. Oldham and Mr. Blandford, who conceived that the greatest deposit of coal lay on the right bank of the Wurdha in the Hyderabad Assigned District; and they were right. In this locality the borings showed 70 feet of coal in several places, over a field of 149 square miles, and the average of all the borings was 40 feet of coal; whence the aggregate of contents was estimated at 4,840,000,000 of tons! But the discoveries do not end here. Further investigation has carried on the series of Barakar carboniferous strata far to the south in the dominions of His Highness the Nizam, and also along the left bank of the Godavery to Rajahmundry, and the present rough estimate of superficial extent amounts to 2,000 square miles. It appears from a Report by Mr. W. King, Deputy Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India, in vol. v. part 2 of the 'Records of the Geological 'Survey of India, 1872,' that he took up the coal survey from the last point of examination of the country made by Mr. Blandford, and examined the first coal-field which had been discovered in His Highness the Nizam's territories. It is of comparatively small extent, being of 156 acres only; but its geological character continued to be exactly the same as in the Godavery and Wurdha series, and the locality was considered capable of yielding 1,132,560 tons. The coal is of good

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quality. This small field is situated near the village of Kamáram of the Pakhal Talook of the Hunumkoonda district, province Wurungul. Mr. King considered, however, that the Barakar sandstones might be traced further, and at no very considerable distance he found them again, showing a much larger coal-field, in, and near, the small river Pangada-Vágá, which had cut its way through the sandstone, and threw out crops of excellent coal. The seams are from 9 to 6 feet thick. This coal-field is called the Singameny, from an adjacent village, but its area had not been sufficiently explored to enable any calculation to be made of its extent; the coal seemed to be excellent. A fire made with a few lumps dug out of the river bed, was easily lighted, and burnt brightly all night, leaving but little ash. His Highness the Nizam's government is occupied in making still further explorations and borings, the result of which will be eventually made known.

It must be borne in mind also, that at the upper ends of the coal series, both in Chanda and Berar, are large deposits of the finest iron ore, yielding from 53 to 68·5 per cent. of metal, practically inexhaustible in quantity, with limestone in contiguity for its flux. A railway from the nearest station of the G. I. P. railway will, it is believed, be shortly constructed to carry the coal northwards and westwards; and it is also the design of the Hyderabad Government, as soon as the line from Gulburgah to Hyderabad is completed, to connect it with the Berar coal and iron fields, the consequences of which will be very momentous. For in the presidency of Madras, till very recently, no carboniferous rocks had been found, though search had been made for them; and when coals can be delivered at Hyderabad, it must inevitably lead to a great extension of the railway system of Southern India. The coal of the Chanda and Berar fields has been used on the G. I. P. railway with very promising results, and has been proved to be equal, if not superior, to the Bengal or Ranigunge coal, and equal to English, which had undergone the usual deterioration to which its transit and exposure had subjected it.

But the interest of the subject culminates with the discovery of equally large, if not much larger, deposits of coal in the same geological formation, which lies between the Wurdha coal-field and that of the Damuda. 'The coal-bearing Damuda 'beds at Kórba, a village in the Chutteegurh district of the 'central provinces, extend,' writes Mr. Blandford, 'forty miles 'to the eastward. They also extend far to the south-east, 'towards Gungpoor, and to the north towards Sirguja. The

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'seam at Kórba in a section of 89 feet 10 inches, of alternate 'shale and coal, shows 50 feet of good coal, the horizontal 'breadth of the outcrop being 350 feet broad by 90 feet in 'thickness.' At Tenda Muni the same seam was 20 feet in thickness; and in several other localities on the direct line between Ranigunge and Berar, similar outcrops have been discovered, while others are in process of exploration by the Topographical Survey in connexion with the Geological. There seems, therefore, nothing to forbid the geological assumption that the Damuda series of carboniferous rocks extends from point to point on this side, appearing wherever the overlying strata has thinned out, and has been cut through by the rivers which flow from the high plateaux southward into the Mahanuddy, or eastward into the Hoogly. The distance from the Wurdha coal-fields to those of Kórba and Jushpoor is about 300 miles, and thence to the Damuda fields about the same distance north-east. On the same line, nearly due south from Chanda, Hyderabad is about 200 miles distant, and thus a line of railway seems pointed out by natural facilities and deposits of coal at convenient distances. It would, it is true, run through one of the least civilised portions of India till the teeming valley of the Ganges was reached, from whence, there is little doubt, much of the overburdened population would emigrate and settle on the line.

Again, should a railway be hereafter constructed between Hyderabad and the Wurdha coal-fields, the whole of the northern portion of the Madras presidency might be supplied with it, which would assist the lines to Gulburgah and Madras. Nor does the benefit end here; the Damuda series was found to extend along the left bank of the Godavery to a point where it is joined by the Pranheeta river, and the presumption followed that the coal might be found till this oolitic series of carboniferous rocks ends at Rajahmundry on the sea-coast. Should, however, the coal deposits end at the junction of the Pranheeta with the Godavery, its importance in regard to the steam navigation of that river, and the easy transport of coal to the west, could hardly be overrated. To some extent Mr. Blandford's anticipations have been realised. He was of opinion that the coal-bearing Barakars might continue in the direction of Rajahmundry; and Mr. King reports, vol. v. part 1, Geological Records, that pursuing the indications of the Nizam's coal-field, he has discovered Barakar measures south of the Godavery, at the small village of Beddadanole, about twenty miles east of Rajahmundry. There was no outcrop of

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coal, but the geological conditions of the area, about ten square miles, were so favourable, that he advised boring at once, and we are glad to find, by a letter from Mr. King, published in the 'Homeward Mail' of October 17, that the result of the boring had justified his expectations, and after several trials, all of which showed the presence of coal, a seam of excellent coal four-and-a-half feet thick was struck at 183 feet. The presence of coal, therefore, in the Madras Presidency has thus been proved, and further results from trials are anxiously looked for. Mr. King's letter is dated September 15, 1874, so that some time will be required to ascertain the final results.

It is thus evident that the Damuda Barakars extend from the Damuda, to the south of the Godavery, perhaps in an unbroken line, and there can be little doubt that they all bear coal. Some trials in the Kistnah district further to the south, under the suggestion of Colonel Applegath are being made, but Mr. King is not sanguine of success, as the Barakars are not present.

On this point, however, brilliant as the reality would be, we cannot make further observations at present. Yet what a satisfactory amount of assurance do not even the partial discoveries we have detailed give to railway undertakings in India, in comparison with the dependence of India upon home supply when the late Lord Dalhousie laid out the noble projects which are associated with his name! At that time, except from Bengal, there was no other source, or probable source, of supply of coal known or hoped for. India's supply of railway fuel depended upon England, from whence, by war or other causes, she might be cut off at any time; and the hope of assistance from wood fuel was distant and precarious. Now, by these recent discoveries India becomes independent of England to a great extent, if not as yet entirely. The details we have here sketched are based upon the reports of officers of the Geological Survey, which as yet, we believe, are known to comparatively few persons in England; and they will no doubt be continued by others from time to time. If that survey had exhibited no other useful results than these splendid deposits of coal and iron, it would have well earned the gratitude of the nation by which it is employed.

The foregoing detail of the discoveries of coal and iron are, we trust, hardly a digression from the subject of the zone of India which we are following, for they strictly belong to it; but the two central zones of India are in many respects more interesting in a geological sense than its other divisions, and

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we therefore resume our description. We have previously detailed the northern course of the Aravulli and Vindhyan ranges; to the south they are the boundaries of the great basins of the Nerbudda and the Tapty, which from their sources on the summits of the Central Indian plateau run westwards to the sea. Following the southern line of the Aravulli range and the course of the Nerbudda, there is no material geological change till the trappean effusion of Central India is reached. Originally, it may be assumed that the valley of that river was an arm of the sea, the bed of which was upheaved like that of the Ganges; but instead of the enormous deposits of detritus and silt brought down by the Ganges, beds of gravel containing bones, and, in the clay beneath those beds, a fine celt have recently been found by Mr. Hacket. Dr. Falconer believes the bones to be of the Pliocene era. Cornelians, chalcedonies, and agates from the decomposition of trap rocks also occur; and the river itself, forcing its way through the trap, sandstone, limestone, and marble of its upper course, exhibits a rough, rocky channel unfit for navigation until within a few miles of the sea. The valley is comparatively narrow, and its upper portion is much contracted. Here at the foot of the Trappean series, the oolitic sandstone appears with its coal. The Nerbudda rises on the plateau of the Amurkantak, not far from the sources of the Sone, the Damuda, and other rivers which flow eastwards and southwards, and in its course westwards effects a section of the great central plateau from east to west. The valley of the Tapty river, which falls into the sea a short distance south of the Nerbudda, is more open, and has more the appearance of having been an arm of the sea than that of the Nerbudda, extending eastwards through Khandesh and Berar till it meets the eastern watershed of the Godavery. Both these western valleys are contracted by an eruption of trap which belongs properly to the Satpoora range, and which, projecting westwards from the main range, reaches nearly to the sea.

The trap eruption, which has been mentioned before, is one of the most wonderful geological phenomena of India. It begins on the southern line of the combined Vindhya and Aravulli ranges, and extending eastwards, southwards, and westwards, covers an area, according to Dr. Malcolmson, of 200,000 square miles, and in the Vindhya and Satpoora ranges forms as it were a precipitous wall between Eastern and Western India nearly to Nagpoor, showing naked cliffs in some places 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height, with prismatic columns of basalt

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of huge proportions. The valley of Berar, a deep depression 250 miles long and 60 broad, filled with a vast deposit of Régur, occasions a fault in the trap formation, south of which the trap again rises to a somewhat lower elevation, in one of which occurs the curious extinct crater of the lake of Lonar. The edges of this tract follow the valley of Khandesh until they reach the mouth of that valley near the sea. Here the great range called the Ghauts commences, forming the western wall of the continent, and rising at Mahabaleshwur to nearly 5,000 feet above the sea. To the east the trap continues to crown the central plateau till it meets the secondary sandstone of the Mahadéva, and the range finally declines to the alluvial plains of the Ganges and Orissa.

The people who inhabit this part of India are very varied. To the west of the Indus lies the province of Sinde, which was Hindoo and Aryan before the Mussulman invasion, and was no doubt a wealthy and populous kingdom of Aryan development, as is denoted by its language, which in some respects resembles Hindi. Captain Burton, who wrote the history of the province, describes the population as servile, mean, sensual, and contemptible; cowardly also, and incapable of any moral or physical exertion; but their artisans are ingenious, and their merchants clever. Whatever intellectual culture existed at an early period in Sinde has been crushed out by the rude Mussulmans, who have held it in succession; and there is no portion of India in which, under the influences of climate and foreign conquest, the people have been more debased from their original condition of intellectual progress and valour than in Sinde. East of the Indus, in Guzerat and Kutch, the ancient Saurashtra, are the descendants of Sassanians who established themselves at an early period, governed by the Gupta or Sah dynasty, and brought with them many civilising arts and influences. Their ancestors were great architects, and until the invasion of Mahmood of Ghuzni, Saurashtra was one of the most populous, as it was one of the richest provinces in India. It possessed many handsome cities, and its people traded with Arabia, Persia, and Egypt for centuries before the Christian era, and they had a language and literature of their own. Thus Saurashtra held as high a place among Aryan civilisation as any other part of Aryan India. The intellectual element of the Aryans had prevailed over the Sassanian stock; but the intermixture had not produced degeneracy. The Guzerattees never displayed a warlike tendency except in self-defence. They have been more pas-

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toral, agricultural, and commercial. They have been governed in turn by Mussulman kings, viceroys of Dehly, and Mahrattas; but the distinctive features of the better classes have been little changed by time, and their efforts to establish a modern literature in their own language are much deserving of encouragement. They are in fact what a soft climate and a fertile soil have made them, mild in character, but not effeminate, peaceful, and to a certain extent intellectual.

Eastwards from Guzerat the population grows ruder. The whole of the Aravulli ranges and their valleys are peopled by the Rajpoots and other cognate tribes, who, ejecting the aboriginal population for the most part, settled there, and became the strongest martial confederation in recent times that India possesses, and to this day they are little changed. They display no indication of intellectual development, and as cultivators and artisans they are among the rudest of India. In character they are high-spirited, devoted to their chiefs, and brave; but sensual and unimproving. Thus it is impossible not to admit the effects which a barren, rugged soil and arid climate have had upon this peculiar people. To the west they were bounded by deserts of sand; to the east and south they were met by dense forests and their savage inhabitants, and while the fertile plain of the Ganges lay to the north, which formed so great a contrast to their own, they seem only to have emigrated thither to found new kingdoms and settlements, and where their own national characteristics declined under the enervating influences of soil and climate. All the states they founded disappeared one by one before successive invaders, but the parent stock of Rajpootana still remains, and is probably little changed. Here and there fertile plains and an equable climate may have softened them, but to no great extent; and the high plains of Malwah and of Bundelkhund to the east, retain the races which produced the rude, turbulent population which resisted the Mussulman, and was never perfectly subdued.

The wild forest races are another distinguishing characteristic of this zone. They commence with the Sonthals to the north-east of the central plateau; to the east and south-east are Hos, Kols, Ooraons, and others; and to the south, centre, and west, the Gonds, Bheels, and Saonras, who merge into the Khonds, and Chenchwars of the Eastern Ghauts, tribes whom neither climate, nor soil, nor conquests, nor Aryan, Mussulman, or Christian civilisation have ever affected. And it is not a little remarkable, that the same character of primitive

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formation and continuous forest is found to contain the same populations even to its final terminus at Cape Comorin; and passing eastwards through the valley of the Ganges, we find the same rude tribes inhabiting its outskirts in the forests of Assam and Sylhet.

If we examine the northern half of the zone between 20° and 15° north latitude, it is apparent that the general geological character has not changed from the line of 20°. There is the trap formation to the west, the southern part of the central plateau in the centre, and the outside tract of the Ganges valley to the east, but the population changes in some respects. To the west the Mahrattas inhabit the plateau of the Dekhan, the valleys of Berar and Khandesh. They have a language of their own, in which Sanscrit or Prakrit largely mingles, but their history is singularly obscure, till in the seventeenth century they rose under Sivaji and became a nation. The Mahrattas are hardy and patient, excellent cultivators of the soil, and independent in character and bearing. There were no elements of wealth or luxury in their climate or soil. When the time came that the wealth and power of India appeared within their grasp, they began a system of general plunder which has few parallels. But they settled down to their old pursuits when checked and defeated by us, and are now easily governed, content, industrious, desirous of education, and conforming readily to modern usages. In the Mahrattas, however, we find distinctive evidences of the influence of soil and climate upon portions of the same race. While the Mahrattas of the Dekhan are a bold hardy people, those of Berar in its soft and relaxing climate, are enervated and apathetic; good agriculturists, but wanting in spirit and independence, in fact nearly approaching to the Bengali in character, and have lost all the warlike qualities they ever possessed. Passing the central forest tribes, Orissa is reached, which has a distinct law and language of its own. Its history, and the characteristics of its people have been so recently illustrated in Dr. Hunter's popular work, that any detail of either seems unnecessary.

The southern half of the south central zone shows a great change in geologic structure. The Tertiary trap formation ceases with a line beginning near Kolapoor and extending irregularly to Nagpoor. South and east of that locality the primitive region again commences; the trap passes into oolitic sandstone (not Damuda or Barakar) and limestone, both of which are found disturbed in no small degree to the westward and along their border by eruptions of felspathic rocks which

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have many geologic differences, but may be classed under the generic term of Granite. Where the trap ends it is in many places hardly a foot thick, lying upon oolitic limestone and argillaceous shale and sandstone. In the Ghauts gneiss predominates, and meets the secondary sandstone (? Punna) in Dharwar, while the oolitic limestone, which is of the same age, quality, and appearance as that of the eastern Vindhyas, is found in large deposits in Shorapoor, whence it passes under the trap towards Beeder, and appears also at Kurnool in the valley of the Krishnah; but no carboniferous sandstone like the Damuda is found in connexion with it.

If we draw a line from Beeder to Goa westwards, and another from Beeder to the sea eastwards, we find them the boundaries of new people who have no connexion with the zones occupied by the Aryans and their offsets. South of the line from Beeder to Goa the people speak Canarese. Eastwards from Beeder the language is Teloogoo, which extends to the frontier of Orissa, and meets the Mahratta near Nagpoor. Canarese is spoken all over the plateau of Mysore, Teloogoo below the plateau to the east, till both languages meet the Tamul which, with Tooloo and Malialum, occupy the whole of the south of India. These are Dravidian languages, or Turanian as they are called by some, which may be at least as ancient as the Aryan, and have been spoken by people who have attained as high a civilisation as the Aryans. In the southern Mahratta country, and northern Mysore, there were dynasties who traded with Egypt and Arabia by sea, whose dominions were well cultivated and fertile, and who at a later period erected temples which rank among the most elaborate and beautiful of Indian architecture. There were Scythian Huns who invaded Western India in about 26 B.C. and are traceable for 248 years. They appear to have amalgamated with the former people of the country, and they have probably left the cairns, cromlechs, and dolmen, which still remain, and are found as far north and east as Nagpoor. The Chalukyas of Kulliani near Beeder claim to have been emperors of all India in A.D. 609, 660. 686, 695. In the east the Andhras governed Telingana; also an enlightened race, who, though not architects, yet covered their country with admirable works of irrigation, which are still extant and useful; while at a later date they founded the city of Beejanugger, and dwelt there till conquered by the Mussulmans. Through a period long anterior to the Christian era there was a broad belt of civilisation from sea to sea, excepting only the eastern hills and forests, in which dwelt the wild tribes who were never conquered. Inflexions of these Dra-

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vidian languages are now spoken by the Gonds, Bheels, and forest tribes of Central India; and are found northwards to the south of the Ganges, among the Sonthals, and extend to several remnants of tribes who inhabit the southern fringe of the Himalayas, as well as by the Brahuis of the Hala western range which borders Sinde.

In the south, the Dravidians formed the Pandya and Chéra kingdoms, which were contemporaries of the Dekhan kingdoms, and were known to Ptolemy; with which Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, and Arabs traded. It is stated in the Ramayun that these Dravidian people were found by King Ram of Oude in a condition of civilisation as great as that of the Aryans, at perhaps two thousand years before Christ or more. These Dravidians, or Turanians, were warriors, statesmen, architects, builders of dams and weirs. They employed their fine and copious languages, Tamul and Teloogoo, in a national literature which contains science, poetry and the drama, and Vasco di Gama in 1498 found only what had been extant for two thousand years before.

The character of the people, then as now, accords with the soil and climate on which they live. They were industrious cultivators and ingenious artisans; they evince in their national songs and traditions a deeper estimation of natural beauty and more simple natural feeling than the Aryans.* In the extreme south they are more effeminate in person and character than in the north; and as a people they are superior to those of Bengal Proper, to whom a similarity of climate might have more nearly allied them. The naturally mild, intelligent nature of the Tamulians has already led a greater number of them to embrace Christianity than has occurred among any other race of India. Modern education is largely progressing, and thus, in many respects, the Dravidians appear to considerable advantage in comparison with other peoples of India.

Although the population of the Dravidian provinces shows that the pre-existent local races were as largely received into the polity of the original settlers, whoever they may have been, and probably in a greater degree than by the Aryans into theirs, yet there were tribes, remnants of which still exist in the vast forests of Travancore and the slopes of the Neilgherries, which resisted all reclamation, and are still as they were originally, Carumbars, Irulars and many others, living upon roots and forest produce, with the scantiest possible clothing, and as human beings existing in the lowest condition

* *Vide* Gover's 'Folk Songs of Southern India.'

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of debasement. In them the wild tribes of India, which we have followed from the Rajmahal hills, the last links of the chain which follows the primitive geological formation—are completed, the last being the rudest, lowest, and most helpless of all.

We need not repeat the detail of the geological structure of the south of India further than to remind the reader that the western mountains are all of the most ancient formations, gneiss, clay-slate, hornblende, and mica-schist, and that from their bases stretch the wide plains of the Carnatic, which are upheavals of the sea-bed, covered with black soil, the deposit possibly of fresh-water lakes. It is a fair, fruitful region, with a hotter climate than the north, but uniform and healthy to the people by whom it is thickly inhabited.

India possesses little metalliferous wealth except in iron, of which there are large deposits in many places that have been locally used from the earliest times. In Kumaon, in the Aravulli range, in Bellary, Nellore, and Kurnoul there are copper mines, some of which have been worked by the ancient inhabitants; but none of these offer inducements to modern enterprise. There are also occasional indications of galena, but these too are slight and unimportant. Garnets and fine amethysts are distributed among the rocks that produce them, and the diamond mines of the provinces of Golconda and Sumbhalpoor, though they produce little now, have been famous. These gems are found in conglomerate which is composed of portions of the older rocks. Gold has been traced in many localities, the Neilgherries, the Western Ghauts, Dharwar, and in the Mahanuddy, but to no material extent.* Possibly the Geological Survey may discover other metalliferous deposits besides those now known, which, except iron, are of small importance.

In this article we have endeavoured to sketch the condition and character of the people of India in reference to the geological structure of the portions of country inhabited by the

* Since writing the foregoing passage we understand from articles in the Indian Press, that the north-western portion of the Neilgherry Hills and part of Wynaad have been examined by officers of the Geological Survey, and that quartz reefs have been discovered which contain sufficient quantities of gold to encourage mining and crushing operations. A company called 'The Alpha' has therefore been established, and machinery is being set up, but with what success we have yet to learn.

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various tribes. To give details of either part of the subject would far exceed the space at our disposal, and indeed our intentions. Our desire has been to furnish subjects of thought to those who, as we find is too often the case, consider all Hindoos to be alike, among whom a sprinkling of foreign conquerors, Mussulmans and Christians, are dispersed; and to trace the influences of soil and climate upon the creation of wealth, civilisation, and luxury. In the second chapter of the first volume of his 'History of Civilisation,' Mr. Buckle has detailed the laws which regulate these subjects so faithfully and explicitly that any remarks of our own would be superfluous; but a perusal of this chapter may lead any who are interested in the subject to understand how the various soils and climates of India have, by their physical laws, influenced the progress of the population derived from many separate races; and how also their qualities of mind have been affected by the like causes and laws. We see that in the great Gangetic valley a dominant intellectual race spread from the western limits of India to the sea, and favoured by a genial climate and teeming soil, progressed in wealth and power, drawing within its influence all prior local tribes, and converting them into its labouring classes and artisans, keeping itself apart, and appearing only as rulers, priests, warriors, or otherwise filling the highest ranks of its social polity. We see that a soft, luxurious climate gradually affected the national vigour of character, which became debased by absence of need for exertion. The supple, cringing, pusillanimous, and apathetic character of the modern Bengali has, we think, not resulted so much from conquest, though that has done its part, as from the enervating effect of climate and prosperity, inducing a sensuous indifference to exertion, which it will be difficult to invigorate.

Again, we have endeavoured to show how the descendants of Aryan warriors, who settled in Rajpootana, which had not the soft, enervating climate, nor from its geologic construction the same fertility of soil, preserved to a great extent the valour and the rude virtues which distinguished their forefathers; whereas those of their own class who settled in the Gangetic valley deteriorated. The same causes have operated to keep back the Rajpoots from advancement in civilisation as a consequence of luxury. And these remarks apply necessarily, and with more force, to the wild tribes of Central India, who, repelling civilising influences, and from a barren soil and

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deleterious climate being unable to multiply, and so to emigrate, have retained their original barbarism and savagery. Further south also, the hardy Mahrattas, who had no enervating climate to relax either body or mind, rose to the dignity of a nation, and still preserve a healthy condition not inconsistent with material prosperity, and a disposition for improvement by education, which may be productive of the happiest results. While their neighbours of Guzerat, whose ancestry partook of the highest ancient civilisation of India, are in no wise lagging, but continue in a remarkable degree their intellectual cultivation. These are the Aryan races, or those most affected by Aryanism; and the same laws and their effects hold good as to the Turanians, where, as in their northernmost development, they show the result of a fair soil and climate, though neither enervating nor luxuriant, to have kept them stationary as to wealth and intellectual capacity, yet with original vigour unimpaired and ready for progression. We see in Mysore the effect of a poor soil upon the maintenance of a sparse population, but where there has been no wealth, no mental progress, as there has been equally no luxury, and its consequent apathy and decadence. Lastly, we find in the Tamulian provinces, physical laws of soil and climate operating in some measure as upon Bengal; but not to the same degree of deterioration. There is, however, a strict analogy between the two; and of the two, the south remains in all essential respects the superior. We have purposely striven to avoid the ethnological portion of this great subject, and have only given such indications of it as could not be avoided, reserving the details, which are of extreme interest in relation to the existing population of India, for illustration at a future period.

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ART. III.—*Mémoires de Malouet, publiés par son petit-fils le Baron Malouet. Deuxième édition.* Deux Tomes. 8vo. Paris: 1874.

AMONGST the various political and literary labours of M. Mounier, who was one of Malouet's most intimate friends, he published an essay at Geneva in 1792, entitled 'An Enquiry into the Causes which have prevented the French from becoming free.' The problem is still as unsolved and almost as new as when this essay was written eighty-three years ago. But though the world is familiar with the deeds of violence and folly which marred the brilliant hopes once entertained of the regeneration of a nation and of the world, it hardly takes sufficient account of the patriotism, the labour, and the wisdom which have been vainly expended in this abortive task. Malouet and Mounier were two of the men who accepted and embarked in the Revolution with an earnest and temperate desire to establish a free monarchical government in their country; to correct the abuses which had undermined the State; but to retain and preserve the institutions which were inseparably connected with its former greatness. Malouet was born in 1740; he was therefore in his fiftieth year at the outset of this great struggle. He had seen much of the world. He had visited the colonies of France and had made a fortune in St. Domingo. He had long been engaged in the civil administration of the navy; and he was more remarkable for good sense and moderation of character, than for genius, eloquence, or the spirit of adventure. He was not carried away, like most of his countrymen, by the great burst of enthusiasm which inaugurated the Revolution, and he took his seat in the États Généraux of 1789, soon to be transformed into the National Assembly, with a clear perception of the difficulties to be surmounted, and of the entire want of preparations to surmount them. In the Assembly he fell at once into the hopeless position of that small minority, which sought to carry on the Revolution to just and necessary ends, but to control its excesses. He struggled manfully and courageously to maintain himself on this slippery ledge. The greater the danger grew which threatened the very existence of the monarchy and the monarch, the more conservative did he become, and Louis XVI. recognised in Malouet one of the most sincere and constant of his friends. But all these efforts were vain. After the 10th August he escaped with infinite difficulty to England, where he lived for some years, honoured by the confidence and

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friendship of Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt. In 1801 he returned to France and again entered the service of the existing government, more especially as Maritime Prefect of Antwerp; and in 1808 he wrote these Memoirs of his early life and of the part he had taken in the Revolution. They have recently been published by his grandson, with very careful notes and additions; and they are a valuable contribution to the history of the most eventful period in the annals of France, for it was certainly the misdirection given at the commencement to the reform of the French constitution which led the way to a series of catastrophes, not, even now, terminated.

We shall pass over in silence M. Malouet's colonial adventures in St. Domingo and Guiana, though they show that under Louis XVI. the same vices pervaded every part of the administration of France abroad as well as at home. But the services he found means to render to the State had established his reputation for ability and good sense; and upon the convocation of the States-General, he was elected by acclamation deputy of the *tiers* by his native town of Riom in Auvergne—a place which in more recent times has had the honour of sending to Paris two of the ablest ministers of the second Empire, M. Rouher and M. de Parieu. The hopes with which Malouet entered upon his new career were mainly based on his confidence in M. Necker. But on his way to Paris, he met the Abbé Raynal, well known for his patriotic and liberal opinions, though already grievously alarmed at the dangers he anticipated. On reaching the capital, Malouet found there was but too much reason to share these apprehensions.

M. de Tocqueville has pointed out in the posthumous chapters of his work on the State of France before the Revolution,* that by a strange want of foresight the Ministers of the Crown, who had advised the convocation of the States-General, had made no preparation whatever to meet them. They had no plan at all, either for the guidance of the deliber-

* These chapters have now been published in English in the last edition of Mr. Reeve's translation of this work. They contain the most remarkable picture in existence of France on the very eve of the great convulsion. It surprises us that this work on France which was the latest production of M. de Tocqueville's genius, and on which he was engaged at the time of his death, should be much less known in this country than his 'Democracy in America,' which still commands an extensive sale, a new edition being now announced. But to the student of history and European politics the essay on France is of at least equal interest, and the author himself regarded it as the greater work of the two.

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ations of the Assembly or for the matters to be brought before it; and having absolute power to frame and impose any reasonable forms of proceeding and conditions, they abandoned everything to the impulse of the moment and the ill-regulated force of the Assembly itself. This remark of M. de Tocqueville is confirmed in the most striking manner by Malouet's Memoirs, though he was unacquainted with them. The very first thing that struck Malouet on his arrival was this utter want of preparation, and he forthwith addressed to M. Necker and M. de Montmorin, the King's Ministers, with whom he was well acquainted, a paper containing the following remarks:—

'The first assembly of Notables has apprised the nation, that the government accepts the control of public opinion. That is a false and dangerous position, if the government is not strong enough to enlighten public opinion, to direct, and control it. France has demanded the States-General: it was indispensable to grant them. It is equally impossible to resist the double number of the *tiers-état*: but as yet nothing but your own faults threatens the authority of the Crown. Your variations, your weaknesses, your inconsistencies, have deprived you of the resource of absolute power. Since you have shown that your embarrassments compel you to have recourse to the councils and the aid of the nation, you can no longer move without the nation. The strength of the nation is your strength, but your wisdom must govern this strength: if you leave it to act uncurbed and unguided, you will be crushed by it. You must therefore not wait to see what the States-General demand or command of you. You must make haste to offer all that men of sense can desire within the reasonable limits of authority on the one hand and of popular rights on the other.

'Everything ought to be foreseen and arranged in the councils of the King before the opening of the States-General. You should determine what may be abandoned, without danger, of antiquated or mischievous forms, maxims, and institutions. Whatever experience and public reason proscribe, beware of defending it: but do not commit the imprudence of leaving the foundations and essential conditions of the royal authority to be debated by a tumultuous assembly. Begin by making large concessions to the wants and wishes of the nation, but be prepared to defend, even by force, all that the violence of faction or the folly of systems may seek to assail. In the forlorn state of uncertainty and embarrassment you are in, you have no strength at all. I feel it. I see it. Quit this attitude. Let your plans and your concessions be frank and energetic. In a word be decided, which you are not. What semblance of order and reason can you expect in an assembly of twelve hundred legislators, taken from all classes in the country, without experience or the habit of debate, and distracted by party spirit and by the conflict of so many interests and opinions? If you do not begin by fixing their course, and by surrounding them with instructions from their constituents and checks they cannot

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break through, you may expect every form of extravagance and disorder.' (Vol. i. p. 222–24.)

Malouet himself had drawn up the cahier of his own instructions from the electors of Riom, at their request, in which he had reserved an ample share of power to the future House of Commons. To this Necker and Montmorin answered, 'You may be right to concede as much as possible to the 'Commons: but on the other hand consider what the resist-'ance of the nobles and the clergy will be.' Malouet replied that it was not the resistance of the nobles and the clergy he saw reason to fear. It is remarkable that at the very outset of this great enterprise, the true dangers which threatened the monarchy and the nation should have been so clearly discerned, but that the warning should have been given utterly in vain. No stronger proof could be given of the total inability of M. Necker to deal with such a crisis.

These Memoirs relate another anecdote of the same period, which is still more characteristic of M. Necker, and which throws a new light on the disposition and views of Mirabeau. It was in the month of May 1789, within a very few days of the meeting of the States-General, that, to Malouet's great surprise, Mirabeau accosted him. Of his person, up to that time, Malouet knew nothing; of his reputation, he knew too much. Indeed in justice to all parties it should be borne in mind that Mirabeau had but just arrived at Versailles, preceded by his detestable reputation; that the Assembly refused to hear him the first time he rose to address it; and that he had as yet given no proofs of the tremendous power he was to exercise over its proceedings. At that moment nobody could divine that this profligate scapegrace was for the next two years to be the ruling genius of the Revolution.* Mirabeau, however, knew his own strength, and this was the first use he made of it. Having sent MM. Duroverai and Dumont to Malouet to request that he would grant him an interview, which was acceded to, Mirabeau addressed him in the following terms:—

'"Sir," said he, "I come to you on the strength of your reputation, and your opinions, which are more nearly akin to my own than you suppose, are the motives of my conduct. You are, I know, one of the

* M. Dumont in his Memoirs draws an interesting picture of the state of irritation and mortification of Mirabeau (page 48), and he mentions the interview between Mirabeau and Necker; but he does not seem to have known what occurred on this occasion, and imagined that the interview was not 'tout à fait stérile.'

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wise friends of liberty, and so am I. You are alarmed at the storm gathering about us; I am not less so. There are amongst us many hot heads, many dangerous men. In the two upper Orders, in the aristocracy, those who are clever have not a grain of common sense; and among the fools I know a good many capable of setting fire to a barrel of gunpowder. The question is whether the monarchy and the monarch will survive the coming tempest, or whether the faults already committed, and those which will probably be committed hereafter, will not swallow us all up."

'There he stopped, as it were to give me time to say something. I can scarcely describe the effect produced on me by this declaration. It bore no mark of the man whom I had heard speak, nor of the man as he had been described to me, nor of the man whose history I knew: but I had no right to call him to account as to his conduct: his talents were known to me. Whether this overture was made to me in good faith or not, I could not reject it, and I replied, "Sir, I have so high an opinion of your abilities, that I do not hesitate to believe what you say, and I am impatient to hear what more you have to add." "What I have to add," said M. de Mirabeau, "is very simple. I know you are a friend of M. Necker and M. de Montmorin, who are the mainstay of the King's government; I don't like either of them, and I don't suppose they like me: but dislikes don't signify if we can come to an understanding. I wish therefore to know their intentions. I apply to you to obtain for me an interview. They must be very guilty or very stupid—the King himself would be inexcusable—if they think they can reduce these States-General to the same terms and the same results which they had of old. Things will not go on in that manner. They ought to have a plan of adoption or opposition to certain principles. If their plan is reasonable, and within the system of the monarchy, I undertake to support it and to employ all my powers and all my influence to prevent the invasion of democracy which is advancing upon us."

'This language went to my heart. Who would have said that M. de Mirabeau was the only man who thought as I did, who desired what I desired, and what I had so strongly and so vainly recommended? I could scarcely conceal my satisfaction, though I was so prejudiced against him, that I still apprehended some trick or snare to be guarded against. I said therefore that I was convinced of the good faith of the King and of his ministers, and that they contemplated all that was reasonable and possible in reform and improvement by means of a free government. "Well then," said Mirabeau, "let them make haste to declare and to prove it. Not by vague words, but by a fixed plan—that is what I want. If it is a good one, I will adopt it. If, on the contrary, they are trifling with us, *I shall be found on the breach.*"' (Vol. i. p. 278.)

Not without difficulty did Malouet succeed in persuading the Ministers to grant Mirabeau this audience. They both detested him, and M. de Montmorin, declaring he was a cheat, refused to be present at it. Necker sate looking at the ceiling,

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as was his habit, but agreed at last to see him, though he was fully convinced that Mirabeau had not, and never would have, any real influence. The meeting was fixed for the following morning at eight o'clock, when it took place; but unhappily Malouet himself, from motives of delicacy, did not think it discreet to be present at it, and instead of accompanying Mirabeau to present him to the Minister, he left these two antipathetic beings to encounter one another. The result of this error in judgment was fatal. At the hour of the meeting of the Assembly, shortly after the interview had taken place, Mirabeau arrived flushed with anger, and as he passed Malouet, striding over the benches, he exclaimed, 'Your man is a fool. 'He shall hear of me.' Two or three days later the mystery was explained. The dry Genevese banker and the impetuous Provençal demagogue were face to face. 'Sir,' said Mirabeau, 'M. Malouet has assured me that you understand and ap-'prove the motives of the explanation which I seek to have 'with you.' 'Sir,' replied Necker, 'M. Malouet tells me that 'you have some propositions to make to me. What are they?' Mirabeau, stung by the chilling tone of the Minister, and by the sense he attached to the word 'propositions' (which seemed to imply a bribe), sprang from his chair, and exclaimed, 'My 'proposition is to wish you good morning:' and off he went. Within a month followed Necker's deplorable appearance at the Séance Royale; the celebrated scene of the Tennis-court; and the full torrent of the Revolution!

Perhaps there is not an incident in history, in which a bad manner and a want of tact have produced more important and disastrous consequences. If M. Necker had succeeded in making a friend of Mirabeau, instead of converting him into an enemy, the course of the French Revolution and the history of the world might have been altered. At the same time, as we have already suggested, it was not unnatural that Necker should be prejudiced against Mirabeau by his previous life and reputation, and that he failed to discover in so odious a personage the great champion of constitutional monarchy. The most curious part of the story, historically speaking, is the proof it affords that Mirabeau was at the very outset of the Revolution fully aware of the tremendous perils ahead, and that the proposal to attach himself to the cause of the monarchy, on reasonable conditions, came from himself. In this respect the story of the interview of Necker and Mirabeau has been grossly misrepresented by M. Thiers and other historians of the Revolution. M. Thiers states that Malouet had attempted to bring about a connexion between Mirabeau

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and Necker, but that Mirabeau '*frequently refused it*,' and he adds a note impeaching the veracity of Malouet and Bertrand de Moleville on this transaction, but without alleging any proof to the contrary. Malouet's high character, and the circumstantial details he gives in these Memoirs, appear to us to attest beyond all doubt, that it was Mirabeau who sought the interview with the Minister, and Necker who, by his coldness and reserve, repelled his advances.

The reader will not find in these Memoirs any important additions to the well-known narrative of the incidents and occurrences of the Revolution, and the author has not attempted to relate what is sufficiently recorded by a multitude of writers. But his personal narrative derives its chief value from the picture he draws of the disposition prevailing in the National Assembly, and of the ineffectual attempts of that body to accomplish its own purposes, chiefly for want of any real leader. The following passage is singularly striking :—

'It is certain that Louis XVI. had never any other design than that of terminating the Revolution by a reasonable free constitution. It is not less true that this was all the majority of the Assembly desired, and that half the minority had the same intentions. How came it to pass that this large number of persons, all wishing the same thing, and able to accomplish that thing by a decided and sustained effort of the will, were nevertheless so constantly divided, and in such perpetual conflict, that they always fell short of the mark or overshot it? By what cruel fatality was absurdity always more powerful than reason? Eloquence, courage, and virtue proved useless. A fatal weakness, audacity without talent, exaggeration without motives, violence without necessity, brought about with astonishing facility all the ills that have overwhelmed us. No history of troubles, similar to our own, affords a solution of this problem. Marius governed his democrats; Sylla his aristocrats; Cromwell his Puritans; in France anarchy began with anarchy, and sprang armed from the brain of the populace. In a word, EQUALITY upset all heads, and no one was found strong enough to set them right again. To push forward was the path to notoriety. No strong man, at this great epoch, except Mirabeau, preceded Napoleon.' (Vol. ii. p. 123.)

Unhappy the land and the people which have known in their hour of trial no strength but in the genius of destruction and the genius of force! But the sentiment conveyed in these remarks is identical with that of the English poet Wordsworth in the memorable sonnet in which he speaks of the French Revolution as a thing guided by

'No master spirit, no determined road;'

and the criticism is as just at the present moment as it was eighty years ago.

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'In representative governments, it is supposed that the majority makes the laws: nothing is more untrue: it is so much in the nature of power to seek concentration, that always and everywhere a minority governs. In political assemblies an attentive observer will remark two kinds of active minorities: the one driving ahead, the other holding back. The greater number are passive, and the majority is formed by the forward or the backward current: but in a popular movement the forward action always prevails, unless the resistance to it can make itself feared. Those who may hereafter write the history of the Revolution must start from this principle to explain its course, and must not forget that the chief element in all majorities is a timid crowd.' (Vol. ii. p. 195.)

M. Malouet's reflections on the Revolution are a commentary on this text. We commend it to the meditation of our readers. To us it appears that nothing more just or wise has been said on the subject.

The first person M. Malouet saw on his arrival in London after having escaped the massacre of September, in which his friend M. de Clermont-Tonnerre perished, was Mr. Burke. Burke, he says, had all the ideas of a French aristocrat, and held that the only hope for France was to restore everything to the state it was in before the commencement of the Revolution. We doubt if Burke ever really held so preposterous an opinion; but it is certain that he viewed with little favour the men, like Mounier and Lally, whose moderation had been almost as fatal to the monarchy and to themselves, as the silence of their colleagues. Malouet belonged to the same party, and as he never wavered in his attachment to the cause of constitutional freedom in France (which Burke thought inapplicable to that country), no great intimacy sprang up between them.

With Lord Grenville, Malouet was more fortunate. It had happened ten years before that in driving across the forest of Fontainebleau on his way from Toulon to Paris, Malouet had fallen in with an English gentleman, whose carriage had broken down on the road. Malouet politely offered him a seat to Paris in his own coach, and found on inquiry that the traveller was no other than Mr. Thomas Grenville, then on his way from Naples, where he had been engaged in negotiations for the peace of 1783. Malouet fancied that Lord Grenville and his brother were one and the same person, and therefore called on the Minister to remind him of this little passage and to renew their acquaintance. 'It is my carriage,' said he, 'which has now broken down, but I don't ask you to 'mend it—the task would be too difficult.' Lord Grenville explained the mistake, but received M. Malouet with great

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courtesy, and soon took him into his confidence, and introduced him to Mr. Pitt and Dundas.

The intimacy which sprang up between Malouet and the British Ministers led to a very curious transaction, no account of which has, as far as we know, been published. We have already stated that Malouet had in early life visited St. Domingo. He spent five years there before his return to France in 1773; he married a lady of some fortune in the island; and he also acquired considerable property there, which he retained at the outset of the Revolution. Amongst the French emigrants to England, there was a considerable number of West Indian proprietors, and the preservation of their colonial property was the more important to them as they were entirely cut off from their resources in France, where their possessions had been confiscated. No sooner was war declared between England and the French revolutionary government, than these French West Indians resolved to solicit from the British Government means of protection against the negro insurrection, which was notoriously fomented by the Convention. Malouet convoked a general meeting of these persons, who, to the number of 104, agreed to make him their representative armed with full powers to treat with the British Government, and to do whatever he thought right for the welfare of the colony. He explained to the meeting that they had no right to dispose of the sovereignty of the island or to transfer their allegiance as colonists to the British Crown. The fate of the island must be determined by the treaty of peace which would terminate the war. But he proposed that during the contest the colony should be sequestrated and placed under the protection of the British Government, which in return would engage to respect the personal and possessory rights of the French planters. An agreement—M. Malouet calls it a treaty—was actually concluded and signed between him and Mr. Dundas, to this effect. The negotiation was carried on through Lord Grenville with the sanction of Mr. Pitt. An expedition against St. Domingo was fitted out in Jamaica, which sailed on the 9th September 1793, under the orders of Colonel Whitelocke, landed in the island and soon took possession of Jérémie, Cape St. Nicolas, and Léogane. On the 4th June 1794 General Whyte took Port au Prince, but a formidable resistance to the English was organised by General de Labeaux and by Toussaint-Louverture, who made his appearance in the spring of that year and raised the blacks. Upon this turn in affairs Malouet advised the British Government to withdraw its troops, but to furnish some assistance in

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money to enable the French West Indians to hire about 3,000 Spanish adventurers, which, with a German regiment on the spot, would, he thought, enable them to put down the negroes and retain the colony. Mr. Huskisson, then Under-secretary of State, and Mr. George Ellis approved this plan. Lord Grenville and Mr. Dundas adopted it, and agreed to hand over the colony to Malouet, with an annual subsidy of 100,000*l.* Sir Ralph Abercromby, who commanded in the West Indies, was instructed to instal the French planters in the colony and withdraw the British troops. Malouet stipulated that a French general should have the supreme command in the island, and this officer was no other than the Marquis de Bouillé; he himself was to go out in the highest civil capacity. And what was still more extraordinary, he entered into correspondence with some members of the Directory, which had then succeeded to the government of France, to induce them to consent to this arrangement, as the only means of preserving the colony to the French. The Directory threw cold water on the undertaking: and it was equally opposed by the Duke of Portland, no unimportant member of the British Government, who interested himself on behalf of a M. Lambert, a gentleman who had held a place of 3,000*l.* a year in the colony, but with whom Malouet and his colleague could not agree. Daunted by these obstacles, and having himself no great confidence in the expedition, M. de Bouillé threw it up, and as Malouet declared that it was impossible to carry it on without him, the whole thing fell to the ground. The British troops were withdrawn, under General Maitland, on the 10th October 1798, by virtue of a convention with Toussaint-Louverture. We had occupied a great part of the island for five years, and the editor of these volumes affirms that this unfortunate and abortive expedition cost us 45,000 men and 500,000*l.* The British Ministers continued to protect Malouet against the attacks to which this transaction exposed him, and he never forfeited their confidence. He speaks with complacency of his own share in the transaction, and we believe that he was actuated by honourable motives; but he was totally misled by his interests and former experience as a planter, and he evidently miscalculated the difficulties any such expedition would have had to surmount.

Malouet returned to France in 1801 and took service under the First Consul. In 1810 he was raised to the dignity of a Councillor of State, and in that capacity he had the courage openly to express his opposition to the fatal expedition against the Russian Empire. This act of independence was never forgiven, and by a letter from Moscow dated the 3rd

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October 1812, the Emperor deprived him of his post and ordered him to take up his residence forty leagues from Paris. The Restoration found him in Touraine, and one of the first acts of Louis XVIII. was to recall him to Paris and place him in the Cabinet as Minister of Marine. He might hope at that moment that the aspirations of his earlier life were realised and that the long-wished era of constitutional monarchy was established in France. Happily, perhaps, for himself he did not live to see them again frustrated, for on the 6th September, 1814, his useful and honourable life came to an end.

It is impossible, as we remarked at the commencement of this article, to revert to these earlier records of the French Revolution, and especially to the opinions and the fears of moderate and intelligent men in the great crisis of 1789, without being struck by the extraordinary resemblance which exists between the National Assembly of that period and the National Assembly which has for the last four years attempted to shape and control the destinies of France. Each of these periods may best be described as an *interregnum*, for the authority of the ancient French monarchy virtually came to an end with the meeting of the States-General, and the task of the Assembly, then as now, was to determine what was to be put in its place. In those early days, when men were full of enthusiasm and of hope, it was supposed to be no difficult or impracticable undertaking to construct a free and permanent political constitution. Burke alone proclaimed to Europe the dangers and difficulties of the Revolution, when a nation had once broken down all the traditions of its existence, and, as we have just seen, Malouet, Mounier, the Abbé Raynal, and even Mirabeau were not blind to the perils of their situation. But probably even they did not foresee that the net result of so many changes, of so many efforts, and so many crimes might possibly, in a political sense, be—*nothing*. 'To 'balance a large state or society,' says Hume, 'whether mo-'narchical or republican, on general laws, is a work of so great 'difficulty, that no human genius, however comprehensive, 'is able, by dint of mere reason and reflection, to effect it. The 'judgments of many must unite in the work; experience 'must guide their labour; time must bring it to perfection; 'and the feeling of inconveniences must correct the mistakes 'which they inevitably fall into, in their first trials and ex-'periments.' Or, to borrow a striking phrase from one of Tocqueville's letters, 'The Revolution has not stopped. It

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'no longer, indeed, brings to light any great novelties, but it 'still keeps everything afloat. The mighty wheel turns and 'brings nothing up, but it seems that it will turn for ever.'

No Assembly has existed in France, from 1789 to the present day, which more fairly represents all ranks and opinions of the nation, than that which was elected in 1870, and which, at the time we write, is still sitting at Versailles; and whatever may be its defects, it should never be forgotten that France owes to this Assembly the restoration of order and authority and the maintenance of the public credit during a protracted period of extraordinary difficulties. It is a single Assembly, composed of 750 members, and invested with sovereign power —indeed the only real power in the State, that of the Marshal being derived from it. Like the States-General of 1789, the existing National Assembly has in fact arrogated to itself constituent authority, having been elected for a different, and far more limited purpose. The upper classes, the remains of the French aristocracy, and the great landowners, whose patriotism shone conspicuously in the war, were returned in 1870 in considerable, though not excessive, numbers. The great bulk of the most intelligent politicians belonging to the middle classes found seats. The advanced republican party exists there in a proportion at least equal to its real strength in the country. Even the Bonapartists are not without representatives of influence and ability, and their number tends to increase. A dissolution and election might give a greater preponderance to one or other of these parties, and probably it would eradicate the aristocratical and royalist element. But as a fair representation of the opinions existing in the country, this Assembly is a just reflection of the nation. A triumph obtained by the extinction of a minority may lead to momentary success, but the minority, with its rights and opinions, is still in existence, and will make itself felt even though it be not heard.

Unhappily the varieties of opinion which subsist in the nation and in the Assembly are numerous and they are irreconcilable. These factions are strongly tinged with class prejudices and personal interests, and the confusion is rendered more complete and hopeless by the singular absence of that commanding genius and influence which stamp a man as a chief and leader of his fellow-men. Were one such man to appear, the difficulty would be half solved, for as Malouet observes in the remarkable passage we just now quoted from him, 'the chief element in all majorities is a timid crowd'—men follow readily enough where they are really led. But the events of the last four years only confirm the truth of a remark

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made a great many years ago, that 'La révolution Française 'mène les hommes, bien plus que les hommes ne mènent la ré- 'volution.'

We should as soon believe in the construction of a world by the dynamic power or mechanical evolutions of the atoms, which have turned the heads of our modern philosophers, as we should expect the structure of a political constitution by a conflict of passions, interests, and intelligences undirected by any powerful will. The French Constitution of 1791 was produced in that manner; it was a masterpiece of absurdity. Another Constitution was framed in 1848, by a committee of statesmen, some of whom were wise and eminent; but it was equally shortlived and ridiculous. We fear that the efforts of the French Assembly in the last few months will only furnish another proof of the utter futility of the attempt to evolve from a popular Assembly the elements of a well-ordered State.

The Constitutional Laws which have now been adopted by considerable majorities of the Assembly, and which will doubtless become for a time the basis of the existing Government of France, are the result of a coalition between two parties, neither of which has obtained what it desires, but both have acquiesced in this constitution as the most effectual mode of opposing the restoration of the Empire. The main features of the scheme, and its whole spirit and intention, bear indisputable marks of its origin. It is manifestly the work of the Constitutional Party, of which Marshal Macmahon and the Duke de Broglie are the chiefs. These statesmen have never denied that they would have preferred the re-establishment of the Constitutional Monarchy; but as that has been rendered impossible for the time by personal reasons, they have endeavoured to call into existence a Constitutional Monarchy without a monarch, and they anticipate that these new institutions will leave the actual possession and exercise of power in the hands of the moderate party and of their friends. The Ministry formed on this basis is apparently identical with that which would probably have been formed by the Comte de Paris if it had been possible to place him on the throne, though that accomplished prince is a man of more decided liberal opinions than most of his friends and supporters. The Constitutional Party, including the whole Right Centre and a large share of the Left Centre, have got a portion of what they desired under the name of the Republic; the Left have got the name of the Republic, but at present nothing more. It will not be long before the Ministers of a Conservative President will be assailed with just as much fury as if they

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were the Ministers of a Constitutional Sovereign. One party in this coalition have therefore (for the present) the thing without the name they prefer; the other party have the name without the thing. It is obvious that nothing but the extreme dread of an Imperial restoration, which is common to both, can keep them in harmony. But, if we are not mistaken, the popular party will soon discover that under the specious name of a Republic they have really established a strongly repressive and anti-democratic form of government. It by no means follows of necessity that a Republic is a very free or popular form of government. There are numerous instances in antiquity of Republics which were quite the reverse. A Republican government which exercises a repressive power does it with far more weight and force than a Monarchical government pursuing the same policy; because the Republic acts in the name of the entire nation, the Monarchy in the name of the King. M. Buffet's address on the formation of the new Cabinet breathed nothing but the spirit of the sternest conservative resistance to the Revolution--not one word of liberty. The object of the framers of these Constitutional Laws would seem to be to construct machinery by which republican institutions should be so applied as to control popular impulses, and as we shall presently show, the Senate, chosen by a small and select constituency, is to exercise a paramount restraint over an Assembly elected by universal suffrage. This problem is in itself a strange and perplexing one, but what is still more curious is that a large and all-powerful popular assembly should itself have consented to place this restraint upon its successors.

M. Buffet, who may now be regarded as the First Minister of France (for, as we understand it, the President of the Republic is, like a constitutional sovereign, to exercise an indirect rather than a direct influence on politics), is a fair representative of those liberal, highminded, and accomplished men who form the Parliamentary party in France. He was brought up in the school of political opinion of the late Duke de Broglie, Rossi, and Royer-Collard, men who sought to combat the principles of the revolution by the principles of moderate freedom, and to imitate the course which the Whig party have played in the affairs of this country. M. Buffet took office under the Emperor Napoleon III. with Count Daru, when the short-lived attempt was made in the winter of 1870 to reconcile the Imperial Government with some of the leaders of the Parliamentary party. He held the post of Minister of Finance in Count Daru's Cabinet, and it was mainly owing to M. Buffet's extreme conscientiousness and sensitiveness in

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rejecting the slightest influence of his Imperial master that this attempt proved abortive. Without even consulting his colleagues, and to the extreme surprise of the Emperor himself, M. Buffet threw up the game. The consequence was that M. Daru dissolved the Cabinet; and the Emperor was again thrown into the hands of the courtiers and adventurers, whose rashness and profligacy proved so fatal to France. If that Cabinet had retained a firm hold on power (and it is admitted that the Emperor never played them false) instead of abandoning the ship at the first breeze, the whole course of events in France and Europe might have been changed. We cannot therefore acquit those Ministers of a certain want of resolution and judgment, though we have no doubt at all that they acted from conscientious motives. But they mistook the lower for the higher principle. In the National Assembly, and especially as President of that Assembly, M. Buffet has shown very eminent qualities. He has been sufficiently firm to repress the violent and the factious; he has been sufficiently conciliatory to win the respect of the whole moderate party. No man has a more honourable reputation; he is not even suspected of being instigated by personal motives, or of any derogation from the loftiest principles of political action. Under his auspices we have no doubt that Parliamentary Government will again have, in France, a fair trial; and if it fails, it will be because the representatives of that noble faith owe their influence to their talents and character, but not to their numbers; and that the work in which they are now engaged will, as of old, be traversed and thwarted by the revolution on the one hand and by the royalist reaction on the other.

The task proposed to itself by this party and by the majority of this Assembly—putting aside the small fractions of ultra-Royalists and Bonapartists—is not only the construction of a government but the constitution of a Republic, called a conservative Republic by some, intended to be a democratic Republic by others. But this only aggravates the difficulty of the undertaking; for if a republic be the noblest form of government, it is certainly that which demands from all classes of society the largest amount of wisdom, forbearance, and political experience. It proves nothing in favour of a republican scheme of government that all other forms of government have been tried and have failed. Republics of several kinds, conventional, communal, directorial, consular, and presidential, have already been tried in France and have failed much sooner and more completely than the different forms of monarchy—not one of them, indeed, has ever secured five

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years of peace and good government to the nation. M. Thiers abandoned his old allegiance to the cause of constitutional monarchy for a dream of the Republic, because it is the government 'qui nous divise le moins,' and because it is the government in which he could play the most important part. Yet it is obvious that a republic, even with M. Thiers at the head of it, would leave all the factions and ambitions which now prey on France in possession of a wide field for an interminable struggle, calculated only to ensure an indefinite prolongation of the revolution; and as an eminent diplomatist once remarked to that indefatigable politician, 'Avez vous 'songé à vos successeurs?'

It is the fashion of some writers of the present time, living themselves in a monarchical country, to speak of the republic as a haven of rest from the storms and calamities of a disputed succession, and as the most advanced stage in the science of government; on the principle, we suppose, that when a man is on the ground he can fall no lower. But it is an utter delusion to suppose that republican institutions necessarily close the cycle of revolution, because there is nothing beyond them and behind them. Reason and history demonstrate by principle and by example, that there *is* something behind them, and something infinitely to be dreaded by every sincere lover of freedom. There is military despotism and Cæsarian empire. In states so governed, the army and the chiefs of the army, especially in a military age, are a standing menace to the people and the chiefs of the people, and, sooner or later, whether as the result of internal dissensions or of foreign war, the army and its head will infallibly get the upper hand. We should congratulate the French on their acceptance of a republican form of government, if we were certain that it would secure to the nation as much permanent freedom as is now enjoyed by the people of this country. There are cases in which the authority of monarchy is shaken and the traditions of royalty defaced: it were well if republican government could supply the place of them. But it is our firm belief that it cannot. Behind the Consul we see the Emperor; behind the clamour of a popular Assembly we hear the tramp of the Ironsides of Cromwell or the grenadiers of Bonaparte; and the capital objection in our eyes to these attempts to establish republican institutions in such states as Spain or France, is, that we believe they lead, by an inevitable process and reaction, to the establishment of the worst form of despotism, or to the last fatal alternative of social dissolution.

The word 'republic' covers a vast deal of ground, and con-

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veys a great many different meanings. No two men have in view exactly the same object when they use it, nor do they regard it from the same point of sight. The Polish Republic was semi-monarchical, the Venetian aristocratic, and the Dutch municipal; the Swiss Cantons formed a rural confederacy, the United States a confederacy of colonial democracies. We can discover but one condition common to them all, which is, that the supreme power in the State passes in republics by election, as it passes in monarchies by descent. Is it then a desirable thing or not that the supreme power in the State should be a perpetual subject of contention between parties and persons, or that it should be withdrawn from the arena of political strife by being vested in a single family and transmitted in a line of hereditary succession? A prime minister of England is invested with great power, but he may lose all his power in a moment without causing any perturbation in the country; not so if he were the actual head of the State. The fall of a minister is a mere incident in political life; the fall of the supreme head of the State is a revolution.

In America, where the elective system has answered best, it produces this effect, that the agitation is in reality permanent, for no sooner is a president elected than his views of policy are turned to provide against the inevitable termination of his period of office. He seeks first to prolong it for a second term, and then, if possible, to hand it over to a member of his own party. Even there, within one century of the foundation of the commonwealth, the election of President Lincoln caused the bloodiest and most costly civil war in the annals of the world. More frequently such dangers have been avoided by the election of second-rate men and the exclusion of the most eminent citizens. Very rarely indeed is the worthiest candidate raised to the highest seat of power.

What would be the effect in France of establishing a form of government under which the supreme power in the State should be conferred for a limited period by universal suffrage? It would not be difficult to answer the question on general principles: but we have more than general principles, we have an example. In 1848 France had General Cavaignac as a candidate for the presidency of the Republic, and if France could have endured a Washington, he might have been the man. He was an honest republican, a man of spotless character and good abilities, a tried soldier, and he had recently put down a formidable sedition. The republic might have been safe for a few years in his hands. But when the election came Prince Louis Bonaparte had five millions and a half of votes

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and his competitor fifteen hundred thousand. The Prince was chosen by the people, not certainly to preserve the republic, but to destroy it—which he did not fail to do. To obviate this danger it is enacted by the new French Constitution that the President shall be elected by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies voting together in one National Assembly. He is to hold office for seven years and to be re-eligible.

There is one peculiarity in American institutions and history which strikes us as very creditable to them. When once a man has filled the office of President for one, or at most, two periods of four years, he sinks into total obscurity; his political career is closed, he is heard of no more. We believe that no ex-president of the United States has ever held any other office or function after his presidency. Does anyone who is acquainted with the French character or the French nation suppose that this species of extinction would be accepted in France by any man of genius and ambition who had once occupied the presidential chair? If M. Thiers had been elected President for seven or fourteen years in 1848, can anyone imagine that he would have disappeared from public life at the end of that term and been heard of no more? Even in England we doubt if such a thing would be possible. The shadows of departed presidents would strangely haunt their acting successor: and in France no man would willingly lay down so much authority, if he had wielded it with success.

That circumstance alone would be fatal to true republicanism, for the headship of the State must speedily become incorporate in a man, who would be but a Cæsar in disguise. An hereditary sovereign has no need to encroach on the liberties of his subjects or to resort to force or intrigue to maintain the uncontested rights to which he is born; but an elected ruler, ambitious to perpetuate his power, may become the most dangerous enemy of the Constitution, the more so if he persuade himself that the duration of his power is essential to the safety of the State. Again, an hereditary sovereign excites no jealousy, for he fills a place set apart from the contests of ordinary ambition; but a man raised by the chance of election above his fellows is watched by a thousand greedy eyes, and his supremacy awakens the thought of Cassius:—

> 'I had as lief not live as live to be
> In awe of such a thing as I myself.'

For such reasons as these an elected ruler, raised for a time to supreme power, is exposed to temptations and to rivalries to which an hereditary sovereign is not exposed; and in no

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country in the world do these temptations and rivalries acquire so much force as in the military and democratic society of France.

There is, however, one portion of the scheme propounded by the constitutional or moderate party in the present Assembly which distinguishes their labours from those of their predecessors, and which seems to be entitled to the credit of novelty and ingenuity. Aware, as it would seem, of the dangers arising from an elective head of the executive who has the command of the army on the one hand, and from a large democratic assembly on the other, they have interposed between these two discordant elements a third body under the name of a Great Council or Senate, which should at once strengthen and control the executive and oppose a barrier to pure democracy. This piece of constitutional mechanism has not existed in any former French Constitution; for the Chamber of Peers enjoyed no real power under the Monarchy, and the Senate was, after all, but an idle appendage to the Empire. If the Republic be consolidated in the form which is now sought to be given to it, it would seem that the Senate will become the weightiest and most powerful body in the State—an idea no doubt derived from the Senate of the United States, which represents the Federal principle and is the true moderator of the American Constitution. Whenever power is divided between two assemblies, one or the other of them must be or must become the stronger of the two ; if they are precisely equipollent in practice as well as in theory, the result would be a dead lock. Thus in England before 1832 the House of Lords was more powerful than the House of Commons ; since the Reform Bill the House of Commons is more powerful than the House of Lords. But hitherto in almost every known Constitution an irresistible force has been possessed by that branch of a free government which has the people on its side. The real design of the French Conservative Republicans, as they term themselves, is obviously to constitute a Senate which shall be more powerful than the popular Assembly, and capable of controlling the movements of a body chosen by universal suffrage. So that they propose to establish a second elective body of 300 members, chosen by a more restricted constituency and from the higher classes of society, for the avowed purpose of checking and in some degree superseding the more popular branch of the Legislature. The constituency by which the Senate is to be elected will amount, it is supposed, to 42,000 votes, all told, a very small proportion of the huge constituencies of France, voting by universal

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suffrage, and amounting to about 9,000,000. Each senator will have about 200 constituents, belonging chiefly to the upper classes. This picked constituency is to consist of the *conseils généraux*, and a single delegate of each municipality who will generally be the mayor. One quarter of it (seventy-five) will be chosen by the National Assembly, but chosen for life. The age of the senator must be forty years. These conditions are all designed to give greater moderation and stability to the Government, and the functions of the Senate would correspond to the mode of its elections. It will share in some of the powers of the Executive Government, and above all in that of dissolving the Lower House, which is an act of sovereignty, and it will have a large share in the choice of its own members by filling up the casual vacancies that occur. The number of the Lower House or Chamber of Deputies is to be fixed at 500, so that the two bodies united will not be much more numerous than the present National Assembly.

Such a body, so appointed, would in all probability comprise within its walls a large number of the most eminent men in France, who in the present state of feeling have but a small chance of re-election by the popular constituencies. But it must be remembered that if three hundred of the ablest men in the country are removed into the Upper House, they are taken away from the Lower, where their influence would be very powerful and might be more useful; for unless the Upper House can assert its superiority, the influence of such men is rather lessened than increased by the change. The personal influence of the most eminent members of the British peerage would evidently be much more strongly felt if they could sit in the House of Commons, and the device of placing them in a separate Assembly, which is not supreme and not elective, has the effect of limiting their real power. It is therefore by no means certain whether such an institution as the proposed French Senate will strengthen or weaken the conservative element in the Constitution, or whether it will have the strength to maintain itself at all in a conflict against the more popular body. The French Revolution began in 1789 by overthrowing the distinction of the three Orders and confounding them in one Assembly, in which the Commons far outnumbered the other two classes, and this no doubt was the first fatal step towards all that followed. It would be strange if the last phase of the Revolution were to restore some such distinction, and subdivide the Assembly into its more moderate and its more violent ingredients. Such an experiment is, at

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least, very curious and interesting, and it is not free from objections. For a Senate it is much too numerous. The French appear to think that it is the duty of every member of Parliament to attend daily and constantly in his place. That is a great hindrance to public business. In England, the House of Commons consists of 648 members, and the House of Peers of nearly 500, but except on the occasion of great political divisions, not more than half the House is present. If all the members habitually attended, the numbers should be reduced. The American Senate consists, we believe, of 76 members, two for each state. The French scheme assumes that about 800 competent persons can be found in the country able and willing to devote their whole time to public life, and to reside in or near the capital. That is scarcely possible unless they are paid, either by a salary or by perquisites, and, if paid, politics become a trading speculation. It is an enormous waste of power to employ 800 men of intelligence to do what might be done much better by 500. Again, we regret to see that it is proposed that some senators should be elected by the National Assembly *for life*. That would prolong the influence of each Assembly long after it had ceased to exist; and if a mistake is made by the election of a foolish, troublesome, or wrong-headed individual, it ought not to be irreparable. The real reason for making the Senate so numerous probably is that it will unite with the Chamber of Deputies for the discharge of several important elective and constituent functions, the two Chambers voting in one body. In that case the addition of 300 votes, belonging chiefly to the conservative side, and acting in conjunction with the conservative section of the lower or more popular Chamber of 500, in the collective body, would always turn the scale and paralyse the democratic branch of the legislature. But this much is clear, that the constitution of such a Senate is the leading feature in the last scheme of the French Republic, and that without it the fabric must perish between the contending factions of Jacobins and Imperialists. Our fear is, we acknowledge, that this scheme of government which commends itself to the virtuous and patriotic men who have invented it, has no hold on the nation, and will collapse in the shock of stronger parties and fiercer passions.

One lesson may be learned from the state of France since the fall of the Second Empire, which is certainly a novel one, and which, but for this example, we should have conceived to be impossible. It appears that a country possessing strong administrative institutions may continue to exist, and even to

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flourish, without any definite form of political government at all. The laws are obeyed, justice is administered, the taxes are paid, great financial difficulties are overcome, the credit of the nation is maintained, the army is reconstituted and its discipline is improved, public order is unbroken, and society goes on in its accustomed course, whilst a turbulent and disunited Assembly is debating the fundamental principles of a political constitution. This circumstance is highly creditable to the French people and to its temporary rulers. But it would be wrong to presume upon it too much or too long. The external influence of a nation is paralysed when it has no permanent representative; and the machinery which suffices to deal with the ordinary business of society might prove wholly inadequate to meet a great crisis or emergency. Provisional government is a government of temporary expedients, and it inspires no real confidence or respect. Still less can it make any provision for the future, and a form of government avowedly constructed on a lease of a few years is a government or interregnum with an impending revolution at the end of it.

We are tempted to address to our French neighbours, in no unfriendly spirit, a striking passage in the 'Federalist,' which James Madison, one of the founders of the American commonwealth, addressed to his own countrymen when their affairs were in an equally perplexed and unsettled condition.

'To trace the mischievous effects of a mutable government would fill a volume: I will only hint a few, each of which will be perceived to be the source of innumerable others. In the first place, it forfeits the respect and confidence of other nations, and all the advantages connected with national character. An individual who is observed to be inconsistent in his plans, or perhaps to carry on his affairs without any plan at all, is marked at once by all prudent people as a speedy victim to his own unsteadiness and folly. His more friendly neighbours may pity him, but all will decline to connect their fortunes with him; and not a few will seize the opportunity of making their fortunes out of his. Every nation whose affairs betray a want of wisdom and stability may calculate on every loss that can be sustained from the more systematic policy of its wiser neighbours. But the best instruction on this subject is unhappily conveyed to America by the example of her own situation. She finds that she is held in no respect by her friends; that she is the derision of her enemies; and that she is a prey to every nation which has an interest in speculating on her fluctuating councils and embarrassed affairs. . . . The want of confidence in the public councils damps every useful undertaking, the success and profit of which may depend on a continuance of all existing arrangements. . . . But the most deplorable result of all is that diminution of attachment and reverence, which steals into the hearts

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of the people, towards a political system which betrays so many marks of infirmity and disappoints so many of their flattering hopes.'*

The only period of sober and successful government, uniting in a high degree the principles of order and of liberty, which France has enjoyed since 1789 is to be found in the thirty-four years of the constitutional monarchy from 1814 to 1848, and we still regard the overthrow of that system of government by the successive errors of Charles X. and Louis Philippe, and by the impatience of the Opposition, as the greatest of all her calamities. The electoral basis was undoubtedly far too narrow, and a bolder and more liberal policy might have saved institutions which were sacrificed by a timid and repressive one. Grievous mistakes were made, or the experiment would not have failed. But the problem to be solved still appears to us to differ but little from that which Malouet and his friends endeavoured to meet in 1789; and we are confirmed in this opinion by the fact that innumerable attempts have been made to deal with it by other means, and that these attempts have failed from some inherent vice in the principle on which they rested. The new Constitution which has just been framed is the last of these experiments, and we entertain no doubt of the patriotism and ingenuity of its authors. Their object is to establish a true Parliamentary Government, capable of repressing and terminating the Revolution, without looking too closely to the forms or names under which it may be established. With that object we cordially sympathise, but in truth none of its authors seriously believe in its permanence, and whilst they cling for a moment to a fragment of the wreck or to the raft they have constructed, they feel that the future destinies of the country will be determined by causes and principles over which they have no control. In our judgment every politician who is labouring or caballing to defeat the restoration of the French Monarchy on a constitutional basis, by endeavouring to establish a provisional republic, is in truth unconsciously promoting the ultimate restoration of military and absolute government, represented by the young heir of the Empire; and if France should ever again submit to that last disgrace it will be mainly due to those who have rendered the establishment of a limited monarchy so impracticable a task.

* The Federalist, No. lxii. p. 294.

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ART. IV.—1. *History of the Modern Styles of Architecture.* Second Edition. By JAMES FERGUSSON, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.R.I.B.A. London: 1873.

2. *A History of the Gothic Revival.* By CHARLES L. EASTLAKE, F.R.I.B.A. London: 1872.

THE edifices of a country are the positive, visible, and permanent expressions of the civilisation of its inhabitants. The art of writing, and, later on, the craft of the printer, have conferred a species of immortality on language, so enduring, despite the perishable nature of paper, that we may well anticipate that the poetry of Homer, and the fiery eloquence of Demosthenes, will be fresh in human memory when the last fragment of the Parthenon shall have crumbled into dust. But apart from that literary permanence which results from the ready production of numerous copies, there is no human work of which the durability approaches that of the result of the toil of the architect. It is not the lapse of five thousand years, but the violence of political hatred, or the grasp of avarice, that has stripped the marble casing of the Pyramids. It was not the tooth of Time, or even the throes of earthquakes, but the shells of the Venetian admiral, that shattered the Parthenon. We can no more form an adequate idea of the lapse of time that would be required to obliterate the monuments of the Egyptian kings, than we can of that which has occurred since the cromlech-builders dotted their megalithic sepulchres along crests and points of hills, which we must believe to have been far more readily accessible by water-carriage in their days than in our own. Apart from the ravages of war, or of that form of political enlightenment which uses petroleum as an instrument of civilisation, we may admit that the chief structural monuments reared by man have a tendency to endure, until they are overwhelmed by the slow but certain movement of geological change.

It is not the result of caprice, or the change of transitory fashion, that is alone, or even chiefly, represented by the architecture of a country. As the convolutions of a shell, the spiny processes that guard its mouth, or the rich and delicate colours that bespeak its character as the home of life, convey to the naturalist positive information as to the nature of the animal which, in the dim laboratory of the sea, surrounded its soft flesh with a cuirass of porcelain; so do structural fabrics reveal very much of the nature of the race that reared them. Thus we are taught at once to recognise former states of

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society, by the position, no less than by the form, of ancient buildings. We can tell whether the building race lived in a constant state of warfare and of siege; man defending himself by megalithic walls against the attacks of wild beasts or wilder men; or whether stately windows, open to the sunlight, illumined a life lapped in luxury and careless ease. We can distinguish between the physical condition of a people who buried the chief treasures of their religious rites or political rule in inaccessible swamps, wide marshes, or river valleys; and that of one who perched on lofty hills, from which their chiefs might swoop, like birds of prey, on the plains at their feet. With these we may readily contrast the habits of men who selected sites convenient for sea-borne commerce; or who subdued the wildness of the mountain or of the forest by the toil of the forge and of the mine. We can tell, from architectural relics, very much as to the religion of a people; whether they worshipped, like our Teutonic forefathers, in the shades of dense forests, and surrounded by the simplicity of nature; whether they reared temples of such symmetry and polish as to show that, with them, the good was inseparable from the beautiful; whether they hewed caves, or piled up pyramids, to preserve the embalmed body for the return of the soul, after its long sleep of five hundred years; or whether they brought chapel and oratory, with their tinkling bells, to the door of every inhabitant of sparse hamlet and dense urban district.

Indeed, if we confine our attention to the simple questions of the choice of site, and the alignment of the walls, of ancient buildings, which are points that may be ascertained even after the masonry has crumbled into dust, we shall be able to discover very much as to the civilisation of races otherwise lost to memory. In the intelligent choice of site there is evidence of a difference, not of degree but of kind, between man and those quadrumanous animals which have never yet shown a nearer approach to the work of the architect than is to be found in the bird-like home of the nest-building ape. The points which have been selected, in bygone ages, for military objects, are recognised at a glance, by the soldier of to-day, as suited for the purposes of defence, or for the command of necessary passages from one part of the country to another. Such is the case with many a walled peak along the double crest of the Apennines, many a crusading site in Palestine, many a hold of Norman settlers in England. Again, in the alignment of the sides of the Great Pyramid, in that of the rock-hewn eastern wall of the inner court of the Temple at Jerusalem, and in the position of the index stone in our own

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unrivalled Stonehenge, we have evidence of the amount of astronomical knowledge, or at all events of astronomical observation, of the ancient builders. Nor is it possible to visit, with eyes accustomed to a keen outlook on the beauties of Nature, such a site as that of our great Wiltshire monument, without being convinced that the ancient builders had selected a spot whence a gentle descent, over undulating plain and valley, would at the same time add dignity to the aspect of their megalithic palace, and yield a fair and distant view to its inmates. Thus from the evidence afforded of the selection of site, we can have no hesitation in concluding that the intelligence of the early race was not only cultivated, but tempered by the presence of that perception of the beautiful which is the fountain of poetic and plastic art.

When we find something more than the mere indication of site—an indication which, in Palestine and Eastern Syria, is sometimes only given by a difference in the colour of the soil, which betrays, by its red tint, the former existence of habitations that have left not a stone to tell their tale—when we find the remains of masonry, or even of subaqueous piling and timber-work, we come yet closer to the daily life of the prehistoric, or unrecorded people. The ascertained date of the megalithic structures of Egypt and of Palestine is such as to forbid us to attribute, as a rule, walls like those of Tiryns or of Mycenæ to builders of loftier stature and stouter thews than are now possessed by mankind. But those megalithic structures of which the dates are known are, for the most part, but a reproduction or an imitation of work of which the date is entirely lost in the gloom of the distant past. When we measure and estimate the weight of the enormous blocks of stone that have been perched, as at Baalbec, on lofty elevations, to which it would task the utmost efforts of the engineering science of the present day to rear them, we are driven to adopt one or other of two alternative hypotheses: either the original megalithic builders were a race possessed of physical powers far superior to any now known to exist amongst mankind; or they were the masters of an organised system of labour which betokens a very high condition of mechanical knowledge, as well as of political constitution.

As the relics and ruins of the past are found to retain more and more of the finish of the original structures, so are we able more and more closely to come into contact with the minds, feelings, and habits of their builders. We learn more of the high state of mathematical knowledge among the Greeks from the subtle proportions of their columns, architraves, and

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cornices, than we do from the relics of their literature. We can trace the proud, material, practical, imperial, genius of Rome in the characteristic form of the semicircular arch; whether repeated in countless numbers, by way of substructures, as in the Pont du Gard, or spread as a shadowy vault, as amongst the ruins of Baiæ and Cumæ. The pointed style, whether peeping through narrow lancets, as in the warlike times of the early English builders, or spread into the broad and lofty lights, which were filled with the sparkling glass jewellery of the *cinque cento* period, tells everywhere of the second term of the dominion foretold by the eagles of Romulus. How Arabian art, and culture, and graceful sense of beauty held their own against the less civilised orthodoxy of the Peninsula, and bid fair to establish a monotheistic fatalism on the ruins of the hagiolatry of Europe, is indicated by the Moorish form of the arch, and by the consonant architectural elements of structure and of ornamentation. How, at a not very remote period in our own history, the diabolical ingenuity of a great financier imposed a tax on the air and light of Heaven, is chronicled by many a bricked-up window in our old mansions; and has been the cause of the adoption, amongst ourselves, of a style of building more suited for the stable or the pig-stye than for human abode. Turn where we will, the relics, or the fresh results, of the toil of the architect give a faithful reflexion of the state of civilisation, culture, and comfort common to his country and his age.

The fundamental conception of the occupation of the architect embraces the two ideas of Science and of Art. Architecture, as an art, is the work of the skilled hand; as a science, it is that of the informed and cultivated brain. In the absence of the latter, the limits of the former are narrow, and readily reached. The science of the architect, again, is of a twofold nature. On the one hand it is akin to that of the engineer, and deals with the laws of construction, involving a knowledge of the strength of materials. On the other hand it is cognate with the lore of the sculptor, and relies on the subtle relations of exact numeric proportions. We recently took occasion to show how exact was the canon according to which, in the purest time of his art, the Greek sculptor wrought. So definite and detailed are the rules which relate to the beautiful delineation of the human form, that from measuring the fragment of a *torso*, if it contains certain anatomical points, and if it be of the golden age of sculpture, the height and relative proportions of the entire original statue may be ascertained. Constant reference to numeric relation, such as formed the canon of the sculptor,

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was no less requisite, although somewhat differently applied, in the practice of the architect. In each case a modulus or unit of measurement, by which the relation of the parts to the whole was regulated, is a primary necessity. General systems of proportion, as in the case of the intercolumniation of pillars, and the relation of the diameter of the column to its height, differ as widely, in the different orders, as do the proportions of the infant, the maiden, and the strong man. But in the endless details of mouldings, flutings, and projections, which make up, by their contrasted light and shadow, the magical beauty of the Greek orders, there is ever present a subtle numeric law which, however attained, we feel to be a law of beauty. As the latest researches of the mathematician, armed with the irresistible power of the calculus, have proved that the curves which Straduarius gave to the different parts of his violins are theoretically perfect, so do we find, combined with the lofty instinct of the Grecian architects, an obedience to symmetric law, as exact as if they had wrought only by pure Science, apart from the sentiment of the beautiful.

As the occupation of the architect, following the same law that underlies the developement of industry in every branch, became more and more distinctly divided from the cognate arts of Sculpture and of Painting, the special study requisite for the training of the student became more rigidly defined. It ought to be unnecessary, in any writing of a serious character at the present day, to do more than allude, in the most cursory manner, to the imaginary opposition which uneducated people often fancy to exist between theory and practice, or between genius and trained skill. No accurate observer of human nature can fail to be aware of the capricious and unexpected manner in which the divine gift of genius is bestowed amongst mankind. By genius we mean, in fact, a special and native aptitude for some particular branch of study. In the rarest of all cases, this aptitude appears to be possessed by different faculties of the mind, so that a man may attain almost equal excellence in very different departments of thought. Such was the case with Leonardo da Vinci to a remarkable extent. But, generally speaking, the native aptitude, which is indicated by a strong preference, and which is the precursor of excellence of a high order, is limited to a single subject. It may thus be the case that, in his own natural path, the man of genius may at once bound over the head of the slow and painstaking student, who is conscientiously plodding on in a calling for which he has no native or special fitness. But, even in these rare instances, the career of the man of genius furnishes, step by step, the

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schooling of his noble faculties. It is not the case that he can afford to dispense with study. It is not the case that he will not be at a momentous disadvantage, when compared to the plodder, in a matter which the latter has carefully studied, and the former has not. The difference lies in the greater rapidity of grasp with which the man of genius seizes what is absolutely necessary for his education; the easy carelessness with which he passes over all that would only dilute or check his actual acquirement of knowledge and of skill; and the highly tempered faculty which allows him to acquire, while appearing to the world as a graduate in his profession, all those minor but necessary details which he may not have had the opportunity of picking up in the usual preliminary stages. Education, in fact, has two sides, the one that relating to the capacity of the teacher, or the quality of the education itself; the other that affected by the capacity of the learner, whether chiefly dependent on resolute toil, or on an insight that enables him to assimilate each new piece of experience with instinctive readiness. The ordinary mode of opposing genius to laborious study, then, only results from the inability to perceive that these two elements must co-exist in every case where high excellence is attained, and that the final upshot is the result of their combined action.

Thus while admitting that it is as proper to recognise the existence of a natural genius in the case of architecture as in that of any other fine art, or of any lofty and noble occupation of the human intelligence, we cannot doubt that for the architect, as for every other artist, there is a special form of education expressly suited to the developement of excellence. Nor can there be any hesitation as to the alphabet and primer of this course. Whether attaining its final expression in marble, in wood, in stone, or in any other substantial material, architecture possesses, in common with the sister arts, the characteristic of being graphic in its origin. As such, it holds rather to the graphic processes of the engineer and the mechanician, than to those of the sculptor and the painter. With each of these men, the ultimate outcome of their art, the investing of the product of the imagination with material form, is most naturally arrived at by passing through various stages of preparation, commencing with the original sketch. But while the first sketch of the painter, in crayon or in pencil, or that of the sculptor in clay, is rough and undetermined, and the subsequent labour of the artist is directed to the attainment of gradually increasing precision of outline, and harmony of composition; with the engineer and the architect the process is reversed. He who

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designs any structure has first to lay down the extreme limits of his work, and to determine the leading dimensions and proportions. From these, as the various requisites are successively determined, in the order of their respective importance, the plan of the work gradually forms itself into consistent detail. Something approaching the organising power of Nature herself is thus attained by the well-considered work of the draughtsman. As he descends into detail, his draughtsmanship will divide itself into the two main branches of design, the theoretically accurate, and the æsthetically well-proportioned. In both these branches the immense advantage is possessed by the architectural draughtsman, that he starts from fixed principles; and that therefore his work, if luminously designed and skilfully wrought out, resembles a growth rather than a manufacture.

The more important the building, whether in size or in complication of purpose, the more needful is the use of the drawing-board. The graphic method of study requires successive gradations of detail, from the rough, picturesque sketch, in which the dream of the artist first takes shadowy form, to the full-sized working drawing or template, by aid of which the mason hews his quoins. Each such step represents a saving of labour, by the application of provident thought. It may be possible, indeed we could cite examples of the fact, to construct a building of considerable size and complication without complete or adequate drawings. But to attempt to do so is only to work under unnecessary disadvantage; to augment cost, to protract delay, and to transfer to every step of the actual construction that tentative process, often involving the abandonment of details first proposed, which the competent architect has carried out, in the most convenient and efficient mode, by the proper use of the drawing-board.

All this is so simple, so certain, so accordant with the first principles of composition, whether structural or æsthetic, that to the artist, or to the man who possesses any competent acquaintance with the rudiments of art, our language may seem to approach the character of truism. But it is the function of literature, and especially of the higher class of periodical literature, not to dazzle, but to instruct. The general reader looks for definite and reliable information, freed from the husk of technical language, in pages like our own. And when such a reader, knowing little of the subject of architecture except in its literary aspect, and perhaps practically only too fully aware how much our domestic building is in want of very stringent reform, hears the blame of all that annoys him laid at the door

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of the professors of architecture, he will be apt to think the accusation must be serious and well founded. He will lose sight of the real causes that add such discomfort to our urban life—to the struggle between the desire for cheapness, and the love of show; the need to build houses of which the rent shall be moderate, coupled with the fact that few or no houses would be built except for the sake of the profit made by their builders. Such a reader will be glad to ascertain, and he has a right to the information, what is the true function and office of the architect; and what is the method of the education that fits him to assume that respectable title.

It is not unknown to those who take an interest in the arts of design, that we have recently witnessed numerous efforts, both on the platform and in the less reputable literature of the day, to depreciate all systematic study of art, or of literature, to the advantage either of self-constituted amateur critics, or of the totally uneducated, who are erroneously called the working men. The motive of these diatribes is as old, at least, as the time of Æsop, and has been appreciated by that inimitable sage in the fable of the fox who had lost his tail. But the instances of disinterested counsel which are most numerous amongst ourselves are even of more transparent simplicity. They are rather those of animals who, never having been provided with a tail to lose, are none the less bitter against all furnished with that appendage. It is as though the Manx cat were to uplift its angry protest against the pencilled tips, or squirrel-like brushes, of the Angora or the Persian. That grotesque quadruped may be represented as thanking Heaven that it was not as other cats are, and promising the entire extinction of the mouse tribe so soon as all other mousers should be divested of their tails.

In every department of human skill, or of human study, this disposition may, at times, be traced. The man who has not the shadow of an idea of the magic power of analysis, may be heard to sneer at algebra, and to declare that good, old-fashioned, arithmetic is all that *he* ever cares to teach. The man who never had his heart stirred, his taste cultivated, or his intelligence disciplined, by the studies of the immortal words of the poets and philosophers of Greece, is loud in condemnation of the loss of time incurred by teaching boys to read dead languages. The maxim *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*, is reversed by the petulant self-content of modern ignorance; and the attempt to hide the key of knowledge is made by those who have not the patience to endeavour to enter by the gate.

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Of all the efforts made by uneducated men to reduce partially educated men to their own level, none are more palpably foolish than those which propose to improve the arts of design by the abandonment of the soundest portions of their systematic study. What symbols are to the algebraist, what grammar and lexicon are to the literary student, the drawing-board is to the engineer and to the architect. In no portion of mechanical education has more satisfactory progress been recently made than in draughtsmanship. Details of structure, the correct proportionate strength of which would require elaborate calculation, are now far more readily arrived at by graphic construction. This method is not only more simple, and more rapid, than either arithmetical or algebraic analysis; but has the further advantage of keeping the entire consistency of the design constantly before the eye. Again, that class of plans which comprises what are called developements, and the representation of lines, in different planes, from distinct points of view, ranks amongst the most luminous and labour-saving of the processes of the designer.

The proposal, which has been made as if it were a wonderful discovery, to substitute models for drawings, in the preparation of architectural designs, is only a proposal to substitute a more tedious, costly, and inexact process for one which has attained a high degree of perfection. The real origin of the suggestion is simply the difficulty felt by men unaccustomed to architectural or engineering work, in understanding geometric drawings. But the true remedy is a small amount of patient study on the part of these who have need to form an opinion as to a project, not the employment of a more cumbrous and inaccurate method by the artist. In some cases, indeed, and chiefly when, in being called on to alter or to add to existing work, the primary conception is rendered obscure or complex, the architect has often been in the habit of trying the effect of a full-sized model, or temporary specimen. Such an expedient is, in such cases, as legitimate as the preparation of a full-sized template or rule for the guidance of the mason in the preparation of stones of peculiar form. Models of this nature are appropriate companions of the working drawings from which they are prepared. But a small model, to an educated eye, does not rise above the rank of a toy. In accuracy and delicacy of detail, unless prepared without regard to time or to cost, and as the result of previous drawings and calculations, the model can never approach the drawing. And if it be sought to obtain, from the solid or hollow structure of a model, an idea of the incidence of light and

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shadow, and of the balance and proportion of colour, as to which the perspective designs of the draughtsman are thought unreliable; it must be borne in mind that in any but a full-sized model these elements are so exaggerated and disproportioned that the expedient can only tend to mislead the judgment.

The idea that the imaginative power is fettered by the use of the drawing-board is as absurd as would be the statement that literary ability is checked by the use of the pen. By the pencil of the structural artist, by the brush of the painter, by the pen of the philosopher, vague and unformed notions are reduced to form and consentient symmetry. Very often it occurs that an idea, seducing enough when first it dawns upon the mind, proves impracticable when reduced to paper. But the discovery thus made of unexpected incongruity is not the limiting, but the rendering practical, of the offspring of fancy. Building is not poetry, although it may be poetical. Lengthened vistas, bright illumination, ghostly shadows, are spun at will by the poet. By the architect they can only be produced by the skilled treatment of structural material. In that treatment nothing is simple. Every detail must be regarded in its relation to the whole, as much as in its own perfection. To attempt to produce a complex and well-ordered building without that full previous study of the parts which is only possible by the aid of graphic processes, would, for the most part, result in miserable failure. Every practical designer knows, how, in spite of all his care, unforeseen difficulties are apt to arise to mar the perfection of his work; and he knows that, if he omitted the proper method of study, the difficulties would be none the less obvious, while the final triumph would be never attained.

An instance in which the use of the model, in lieu, or in aid, of drawings, was resorted to with great show of reason, occurred, some forty years ago, in the case of what was then an unprecedented novelty, a carriage to be drawn by steam-power. The principles which regulated the craft of the coach-builder were then supposed to be altogether modified or exploded. The great desideratum of avoiding all unnecessary weight was thought to be replaced by the need of colossal strength, a fatal, though not an unnatural, error. The directors of the London and Birmingham Railway then expended 500*l.* on the construction of a model first-class carriage, on the scale of three inches to the foot. A beautiful doll's coach it was, and a proof that the coach-builders were prepared to execute the designs of the engineer in the first style of excellence. But as a step towards the true ideal of a railway carriage the model was

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nothing but a failure. It consisted, in effect, of the bodies of two coaches and one chariot, fastened together on an elevated platform, suspended on heavy springs, and running on heavily framed wheels with a fixed axle. The old plan of seating only four passengers was retained, although more room was allowed to each. The minimum of accommodation was attained at the maximum of cost, both in original construction and in the expenditure of tractive power. Nothing has so much tended to prevent our railways from being duly remunerative, as the disproportionate weight of the rolling stock, compared with the accommodation which it supplied. This is an instance in which recourse was had to rule of thumb, wrought out by the aid of a model.

It has been with unfeigned regret that we have seen in the pages of a contemporary, whose traditional character was wont to be wholly conservative, not only one, but a series of essays which respect for our readers forbids us accurately to characterise. Taking modern architecture as a text, they assail, in the same unhesitating manner, almost every name, ancient or contemporary, which has had the disadvantage of provoking citation. Nor are architects alone the subject of abuse. English law and lawyers, the tenures of land, and the rights of property, come under the same ban; while the art, the science, and the welfare of the future are referred to the imaginary guidance of 'the inspired workman.' Such pages are not among those to which a serious reply is given. But on the part, not of architects or artists, who may rest contentedly in the company with which they are ranked, but of the higher and graver literature of the country, and of the moderation of tone which is an inseparable element of gentle breeding, we deplore the application of pages which were wont to be critical, demonstrative, or imaginative, to the reception of sensational writing of the least profitable order. Men of letters, and all who appreciate the part which men of letters take in the progress of civilisation, have occasion to view with grave disquietude the strange faces that have been lately suffered to gesticulate from the tribunes of periodical literature. Controversial declamations, which may be very successful in the pulpit or in the House of Commons, are strangely shorn of their prestige when they are foisted into the pages of a literary journal. Deprived of the life given by the eye, the tones, and the gesture of the speaker; and deprived, on the other hand, of that silent but masterly editing which is supplied by the practised reporter; such productions can but ill support the patient investigation of criticism. Weak points cannot be adroitly glided over; strong assertions

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cannot be hazarded without proof; declamation cannot safely be substituted for argument; when the orator trusts to the ministry of his own pen. Great reputations may be thus torn to tatters, with no other result than that of exciting wonder, unallied to admiration; and of selling a certain number of editions of journal or of pamphlet. When the conductors of any reputable journal allow themselves to offer to the public letterpress which they hope will sell, but which they must know cannot live, they offend against the guild of letters, and commit a fault which, as affecting both that guild and the public, is not only a literary crime, but a literary blunder.

A further mischief attends this want of self-control. In a general and undiscriminating attack on any institution, class, or body of men, it will necessarily happen that what is amiss among them will be blamed, as well as that which is not amiss. But the disgust of the impartial looker-on will blind his eyes to the distinction; and thus it always happens that errors and defects, which a lucid and kindly criticism might aid us to eradicate, are only rendered more inveterate by the language of abuse. For this reason we feel ourselves compelled, although much against the grain, to refer to one or two points on which, not in one essay alone, but in the connected efforts of a small but noisy party of dissatisfied men, admitted truths have been made use of as the mounting-blocks for pestilent errors.

The art of the past is summarily condemned, in the pages in question, by a criticism that is, at all events, unhesitating. We are told that 'if the modern workman could get rid of his 'desire for all the many curses of our modern civilising arts' (we omit the constant, useless, and irritating insertion of turned commas used to indicate the points thought by the writer to be clever), 'and would simply work, and make a steady study of 'his work, he would invariably rival, and in some respects he 'might surpass, the glories of the Parthenon itself.' As 'our 'present working classes are profoundly vulgar,' these glories are lightly prized. But it is hard to tell where to look for any thing better. 'Wherever work that may be called Vitruvian 'has been done with demonstration of imaginative power, the 'good has been done in spite of all that Vitruvius has ruled.' 'The subtle curvatures in the lines of a Greek temple, and the 'ornamentation, not casual or fortuitous, of a Gothic church, 'are the direct expression of the working men of various 'grades.' 'The work at Winchester that William of Wyke-'ham directed is but a desperate collapse of art. He touched 'nothing that he did not deface.' In 'the mechanical and

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'hasty method of design now called the Perpendicular and 'Tudor styles,' 'the ideas are superficial,' and the work 'has neither individuality nor true poetic feeling.' 'Dudley 'and Empson, and their royal master, are the moral illus- 'trations of the Tudor style.' 'The tower of Giotto, at 'Florence, was a genuine conception of the committee-mind, 'and Giotto was engaged to decorate the folly,' for which he 'made a superficial false design after the manner of a wall 'decorator,' which 'is exquisite, but it is not architecture.' 'The interiors of the churches and chapels after the Lombard 'period are for the most part miserably poor, both in concep- 'tion and detail.' 'At Florence, surface marble work, from 'the mean particoloured panelling of the Duomo, to the 'lavish expenditure on the Chapel of the Medici, is a pure 'luxury without disguise.' 'Stone and the inspired mason 'were neglected.' Michael Angelo, 'at clerical suggestion,' sometimes 'left his special work and aptitude to make 'designs for building.' 'The Farnese Palace has, no doubt, 'a handsome elevation, that is to say, it is agreeable to look 'at for a moment, and then to be well rid of; who can help 'pitying the owner of that dismal cube of stone work?' 'The 'architectural painting on the Loggie ceilings in the Vatican 'shows how little Raphael had discovered of the sense and 'scope of decorative art. Both Michael Angelo and Raphael 'were in some things servants to the fashion of the day.' 'From St. Peter's to the latest building of New Rome, Italian 'architecture is but a dreary evidence of luxury, a record of 'expenditure and folly.' Cologne Cathedral 'is a gigantic 'folly, and a total waste unless it proves a warning.' The details of its projected spires afford 'clear evidence of draughts- 'manship and of imaginative incapacity.'

Architectural draughtsmanship, if attempted by such bunglers as Giotto, Raphael, or Michael Angelo, is spoken of as the expression, if not the cause, of this incapacity. But in 'the latest 'instance of true building master-workmanship, the Portcul- 'lis Club, 93, Regent Street, Westminster,' 'the whole of the 'plans and elevations have been drawn by one of the members, 'and thus the little front is much more satisfactory and respect- 'able than the Charing Cross Hotel, or the Royal Academy 'façade.' This shows 'the return to sanity in art,' by a very short and easy way. Just seven hundred years earlier, when William of Sens 'went on preparing all things that were neces- 'sary for the work' of Canterbury Cathedral, down 'to the 'latest forms of working drawings, the construction of inge- 'nious machines, and the delivering of moulds for shaping the

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'stones,' we are told, as a proof of his independent mind, that 'we hear nothing of his drawings.' It would puzzle the 'inspired workman,' as much as 'the emancipated workman, 'gloriously impelled,' to guess how working templates could be prepared, except as the last details of an intelligible and well-considered set of designs and working drawings.

It is difficult to guess in what connexion or capacity the bestower of such impartial and widespread abuse has attained the extraordinary pre-eminence from which to look down on Greek, Roman, Italian, and Gothic architects alike; to ridicule their blindness in not having 'discarded instruments and 'kept to tools;' and to discover the hope of English architecture in that 'inspired workman' who is at the same time 'profoundly vulgar' and 'gloriously impelled.' That such a writer has not had that tradition of Art which he so intensely hates handed down to him through the ordinary channels, it is not needful for him to state. As 'the whole class of working 'men is sunk into the lowest state of mental and imaginative 'feebleness,' the inspired light can scarcely have emerged from a class 'impotent in all that concerns their actual work.' Outside the rank and file of the builder's craft, we are told that in 'their architectural affairs our sapient Englishmen are mostly 'fools.' Thus the only passage in which courtesy will allow us to suggest that the author has indicated his own *status*, is that in which, speaking of the *dilettante*, Mr. Fergusson is quoted as remarking, 'they do little good to artists or to art; 'but, on the contrary, much harm, by bringing artists down to 'their level.'

We cannot but regard it as below the dignity of serious literature to defend the architecture or the architects of the present day against an attack which so impartially bespatters all that is traditional or elevated in art. We can only express the perplexity we feel as to the cause which can have induced our respected, and once conservative, contemporary to give publicity to essays so germane to the ideas of the International that they seem actually to smell of petroleum. The Barrys, and Scotts, and Waterhouses of the day may be content, while noting that utter want of reverence and modesty which is a sure mark of want of true knowledge, to cite the line: 'By whom to be 'abused is no small praise.'

But there is one remark, in which misrepresentation of fact cannot be excused by the mere plea of imperfect knowledge. 'Our readers,' says the advocate of the inspired workman, 'possibly may recollect the launch of the "Great Eastern," and 'the angle of rest and immobility that one engineer of eminence

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'designed. Had common workmen used their own responsible 'intelligence about the work, the recent builders of large ships 'upon the foreshore of the Thames might not have proved 'inferior to the primeval working engineers and architects who 'built the wondrous mausoleums in the valley of the Nile.'

We pass over the unfortunate reference, as an instance of what uneducated workmen can do, to the longest, most unprogressive, and most conventional tradition of art known to mankind, coupled as it was with the earliest, most rigid, and most constant application of the science and method of the draughtsman. We pass over the hoary fallacy that ignorance is likely to succeed where science has been thought to fail. But if ever there was a man to whom the term of an inspired workman could be applied with propriety, it was the engineer of the 'Great Eastern.' To the creative power of true genius, and to the hereditary mechanical talent which his gifted father had carefully cultivated from infancy, Isambard Kingdom Brunel added the taste of the artist and the deft hand of the skilled workman. He could use the hammer and the pick as well as the compass and the drawing-pen. In the very first trip of one of those powerful locomotives which, made on his own design, first taught the engineers of this country what speed they might hope to maintain, Mr. Brunel was dissatisfied with the action of the blast pipe. With a fitter's hammer he at once altered the form of this hidden detail of the engine, with the immediate result of a great increase in the speed of the pistons. It was to the reluctance felt by this great engineer to use his pen, of which slippery tool he had as complete a mastery as of any other, in his own defence or praise, that we must ascribe the fact that he left to others to tell the world why the 'Great Eastern' was arrested in her launch, while safely and rapidly gliding into the Thames. To all the matured arrangements for starting the enormous weight, down ways that had to rest on the alluvial bed of the Thames, Mr. Brunel had added the precaution of powerful breaks, in case of any accident which might make it advisable to check the motion. The utmost exertions could not, however, repress the reckless curiosity which covered the Thames with boats. Police arrangements were altogether inadequate to preserve a clear course for the hull. It was while all was going on as he had projected, that Mr. Brunel saw the danger to which so many thoughtless persons would be self-exposed by the surge of the great ship into the water. It was from a care for human life—for the protection of which, though his professional position was not responsible, his kind humanity took heed—that he

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gave the order for that use of the breaks which avoided calamity to the idle mob, at the cost of a terrible wrench to the pile-supported launching ways. Wood and iron, driven piles and river-bottom, found the limit of their resistance under that enormous strain. To suppose that a 'common workman' could have added anything to the skill of a man like this, is a puerility of which no workman, and no man who knew anything about work, would be guilty.

One point alone could have caused regret in the mind of Mr. Brunel as to his own action with reference to the launch of the 'Great Eastern.' It was that he had not accepted a proposal, which had been made him when the design of the great vessel first took shape, which would have prevented the necessity of any launch at all. He maturely considered the feasibility of building the ship afloat, in the still deep water of Neyland Pill, at the head of Milford Haven. The scale was only turned by his wish to have the works more readily within his reach than would have been the case at that extreme point of the South Wales line.

In using the term hoary fallacy, with reference to the supposed advantage of an appeal from the educated to the uneducated, we are only characterising a special case of a very general, ancient, and widespread delusion. It is that of the nostrum, the specialty of the quack. A quack is not necessarily a cynical impostor. It is not every quack who merely cares to sell his wares, heaping up, it may be, an enormous fortune by the steady operation of the art of advertising, and having enough knowledge of what he is about carefully to avoid his own prescriptions. There may be the well-meaning, kind-hearted quack; whose main fault is, that he cannot check his self-imposed mission to teach, until he has undergone the preliminary labour of learning. This character is to be found in almost any walk of life; in book-making, in medicine, in theology, in politics, as well as in art. The best, because the most positive, illustration that we can cite, is taken from the experience of those who, whether as barristers or as engineers, are consulted on the subject of patents.

Inventive genius, we think there is no doubt, is more generally manifested, in its first springs, among the uneducated classes of society. We confine our remarks, for the moment, to mechanical inventions. Of those for which the protection of the Patent law is sought, the great majority of inventions, if they cannot be called the offspring of ignorance, would yet cease to be regarded as of any possible value on the acquisition of a very small portion of positive knowledge. Thus, many inven-

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tions are brought forward which are mere mechanical absurdities; crude plans formed in ignorance of mechanical law; perpetual motion machines designed on the principle of a man's getting into a coal-scuttle, and proceeding to raise himself, and it, from the floor, by pulling the handle. We have known large sums of money risked on projects no more possible than that.

A more numerous, perhaps the most numerous, class of mechanical inventions is that of which the watch of the astronomer Ferguson may be cited as the type. They are positive improvements on anything known to the inventor; but elsewhere they have been carried out; ten to one better carried out; and in many cases not only carried out, but superseded by something better. The invention, in these instances, is a mark of genius, as far as the inventor is concerned. But it is uneducated, and therefore wasted, genius. Teach the man what the actual state of the branch of mechanism on which he has pondered is, and he will either contentedly acquiesce, or perhaps make real advances, from the standpoint of acquired knowledge.

A very great number of inventions come under the class of imperfect and conditional inventions. They contain a good idea, but it is one which, in order to work it out, demands some condition either unattainable, or hitherto unattained. We may give as an instance the beautiful new invention of polychrome printing. It might have occurred, very likely has occurred, to many men, that it would answer well to cut out different kinds of pigment and build them together in one mass, from which impressions might be printed. But this idea must have remained unfruitful but for the independent invention of the ribbon saw, by means of which the cakes of colour can be cut into any required form, and fitted together with the accuracy of a puzzle. The cream remains: the few rare inventions in which the original idea is brought into practical operation, by a man familiar with all that has been attempted, or at all events with all that has succeeded, in his own walk, down to his own time. And, as these inventions will always, while matters remain as they are, form an exceedingly small minority, we see how it is that the first outcome of the inventive faculty is, other things being alike, rather to be expected among the ignorant, than among the educated, men, of natural constructive ability.

If we turn from the subject of mechanical invention to that of self-taught art, we shall not find the conditions of the case to be materially changed. It so happens that we are in present

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possession of a very pertinent proof of what would be the results of abandoning the systematic cultivation of art, and throwing ourselves on the resources of the 'inspired workman.' In the year 1871 an International Workman's Exhibition was opened at Islington, under circumstances the most favourable that can be imagined for the eliciting of unprized genius. The accredited leaders of the unions of working men arranged the whole scheme. Her Majesty was graciously present at the opening of the Hall of Exhibition; and the then Premier left a Cabinet Council to address a very slender attendance, in the same hall, at its close. Very creditable specimens, although not very numerous, of the productions of working men were exhibited. But, as a rule without exception, it was in exact proportion to the degree of discipline and of study which the exhibitors had undergone that the excellence of their productions was due. By far the most meritorious work was that of the optician, a matter demanding minute and exquisite accuracy of touch rather than 'inspired' originality. In sculpture the most instructive results were obtained. Here, if anywhere, is the field where a native and vigorous imagination has the most ample room for its display. Here, in past times, the most graceful, most quaint, or most noble forms came forth from beneath the chisel of the workman. But at Islington there was not a single object that indicated even the faintest spark of the true genius of the sculptor. And one lesson of pointed value was to be drawn from the sculptural exhibits. They represented, in some cases with extreme fidelity, the misshapen forms with which we are familiar in some of the rudest ornamentation of the capitals of columns in our round-arched churches. Artists know the style of treatment to which we refer—the long, ill-formed nose, the unmodulated chin, the fish-like eye, the mouth opened as if by a chisel. It might have been thought that some of the exhibits were actual relics of the rudest time of art in this country. Not only is this the case, but we can point out why it is the case. In hewing a block of stone or of wood into the similitude of a human face or form (unless there be some knot, chink, or salient peculiarity on which genius would seize as indicating some especial treatment), ninety-nine men out of a hundred would set to work in the same way. The material, the tools, and the object being the same, a considerable degree of likeness would at first occur. It is the temptation of the undisciplined artist to finish too soon. He sees the nose rough hewn—he begins to give such breath as he can to the nostrils. He arrives at the mouth—he at once attempts a smile. In the long course of art this undue

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haste is corrected, and the artist learns, by the experience of those who have gone before, to avoid these early errors. Thus the fact of commencing study at an advanced stage in the history of art, is an advantage which nothing but the most commanding genius can afford to forego. Brought face to face with the best product of the workman's imagination, we see everywhere the disadvantage of want of study; nowhere the heavenward bound of original and commanding genius. The Royal Academy may not be all that we could desire. Still there is, occasionally, sculpture in the Rotunda. There was nothing but stone-cutting at Islington.

The publication of a second edition of Mr. Fergusson's 'History of Modern Architecture' is an appropriate occasion for reference to the attempt which has been made to represent that earnest writer as an enemy of professional education. We reviewed this volume on its first appearance; and while rendering justice to the mode in which Mr. Fergusson worthily completed an important work, referred to the somewhat dispiriting tone that characterised his closing chapters. But a tone which, in a man of cultivated taste, may be excused, even if it cannot altogether be justified; becomes intolerable when it is echoed by lips that cannot claim the same excuse for any acerbity of utterance. We think that it is to Mr. Fergusson's honour that he has felt it to be impossible to remain silent, when it is attempted to show that he is a leader in an anti-educational crusade:—

'I used at one time to fancy,' are the words in which, on the 16th of January, he addresses the Editor of the 'Builder,' 'that whether my views were assented to or not, I had at least the power of expressing them so that there should be no mistake about my meaning. I now, however, find from the now-too-famous articles in the "Quarterly," and still more from the paper which Mr. Stevenson read to the Institute of British Architects at the last meeting, that I am mistaken in this respect, and that my meaning has not only been misapprehended, but that I am represented as advocating views diametrically opposed to my most cherished convictions.' . . 'My view is, that any step towards employing any person of a lower educational or social status than the profession of architects as now constituted, would be a step in the wrong direction; and the idea of employing "workmen," in the sense in which that word is generally understood, and is used by the Reviewer, is so to degrade the art by pandering to ignorance and vulgarity, as to destroy it at once and for ever, and to blot out its name from the list of the fine or refined arts of mankind.'

This is plain English indeed; nor is the sentiment less truthful and noble than the language is distinct and uncompromising.

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This is no new utterance on the part of Mr. Fergusson. In his essay on 'the true Principles of Beauty in Art,' published in 1849, he brought forward as one of the steps proper 'to 'restore to art its progressive vitality,' the enlisting in its pursuit 'a higher order of minds,' 'or at least a higher class in 'society than has hitherto condescended to interfere' with architectural study. 'Earnest search after the beautiful by 'men of a high class of intellect could not long exist without 'discovery being made of the direction in which it is to be 'sought after, and where it will certainly be found by those 'who seek it in sincerity and truth.' It may be thought by some persons that the hope of Mr. Fergusson is too enthusiastic. But it cannot be denied that it is from the improved and systematic culture of the most elevated minds, as opposed to the rude energy of the less educated, that all rational hope of human progress, whether in arts, in arms, or in morals, is to be derived.

It may, indeed, be urged, that the key to the only part of the question which is really in doubt, may be found in the distinction between the two very different meanings which attach to the word imitation. There is an imitation which is essentially slavish and mechanical. But there is also an imitation which, as is pointed out by no less an authority than Aristotle, is the very mainspring of art. The imitative tendency of the human mind, as freely exercised from the earliest childhood, is the source of that which is by far the most effective part of education, namely, self-education. And it may be more just to refer the difference between a mechanical imitator, a mere reflector of surface, and a poetic imitator, or actual reproducer, to the general intellectual and æsthetic capacity of the mind, in either instance, than to the proportionate developement of the imitative power alone. We come here to the old and never-obliterated distinction between the fidelity of a copyist, and the unconscious infidelity of copy that is a usual accompaniment of original genius. It is the presence of the divine gift of imagination which makes the difference. Thus Aristotle says of a form of art more ancient and less concrete than architecture: 'The physical causes of 'poetry are, that imitation is congenial to man, and that 'learning is delightful to all.' 'The epopee, tragedy, comedy, 'and dithyrambic poetry, as well as music, are imitations,' is the commencement of the Poetics of Aristotle. 'They differ 'as imitating, by instruments generically different, different 'things, in different manners, using rhythm, words and har-'mony, or some of them. Hence the word *ποιεῖν*.'

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Bearing in mind the analysis thus effected, by the chief legislator of Aryan opinion, as to the nature of the mimetic faculty, let us compare with the dictum of Aristotle the masterly definition of education given by the most systematic thinker of modern Europe:—'The general problem of intel-'lectual education,' are the words of Auguste Comte, 'consists 'in the method of conducting, in a few years, a single under-'standing, generally mediocre, to the same point of develope-'ment which has been attained, in a long series of ages, by a 'large number of superior minds, applying successively, during 'their whole lifetime, all their powers, to the study of a single 'subject.'

In regarding, then, the true method of directing to the improvement of architecture that cultivated intelligence from which alone, as Mr. Fergusson justly argues, a true progress can be expected, it cannot be admitted that any serious question exists as to the general character of the appropriate method. The intelligence of the architect of to-day must be conducted, step by step, along the *via sacra* defined by the monumental works of his greatest predecessors. The history of his art, written in wood, in brick, in stone, and in marble, must become a portion of his intellectual knowledge. Nor is this knowledge to be acquired by the eye alone. No genuine knowledge of any art can be attained without some use and culture of the hand. First at the drawing-board, by rule, and scale, and compass, must the student practically acquire an intimate knowledge of the anatomy of structure. With the study of the details of the noblest works, must be blended a mathematical analysis of the questions of weight, of thrust, and of stability. Nor will the study of the drawing-board suffice. Actual building must yield actual experience. No critical knowledge is complete without the control of the live experience of practice. Thus the educated artist, who should be at once the τέκτων or the ποιητὴς of the Greek philosopher, and the accomplished scholar of the French philosopher, will bring to his task the full knowledge of what has been accomplished in his art, joined to the perfect command of his own artistic faculties.

When this is done, the work of such an artist will be imitation, in the sense in which the word is used by Aristotle, but not in the sense in which it is illustrated by the work of a Chinese workman. The accomplished master of his art will be equally removed from the danger of slavish apeing, on the one hand, or of vague blundering after originality, on the other hand. His guide will be truth. As under no circumstances is it

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to be expected that the conditions of any single building, of any great importance, will be the same with those of any preceding building, so no architect of genius will attempt to reproduce, in its exactitude, the work of any predecessor. But as each of those works to which he looks as the best examples of the application of a true science, and a true æsthetic taste, in its adaptability to the special purposes for which it was built, marked a step in the progress of architecture, so will each new work, if regulated by the same principles, form, in its turn, a step towards future excellence. So far as conditions are unaltered, the wise builder will be contented with the mode in which they were dealt with by his most illustrious predecessors. So far as they are new, they will be provided for by him, in his turn, under the guidance of the same spirit. If truth and natural fitness be in this way made the guides of the practice of a man of cultivated taste, the excellence of his work will be in proportion to the vigour of his genius, but the mean, the meretricious, the debased, will be alike impossible.

The conception of an age or condition of society as altogether artificial and imitative, devoid of any central motives for progress, in which men are reduced to pilfer, without even the judgment to select, from the relics of the past, is one, to our view, which is altogether visionary. Least of all does it commend itself as a suitable description of the present age. And yet, if the views so strenuously urged as to the decadence of architecture amongst us be correct, we must either be in this shiftless condition, or the structural work of the day must, in some unexplained manner, have ceased to be a reflexion of the stage of civilisation from which it sprang.

We think that it is a more natural supposition that the writers who raise this loud lamentation have failed to look in any way below the surface, and even a very limited part of the surface, of the subject which they discuss. To tell anyone whose own eyes bear witness to the extraordinary improvement which has been made, within the last forty years, in cities, towns, and villages, in ecclesiastical, civil, and domestic buildings, throughout the broad extent of England, that he is living at a time when architecture is sinking from bad to worse, is simply ridiculous. To say that amongst an admittedly inartistic people, like ourselves, there is very much of an inferior order of merit, which men of genius, had such arisen, might have replaced by noble monumental work, is little more than to utter a truism. But that some real, vital causes have not only underlain the extraordinary energy with which the

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craft of the builder is being carried on, but also, to some extent, directed the course which it has pursued, is, it appears to us, plainly undeniable.

It is rather, therefore, to the failure to appreciate the true causes which have originated and impelled what is called the Gothic revival, than to a more lofty and critical perception of the shortcomings of the workers of our day, that the loud and helpless outcry for the 'art of the future' is, we consider, to be attributed. It is not impossible to indicate some of these causes, altogether overlooked as they appear to have been by those who have contented themselves with denouncing the imperfections which we are all ready to some extent to admit.

As to the origin of the impulse, indeed, the doubt can be but small. The subjection of the 'drudging goblin' of the steam engine to the service of man; the vast sweep of land and sea that is rendered tributary to our immediate wants by steam transit; the concurrent stimulus given to trade and commerce by the removal of fiscal restrictions; the maintenance of domestic peace and security; and the yearly increase of our population: these are the main causes which have made the last quarter of a century so remarkable as a building epoch. Every unit added to our population, it has been calculated, causes the outlay of something like fifty pounds for the increase of house-room.

As to the direction taken by public and private architecture, the causes are less simple to detect. But if we confine ourselves, in the first place, to our churches, we shall find it easy to lay the finger on historic data that go far to explain the instinctive origin of the Gothic revival.

The taste of the Court which had been depraved and abominable under George IV. and his successor—the age of the Brighton Pavilion and of Buckingham Palace—was certainly improved and refined by the influence of the Prince Consort. Commencing a little earlier, but attaining its full energy somewhat later, was that earnest appeal made by a few leaders of thought at Oxford to the Church of England to shake off her slumber. Into details we have no space to enter; but none will be likely to deny that if 'ecclesiology' were the outer garment of the awakening, there was a deep and fervent spirit that burned beneath it. And thus throughout the country the influence of the court, of the clergy, and of the young men fresh from the universities, combined to direct that great wave of earnest thought, and of æsthetic expression of thought, which has been limited to no communion or rite; but has found expression alike in the costly nave of the Roman

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Catholic Cathedral at Arundel, and in the transformation of the meeting-houses of the seventeenth century into the congregational churches of to-day.

At the commencement of the peace won at the battle of Waterloo, Westminster Abbey was a typical representation of the churches of England. Not that the ten thousand structures that dotted city and county with their ancient chancels could emulate the shadowy awe of the aisles of the royal Abbey; but that they were the work of the same age, and the offspring of the same spirit. In Westminster are to be found portions of the building of the Confessor. In Westminster is to be found the masterpiece of the taste of each chief church-builder among the Catholic kings of England. And at Westminster is to be found an example of that only era, or rather local exercise, of ecclesiastical building, which occurred from the days of Elizabeth until those of Victoria; namely, the rebuilding, under the direction of Wren, of the churches destroyed in the great fire of London. Between the Norman conquest and the expulsion of the monks, all the parish churches of the country had been built, although often on the site of a more ancient structure. At St. Albans, for example, is shown work referred to the time of the Heptarchy. Repairs, since the age of Queen Elizabeth, had taken the form of plaster and of whitewash, of lofty and cumbrous pews, dominated by yet more lofty and cumbrous pulpits.

It was not until the nation began to realise the repose and security that followed the establishment of an European peace, that the inadequate nature of the church accommodation for its greatly augmented population was recognised by an effort to extend it. Legal difficulties, which were ultimately removed by Parliament, forbade, until 1818, the erection of new churches. Slowly at first, but at a rate steadily increasing, the new foundations multiplied; and at the accession of Queen Victoria some 700 new parish churches had been reared within less than thirty years.

As the impulse given, on the one hand from the throne itself, and on the other hand from the chief cradle of learning, was communicated through the country, the movement which had first been personal, and then sectarian, assumed wider proportions, and became national. Men awoke everywhere to the sense of the neglect shown to the fabric, no less than to the services, of the church. The first and most natural result of this increased earnestness of feeling, was the sweeping of the cobwebs from our parish churches. The clumsy work of generations of village carpenters and masons was cleared from many

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an ancient structure which it encumbered and defaced; and thus, in almost every parish, the architecture of a past age was brought to light, and restored to something of its delicate beauty.

Nor was it only by way of cleansing, or even of repair, that the minds of the people were turned back to the taste of the great church-building centuries. Renewals and enlargements naturally demanded to be so treated as to be in harmony with original design. With regard to new churches, no models were to be found so appropriate for imitation as were the old churches. The climate, that first determinant of architectural style, was unchanged. The rite was three hundred years old; and the removal of statues, altars, and rood-lofts had fully adapted the Catholic edifices to the Protestant services. The requirements as to size were little affected by the increase of the population, as the area of a church is limited by the power of the voice, rather than by the density of the neighbourhood; and it was more churches, rather than larger churches, of which the want was chiefly felt. The ancient building materials were still accessible, in stone, timber, and tiles. The lost art of glass-staining was recovered. The motives and treatment of the ancient builders were made the subject of patient study. Under these circumstances the erection of new churches, after the fashion of the old ones, became not only a natural, but an essentially truthful procedure. To cast around for a new style, unless in cases where some special reason demanded new arrangements, would have been the act not of genius, but of pedantry.

A close research into the different political, religious, or industrial changes which have marked that period, from the Fire of London to the battle of Waterloo, which may be called the dark age of English architecture, cannot fail to throw light on some of the causes of a decadence as marked as it is mournful. We have not here space to undertake the inquiry, but we may indicate one or two salient points, which are enough to show the importance of the investigation.

Taking, in the first instance, the case of a physical and industrial element, we should observe how the increased use of mineral fuel has exercised a direct influence on our domestic architecture. As, first, the introduction of sea-borne coal, and, later the opening of new districts of coal measures in the heart of the country, have led to the general disuse of our ancient fuel, a double effect has been produced on our buildings. First, the means of making bricks, where any suitable clay could be found, have been placed far more readily within the reach of the

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builder. The consequence, or rather, a consequence, has been the disuse of the timbered and gabled fronts, with projecting storeys, which form so picturesque a feature in our old seventeenth-century houses. With the ready production of a good kind of brick, the disuse of framed timberwork was a natural, because an economical, change. And with the substitution of the wall of bonded brickwork for the framed house-fronts, filled in with herringboned brick, or faced with tiles; perpendicular walls, square windows, and slenderly eaved roofs naturally came into use. The picturesqueness of our gabled house was originally due to their wooden construction, and had thus a tendency to disappear with the disuse of wood, as the principal building material where stone was not accessible. At the same time the employment of coal as a fuel led to the disuse of the ancient and capacious chimneys. The principle which, from the time of the Saxons, and even of the Britons, to the time of the Tudors and the Stuarts, had been the cardinal feature of domestic architecture—that of the erection of the chimney as the very backbone of the house—was discarded. For ample fireside, and noble stack of clustered chimneys, were substituted the grate and the flue. The mechanical waste of the arrangement by which we hurry the greater part of the heat produced by the consumption of coal up the chimney, is not more obvious, when regarded scientifically, than is the loss of a picturesque architectural motive, regarded æsthetically. Nevertheless, cost was diminished, and comfort increased, by the use of the new fuel, and of the contracted chimney; and thus, in two distinct ways, did coal strike a blow against the picturesque character of our domestic architecture.

Nor can it be doubted that the accession of the House of Hanover produced a depressing effect upon architecture, as well as upon fine art in general. The first Georges were not monarchs to whom the artist could look for encouragement. And the perplexed feeling with which the novel doctrine of a parliamentary title was regarded, by many of those whose birth and station distinguished them as the natural bulwarks of the throne, and the munificent patrons of a stately style of building, must have exerted, in many instances, a paralysing effect on the operations of the architect.

As Jacobitism gradually faded, and became rather the theoretic faith of the representatives of a few ancient lines than a practical motive of action in any direction, a new element, violently opposed to anything noble or palatial in architecture, began to make itself perceptible. The promulgation, first, of tawdry imitations of ancient republican simplicity, and later,

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of the dogmas known as utilitarian, tended, as far as they had any real influence, to encourage the substitution of the cheapest for the more stately styles of building. In proportion as the complex and consonant springs of human action were left out of sight or subordinated, so far as theory could subordinate them, to the one practical, intelligible, sordid motive of securing cheapness of cost, all that gave grandeur and historic value to the monuments of the past was carefully eliminated from the plans of the utilitarian builder. Good taste was, in his eyes, either a crime, or at least a danger; for good taste was likely to ask for ornamentation, and ornamentation involved useless expense.

We do not here refer to those improvements in the manufacture of iron which have rendered that metal so much more readily available for the purposes of the builder. That question belongs to a period later than that which should, in the first instance, be exhaustively studied. So also does the incredible debasement in the manufacture of bricks, which has followed the abolition of the duty, not yet compensated by the great improvements in the fabrication and use of *terra cotta* as a building material, of which many creditable specimens may be seen in the buildings at South Kensington.

Mr. Eastlake's 'History of the Gothic Revival' is an attempt to show how the taste for mediæval architecture, beginning in England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has latterly been encouraged and developed. It is illustrated by designs which have, apparently, been made, for the most part, expressly for the work; a fact which deserves notice, as well as praise. Mr. Eastlake arranges his descriptions of a large number of buildings under the sequence of the names of their respective architects. He tabulates 343 selected examples of Gothic buildings. The plan of his work, as argumentative rather than purely descriptive, is such as to deny to the volume that standard character to which, if he had only historically treated his subject, the author might well have aspired. But the book is a mine of information; and cannot, with propriety, be neglected by any persons who are interested in modern architecture.

With reference to the architecture of the future, it seems to be the part of wisdom to defer remark until something definite make its appearance. But it is another matter to glance, not so much at the direction in which anyone may be of opinion that progress is most desirable, as at the limits within which every architect, who is aware of the conditions imposed on his work, must necessarily conduct his study.

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All human architecture, with the exception perhaps of the megalithic work of the extinct cromlech builders and their allies, may be traced back to the three mother ideas of the tent, the hut, and the cave. Among the descendants of the wandering nomads of the great Asian plains we find the tent reproduced in the porcelain of the Chinese pagoda; and the same principles of structure lent a peculiar grace to the Arabic modifications of arcuate design. The Aryan peoples appear to have been the early hut-builders. The classic architecture of Greece is essentially trabeate, or wooden, in its primary elements, although the command of building stone of rare beauty led to that crystallisation of the orders which assumed something of the fixity, combined with more than the variety, of the crystals of Nature herself. But to the present hour the miner, especially when working in shifty and dangerous ground, employs the primitive and convenient forms, not only of the column and the architrave, but even of the abacus, the plinth, and the triglyph. The Aryan tribes of India, on the other hand, have carried the principles of wooden structure, not so much in their constructive as in their ornamental adaptation, back to the decoration of the cave. Many of the principal architectural designs of India are either excavated caverns, or stone buildings, treated in a style proper to woodwork. In Africa, the adornment of the cavern, and its reproduction even under the artificial mountain of the Pyramid, seems never to have passed through the intermediate stage of the hovel. The pyramids are eternal sepulchres, in which the small cavern needed for the protection of the sarcophagus is surrounded by the ponderous mass of an artificial mountain, wrought into the resemblance of a stupendous monolith. In the hypæthral temples of Egypt the ponderous proportions of the columns are the same as in the cavern temples of the same country, and bear a close affinity to the pillars left by the miner in the native rock. From these primary types, the fountains of so many distinct styles, the possession of that light, durable, and easily cut material, volcanic tufa, enabled the Roman architects to take an independent spring, in the construction of the vaulted arch.

This essentially masonic form, planted, together with the Roman eagles, over Europe, soon evinced its exotic nature. In the Italian climate it is a thoroughly appropriate, and even luxurious, element of structure. And therefore, to the present hour, it has maintained its position; being always present, if only in the central gateway, in the more highly ornate palazzo of every Italian style. But in the northern countries, long

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accustomed to build with the wood of which their forests supplied such ample stores, the round arch never thoroughly acclimatised itself. The course which it took, after the intersection of two semicircular arches first produced the groin, we have not here space to follow. But two essential principles—one, that of conformity to the requirements of climate, the other that of adaptation to the sturdy qualities of the Teutonic tribes—presided over the whole course of the modification of the arch, in early English, decorative, and perpendicular, work, down to its return to a trabeate arrangement in Tudor times. And not only so, but these two principles must, unless some inexplicable change occurs, dominate the theory of all natural and standard English architecture.

The two principles, to the happy, if fortuitous, combination of which Gothic architecture owes the picturesque character of its effect in landscape, arise from the independent family life of the Teutonic races, and from the character of the northern winter. The first requires a certain independence of plan. A house must be an abode capable of enlargement, according to increased demand for house-room, but at the same time forming an independent demesne. To occupy a chamber or two in an immense conventual or palatial building is not to the taste of the Teutonic peasant. If he can have but one room, he prefers an isolated hut to a chamber in another man's house. Hence the first distinctive feature of Gothic architecture, its dependence on plan, and its perfect elasticity in adaptation to plan, whether requiring one room or a hundred, unquestionably springs. When we add the second condition—the need to provide for each part of the simple or compound dwelling pointed roofs that should throw off the winter's snow, instead of collapsing beneath any unusual fall—we are able at once to understand the constant variety and never-failing picturesqueness of Gothic structures. It is an architecture that struck root, flourished, and matured, because it sprang from the requirements of the people, under the climatic conditions of the country.

In Italy, the round arch, although, as we have shown, never altogether superseded, has given birth to the numerous graceful modifications of the Italian styles. But that neither Italian architecture, nor classic architecture, has ever fully adapted itself to the requirements of this country, is a consequence, in part of the character of our climate, and in part of our immunity from earthquake.

In England, for eight months out of the twelve, the admission of light, and the retention of heat, are the main

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requirements of a good house. In Italy and Greece, on the other hand, for fully half the year, the exclusion of both heat and light are the objects chiefly sought. Thus lofty porticoes, cool peristyles, vast domes, and hollow arches, such as give luxurious shelter from Mediterranean sunshine, are so thoroughly out of place in England that, with whatever grace they may be reared, they generally give a feeling of misery, especially in our long winter season. The removal of the Quadrant in Regent Street is a very practical example of the unfitness of a modification of classical architecture for our civic buildings.

With regard to those higher forms of the modern Italian edifices that lend themselves, with much propriety, to the requirements of our domestic life, another remark applies. The Italian architects have ever wrought in the presence of a tremendous power of control, a mighty master-builder, wont to come, suddenly and unexpectedly, to test the fidelity of their work. In a word, every building, in the greater part of Italy, that rises above the squalor of the hovel, has to be built so as to resist earthquake. A certain massiveness is thus impressed on Italian architecture, for which the motive is absent in this country. Any attempt to reproduce it is a sham. For this reason, as well as for the good climatic reason that demands a peaked roof, it is impossible that an Italian style can be transplanted into our country, without modifications which would be, in fact, only the reproduction of the truthful motives of Gothic structure.

We trust that the attempt to define some of those fixed and permanent conditions under which the work of the architect has always been, and always must be, carried on in this country, may serve to indicate how trifling is the pseudo-criticism that regards architectural style as a mere matter of personal taste. The æsthetic and ornamental part of architecture must always, in any truthful work, be subordinate to the structural principles. And these, in the main, depend on the three conditions of plan, as providing for requisite accommodation; climate, as determining the questions of roofing, of illumination, and of warming and ventilation; and material. In the last element we have seen that a very general change has resulted from the increased facility for brick-making, coupled with the general disuse of the ancient log-burning chimneys. Our recent improvements in metallurgy have favoured the introduction of the proper material of the engineer, iron, into the service of the architect, with results that, for the most part, are anything but admirable. The costly demands upon the

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work of the painter and the repairer, which iron structures entail, have already interposed a check upon the free use of this perishable material, and may probably be relied on to prevent the introduction of a style of building, highly proper for a conservatory, into structures intended for human habitation. While the external conditions under which the architect has to work are thus clearly defined, the course of education and of training which he is bound to pursue is no less imperatively marked out. To use the language of the oldest and ablest of the periodicals* devoted to architectural matters, we conclude by the remark, that 'in that careful and intelligent 'study, both of the example and of the principles of the great 'architects and artists of the past, which is yearly being 'rendered more facile for those of the present, lies a more 'rational and hopeful ground for expecting a steady and satisfactory progress than in the use of rhetorical antitheses, or, 'indeed, of plain-spoken abuse, as an element of reform; or in 'hysteric appeals to the "inspired workman," who has yet to 'be discovered.'

ART. V.—*Macready's Reminiscences and Selections from his Diaries and Letters.* Edited by Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart., one of his Executors. In two volumes 8vo. London: 1875.

THE life of an actor is generally an unsatisfactory, if not a tedious narrative. Of his performances, if we have not witnessed them, it is rarely possible to get, from either oral or written testimony, clear or tolerably correct impressions. The names of many players are familiar to our ears as household words—but it is the name only for the most part. Kean and Garrick are little better than shadows now and long since. Our very guides and interpreters vary in their accounts; and as, in the well-known story of Sir Walter Raleigh, three witnesses of a brawl on Tower Hill all gave different versions of what they saw at the same moment, so is it with the recorders of the stage. It is easy enough to descant on the classical and the natural schools of acting; but are we much the wiser for debates on their respective merits? 'The animated graces of 'the player,' Cibber has well said, 'can live no longer than the 'instant breath and motion that present them, or at best can 'but faintly glimmer through the memory or imperfect attesta-

* Builder, No. 1664.

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'tion of a few surviving spectators.' Cibber seems to have taken his mantle with him to another world, lending it occasionally to Charles Lamb, and a bit of its hem now and then to Hazlitt. For dramatic criticism of a higher order we must go abroad—to Goethe, Madame de Staël, to Lessing and Lichtenberg. But the difficulty of conveying an idea of the actors of the past is no excuse for slovenly and inaccurate chronicles of their 'Lives.' There is no tolerable account of Garrick or Mrs. Siddons, or of any one of the greater luminaries of the stage. We have, indeed, been recently favoured with biographies of Edmund Kean, Garrick, and the Kembles; but we prefer Davies and Boaden, dull as they are, to their inaccurate and flippant successors.

The 'Reminiscences' of William Charles Macready have broken a spell that has long brooded over theatrical memoirs, and we have now a narrative doing credit to its author as well as to the profession he so long adorned. The 'Reminis-'cences,' unfortunately for us, close with the end of the year 1826; from that date we have only 'Selections from his 'Diaries.' These however, as to their contents, are scarcely less interesting than the complete and consecutive narrative which precedes them, but they need the hand that appears in the more finished portion of the work. In both we have a record of the man as well as the artist, of the scholar and accomplished gentleman, of the social and domestic life of one who vied with Betterton and Garrick, Henderson and Kemble, in literary tastes and private worth.

The most fitting introduction to these volumes will be the author's statement of the motives that led him to become his own chronicler. It should be borne in mind that the 'Remi-'niscences' were apparently not intended for publication:—

'It has been said, and I believe it, that if the humblest in the social scale were to note down accurately the events of his life, the impressions he had received, and the real motives that actuated him in all he might have done, the narration would convey instruction, if not entertainment. This rough draft of the incidents of my life may never go beyond the circle of my own family, but in remarking the cause of those errors which will be found to abound in it, whether originated in myself, induced by culpable example, or resulting from mistaken instruction, lessons may be learned and experience obtained that may serve as beacons to those I love and leave behind me.'

This idea of what a personal narrative, intended only for the home circle, or a few chosen friends, should be is most scrupulously observed in both portions of the record, through a long series of laborious and anxious years. To himself, on or off

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the stage, Macready is a hard task-master. St. Augustine in *his* Confessions was hardly more so. Yet he is, on the other hand, quite devoid of mock modesty, and when he had satisfied himself with a performance of Lear, Macbeth, or other leading parts, he does not scruple expressing his self-content. Quite as often, however, he records, when falling short of his own idea, his self-discontent, and is far from grateful to applauding audiences for their untimely or ignorant approbation. There were in Macready's nature many ingredients of a self-tormentor. Indefatigable in study, earnest in desire to probe and represent the author's intention in every character he played, full of reverence for the dramatic art—although he never really loved a profession that circumstance, not choice, compelled him to adopt—his imagination at times was stronger than his power of representation, and, unable to realise his ideal, he went home from the theatre often in a gloomy, sometimes in a despairing, mood. What good honest John Fawcett said to him in the early days of his first Covent Garden engagement is almost as appropriate to later periods of Macready's career. On one occasion he was deeply disgusted with the parts of villains—'old bombastic tyrants'—so constantly assigned him. 'Why, William,' his comforter said, 'you grumble at every part that is given you, 'and you succeed in them all! Set to work at this, and 'though it is rather an odious gentleman, you may make some-'thing of him by hard study.' Fawcett's reply to the young tragedian's complainings was not without its good effect. The play was Lewis's tragedy of 'Adelgitha.' The other performers, including Young and Charles Kemble, created no sensation, and were below their usual mark, and the odious 'bombastic tyrant' in Macready's hands gained him the honours of the night! 'From this performance,' he writes, 'I date an elevation of style and a sensible improvement 'in my acting, of which I felt before my audience the ge-'neral recognition.' In fact we infer from his own admission that 'Aterius noster sufflaminandus erat.' 'The truth,' he says, 'had become manifest to me, that, as passion is weak-'ness, the true sense of power is best expressed by a collected 'and calm demeanour.' His infirmity of temper is so often mentioned in the 'Reminiscences,' and indeed throughout these volumes, that we need not often refer to it in future. It was so deeply deplored by him, that, had ashes and sackcloth been in vogue in his time, Macready would often have appeared in that Asiatic form of expressing penitence. Probably the infirmity was inherited from his father, who, owing to unfor-

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tunate speculations in theatres, and to a fair amount of constitutional impatience and wrong-headedness, had little else than a temper to bequeath his son and heir. An actor's, and still more a manager's, vocation, is not favourable to equanimity of mood. It is not written of Job that he ever conducted a rehearsal: it does not appear that the most rigid of Stoics ever risked his fortune on the success of a theatrical season. Probably the patient man of Uz would have been tried beyond bearing by the obstinacy of his troop of performers: it is likely that Zeno himself would have broken his own rules, had he discovered his drama to be a failure, or that the public just then ran after 'Jack Sheppard' or an elephant instead of the Moor, or the Merchant, of Venice. In his theatrical tastes and faith the elder Macready was a rigid conservative, devoted to the wisdom of his professional ancestors. His models of excellence in acting were Macklin and Henderson. So afraid was this stage Cato lest his son should be corrupted by new heresies that, on the lad's first visit to London, he forbade him to see John Kemble act. His fear was not needed; at that time classical John was not to be seen on the boards of Covent Garden. The O. P. riots were at springtide, and it was advisable for the manager to keep out of reach of missiles from pit and gallery. From Macklin, through the medium of his father, the younger Macready inherited this good advice:—'Look at me, sir, look at me,' said the old veteran to the elder Macready—'Keep your eye fixed on me when I am speaking 'to you. Attention is always fixed; if you take your eye from 'me you rob the audience of my effects and you rob me of 'their applause.' 'Marry good counsel, mark it, Master' William. Macready thought so; and the never-forgotten precept was enforced by him at rehearsals, and probably with not less energy than the Methuselah of the stage was wont to infuse into it in the days of George II.

The story of Macready's schooldays is generally that of other lads of the same period. Without being quite Dotheboys' Halls, the majority of small schools afforded neither sound tuition, nor moral training, nor wholesome food. The system of *fagging* at the great schools was on a par with the treatment of slaves in the Plantations, and a disgrace to those who connived at it. Macready did not suffer so deeply from his tyrants as Cowper did, but he endured enough to stamp on his memory a lasting resentment of such bondage.

He was removed from a day-school at Kensington to one of undeserved repute at Birmingham. It was a fair sample of the 'seminaries' of those days; and the *genus* is not quite

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extinct even now. The master, a Mr. Edgell, styled himself 'the Reverend;' but it was generally believed that no bishop had ever laid hands on him: nay, it was said by good-natured friends that he had started in business as a tailor! The boy's time, however, was not quite thrown away. His facility in learning and his power of retaining what he learnt was remarked. He acquired a good knowledge of arithmetic, and was set to commit to memory long extracts from the best English poets. 'Recitation,' he tells us, was his forte, and in English grammar he stood in the first class at eight years of age. Poor Edmund Kean had not the advantage at the same period of boyhood of even a tutor like Mr. Edgell. Macready's last remove was to Rugby, not then the Rugby of Dr. Arnold, but for that time, except for the severity of the fagging, by no means an objectionable school. Third from the bottom at his first entry, the diligent and capable pupil 'shot-up' into the fifth form, and but for the destiny that guided his life, might very likely have become captain, and earned the honours that Oxford bestows. One 'reminiscence' of Rugby is too remarkable to be omitted.

'I recollect,' writes Macready, 'one day when playing at foot ball in the school-close, Dr. Inglis, the head-master, was walking on the gravel walk that surrounds it. He called me to him, desiring me to keep on my hat, and continued his walk with me by his side. He inquired of me what my father designed for me. I told him that I was intended for the law. He continued:

'"Have you not thought of your father's profession?"

'"No, sir."

'"Should you not like it?"

'"No, sir, I should wish to go to the bar."

'"Are you quite certain you should not wish to go on the stage?"

'"Quite certain, sir; I very much dislike it, and the thought of it."

'"Well," he added, "I am glad of it. But if you had had any thoughts that way, I should have wished to have given you some advice, which I am glad to believe is now unnecessary."'

The wish to advise probably arose in good Dr. Inglis's mind from his pupil's excellency in recitation. Under the next head-master plays were frequently performed at Rugby School. Dr. Wooll selected Macready, 'out of his place,' in addition to the first twelve boys, to recite, or more properly to act, the closet scene in 'Hamlet.' He remonstrated with the Doctor 'upon the extreme difficulty of such a 'scene; and he silenced me by saying, "If I had not intended '"you to do something extraordinary, I should not have taken '"you out of your place."'' In the report of the June speeches—1808—is recorded:—

'Macready (Hamlet) *surprisingly well indeed.*'

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And the 'Divinity that shaped his ends,' not by any means forgetting to 'rough hew them,' had his designs even then on Hamlet and his future representative. On his return home for the winter holidays—in 1808-9—he learnt that return to Rugby, scholarships at Oxford, and the lawyer's gown were all beyond his reach. His father, a man of very sanguine temperament, had engaged in too many theatrical speculations and was on the verge of bankruptcy. Even the school bills could not be paid! 'What then was to be done? Would not my going 'on the stage relieve my father from the further expense of 'my education?' Greatly surprised at first by this unlooked-for proposal from a lad not yet sixteen, the much-embarrassed father soon assented to it. But as was very often, if not always the case with them, sire and son were soon at cross purposes. It was in the days when a stripling about young Macready's age was creating a *furore* both in London and the provinces. Here might be a second 'young Roscius,' a sort of twin 'Master Betty.' Now again gold and silver might be showered into the empty treasuries of some five country theatres! All the while William junior entertained no such expectations. By easing his father of some portion of the stage business, and by playing subordinate characters, he might render him good service. He never dreamt of 'Hamlet, 'surprisingly well indeed,' being affixed, and that, for many revolving years, to his name.

And thus at the early age of sixteen his lot was decided; and henceforward his 'resolve was to do the best he could with 'the means presented to him.' It is difficult to imagine a stripling in the place of drill-serjeant to a company of bearded men, and perhaps of not over-reasonable women also, and besides that, keeping his eyes on the check-takers, not unfrequently a light-fingered race, imposing fines on offenders, attending to the wardrobe, and choosing the performances for this and the next week. One brief anecdote in the 'Reminis-'cences' will give a glance at these almost Herculean labours. David and Hercules appear to have been about the same age as the young stage-manager when they slew the lion and the boar.

'With my father's return'—he had been imprisoned for debt in Lancaster Castle—'my responsibilities ceased; and it was no light load from which my inexperience, not always able to avoid mistakes, was relieved. I, however, still attended the rehearsals, and in the "getting up" of the melodramas, pantomimes, &c., I was the instructor of the performers. One morning I remember, when my father was present, showing one of them, who had to personate a savage, how, in making a sort of tiger-spring upon his enemy, suddenly to lapse into astonish-

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ment on seeing his own figure reflected in the polished surface of his antagonist's shield. My father was taken by surprise, and involuntarily said (for he was not very prodigal of his praise), "If you can do anything like that on the stage, there will be few come near you."'

On June 7, 1810, the play-bill of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, stated that 'the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" '(written by Shakspeare) will be presented. The part of 'Romeo by a young gentleman, being his first appearance 'on any stage. Juliet by Mrs. Young from Drury Lane 'Theatre.' The youthful debutant thus tells his own story on this to him momentous occasion:—

'My father selected Romeo for the character of my *début*, and accordingly I was now in earnest work upon it. Frequently in the course of my solitary attempts the exclamation would escape me, "I cannot do it." Still I persevered, and as the time of making the desperate plunge approached, my hopes were somewhat cheered by the encouragement of the lady who was rehearsing her part of Juliet with me, and my father's admission'—he had been very discouraging at first, a wet blanket in fact—'of "very great improvement." The emotions I experienced on first crossing the stage, and coming forward in face of the lights and the applauding audience, were almost overpowering. There was a mist before my eyes. The plaudits awoke me from the kind of waking dream in which I seemed to be moving. I gained my self-possession, and really entered into the spirit of the character, and, I may say, felt the passion I was to represent. Every round of applause acted like inspiration on me: I "trod on air," became another being, or a happier self: and when the curtain fell at the conclusion of the play, amid other fervent congratulations, being asked by a lady, "Well, sir, how do you feel now?" my boyish answer was without disguise, "I feel as if I should like to act it all over again."'

The Rubicon was passed: the young Cæsar indeed, as will appear in many entries in his journals, was very far from being stage-struck, or even fond of his enforced profession; but he found consolation in the thought that he had broken no duty, 'no father disobeyed,' by going on the stage. To follow his career as a provincial actor, or enumerate the theatres in Great Britain and Ireland where he played, would speedily exhaust our space. It is enough to say that his father's affairs assumed a more favourable aspect, while the son's reputation as an artist rapidly increased. He served a seven years' apprenticeship before presenting himself to a London audience. In this respect he followed in the steps of Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, and many other luminaries of the theatre; few of whom hurried to the Metropolis until they had deserved the laurels which they were destined to wear. York,

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Bath, Edinburgh, and Dublin were then dramatic colleges at which discipline was enforced and obeyed, and honours won by diligence and experience. 'Sic fortis Etruria crevit.' There are few such colleges now: consequently there are few first-class men.

The success of his son enabled manager Macready to engage for his theatres London 'stars' of both sexes. 'Master William,' for so he was long called by his Birmingham friends, consequently became acquainted with the two goddesses of Tragedy and Comedy, Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan, and from each of them he received encouragement and good advice. That of Mrs. Siddons is too characteristic to be passed over:—

'Mrs. Siddons after the play sent to me to say she would be glad to see me in her room. On going in, she "wished," she said, "to give me a few words of advice before taking leave of me. You are in the right way," she said, "but remember what I say, study, study, study, and do not marry till you are thirty. I remember what it was to be obliged to study at nearly your age with a young family about me. Beware of that: keep your mind on your art, do not remit your study, and you are certain to succeed. I know you are expected at a ball to-night, so I will not detain you, but do not forget my words: study well, and God bless you."'

Such counsel was given in the spirit of Sir Joshua Reynolds to young students: 'The pupil who looks forward to Sunday as a holiday will never be a painter.' This may not be accounted by some 'good divinity,' but it was, and ever will be, to students in any art or calling 'good counsel.' The plays in which they acted together at Newcastle were 'Douglas' and 'The Gamester.' Norval was a favourite character of the young tragedian's, but 'Beverley' he had to study and with the appalling information that he was to act with Mrs. Siddons! He went to work on it with his unfailing determination to do his very best. Going to rehearse with her he could not conceal his trepidation. Charles Young, some years older than Macready, had passed through a similar ordeal, and Young comparatively was made of calmer if not stronger 'stuff.' 'She received me,' he says, 'in her grand but good-natured manner, saying, "I hope, Mr. Macready, you have "brought some hartshorn and water with you, as I am told you "are terribly frightened at me," and she made some remarks 'about my being a "very young husband."' In the evening, for about a minute, it seems that hartshorn, with or without water, might have been acceptable. In the first scene with Mrs. Beverley, her 'young husband' was panic-struck. His

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memory seemed to have gone, and he stood bewildered, like Virgil's shepherd when he met a wolf at daybreak—but his stately spouse 'whispered the word to him.' Had the prompter at that moment been the town-cryer with his bell he would not have been heard by 'Mr. Beverley.' The whisper was not repeated, the scene proceeded, and terror passed away.

At Leicester he played with the Thalia of the English stage, Don Felix to her Violante in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of the 'Wonder.' Again Macready was a little embarrassed at first, but was speedily relieved by her goodnature, and by hearing her say, apparently in a sort of surprise and with great and grave emphasis, 'Very well indeed, sir.' At rehearsal he remarked how minute and how particular her directions were; nor would she be satisfied, till by repetition she had seen the business executed exactly to her mind. Those who have enjoyed the privilege of witnessing Mrs. Bancroft conducting a rehearsal at the Prince of Wales's Theatre at the present time will be able to form an idea of the wholesome régime enforced by Mrs. Jordan. 'Her voice,' we are told in the 'Reminis-'cences,' 'was one of the most melodious I ever heard, which she 'could vary by certain bass tones that would have disturbed 'the gravity of a hermit; and who that once heard that laugh 'of hers could ever forget it? The words of Milman would 'have applied well to her—"Oh, the words laughed on her "lips!"'

Whenever Macready describes in his 'Reminiscences' the performances of a great artist, he shows a deep study of dramatic art. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt made many excellent sketches of the same kind; but their vocation as reporters allowed them little time for full consideration of the subject. Moreover they were too often partisans to be altogether impartial judges. Whereas Macready's portraits are more deliberate; they were not drawn in haste for the newspapers; they were not addressed to playgoers; and the ardour of youthful enthusiasm is tempered in them by the calmer judgment of riper years. Biographers of actors, again, are frequently too eager to exalt their special hero, and to depreciate his rivals. Macready could afford to praise his brothers and sisters of the craft; Kean had no warmer admirer; and he often applauds the acting of his immediate competitors, Young and Charles Kemble. It is with much regret that we can merely refer the reader to his descriptions of Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan, of Talma and Miss O'Neill. Perhaps the following account of his first acquaintance with Edmund Kean's acting, though of earlier date than Macready's appearance on any stage, may not be unacceptable.

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One Christmas vacation, he saw at the Birmingham Theatre a serious pantomime on the subject of Monk Lewis's ballad, 'Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogene.' The heroine was represented by the manager's wife—'a female porpoise'—something apparently of the Mrs. Crummles's type—the hero by a short mean-looking youth attired in a shabby green satin dress. Some years later the town and the newspapers were ringing with the praises of a marvellous young actor who was retrieving the character and the fortunes of Drury Lane Theatre by his impersonations of Shylock, Richard, and Othello. No one approaching him had been seen since Henderson; nay, perhaps even since Garrick. Widow Garrick seated him in her David's empty chair, an honour she had not conferred on John Kemble, though she held him in much respect. But *he*, she thought, was not her husband's lineal successor, as this new adventurer in her opinion *was*. 'The Examiner,' then the great theatrical oracle, said that Kemble 'faded before the 'new-comer like a tragedy ghost,' and when some envious brethren of the craft said that he had recently been a harlequin, good-natured Jack Bannister rebuked them by saying, 'He is indeed a harlequin, for he has jumped over all *our* 'heads;' and Bannister had not only seen Garrick act, but had acted with him. Who was this youthful prodigy? He was no other than the brave, but shabby Alonzo, whom 'Master 'William' had seen at the Birmingham Theatre. He was 'Edmund Kean.'

There seems to have been at first some doubt in young Macready's mind as to the pantomimist in shabby green satin being now the 'cynosure of all eyes' at Drury Lane Theatre. Might there not be more than one Kean in Britain? If it were the same person it was almost an Ovidian metamorphosis from a stage Lazarus to a stage Dives. His curiosity was soon gratified. He and his most conservative father were accommodated with a box for 'Richard the III.' The rest must be told in his own words.—

'Pope was the lacrymose and rather tedious performer of Henry VI. But when the scene changed, and a little keenly-visaged man rapidly bustled across the stage, I felt there was meaning in the alertness of his manner and the quickness of his step. As the play proceeded I became more and more satisfied that there was a mind of no common order. In his angry complaining of Nature's injustice to his bodily imperfections, as he uttered the line, "To shrink my arm up like a withered shrub," he remained looking on the limb for some moments with a sort of bitter discontent, and then struck it back in angry disgust. My father, who sat behind me, touched me and whispered, "It's very poor!" "Oh, no!" I replied, "it is no common thing," for I found myself stretching over the box to observe him. The scene

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with Lady Anne was entered on with evident confidence, and was well sustained, in the affected earnestness of penitence, to its successful close. In tempting Buckingham to the murder of the children, he did not impress me as Cooke was wont to do, in whom the sense of the crime was apparent in the gloomy hesitation with which he gave reluctant assurance to the deed of blood. Kean's manner was consistent with his conception, proposing their death as a political necessity and sharply requiring it as a business to be done. The two actors were equally effective in their respective views of the unscrupulous tyrant; but leaving to Cooke the more prosaic version of Cibber, it would have been desirable to have seen the energy and restless activity of Kean giving life to racy language and scenes of direct and varied agency in the genuine tragedy with which his whole manner and appearance were so much more in harmony.'

The performance over, Kean supped with the two Macreadys, and, after some reserve in his manner, he entertained and surprised them by his powers of mimicry and his gifts in song. In his versatility there was some resemblance to Garrick's. 'It was a memorable evening,' we are told in the 'Reminis-'cences,' 'but the first and last I ever spent with this extraordi-'nary man.' They were not congenial souls. The one rapidly rose, the other as rapidly sank in the social scale.

We cannot afford to dally longer with Macready as a provincial favourite; perhaps indeed we have lingered too long in the vestibule of his career; but the extraordinary energy of a mere boy in qualifying himself for a profession not his choice, and the filial piety which led him to sacrifice his own aspirations, were well worthy of record. He appeared at Covent Garden Theatre on September 21, 1816, about two and a half years after Kean's brilliant 'first night' at Drury Lane. The play was the 'Distressed Mother;' his character was Orestes. Neither the part nor the tragedy was particularly suited to his powers, but there was no choice allowed him, since senior actors stopt the way, and could not be expected to give place to an untried novice, great as his reputation was as a leading actor at Edinburgh and York, Dublin and Bath. He made, however, a decidedly favourable impression upon the audience, who were struck with the power, the harmony, and modulation of his voice. 'He declaims,' wrote Hazlitt, 'better than any-'body we have lately heard. He is accused of being violent, 'and of wanting pathos. Neither of these objections is true. 'His manner of delivering the first speeches in this play was 'admirable, and the want of increasing interest afterwards was 'the fault of the author rather than the actor.' The performance over, he was summoned to the manager's room. 'Well, 'my boy,' said Mr. Harris, 'you have done capitally;

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'and if you could carry a play along with such a cast,' —this was probably an allusion to the ladies—the best comic actress then upon the stage representing the weeping, widowed Andromache—'I don't know what you cannot do!' 'It was observed that the members of the corps dramatique 'mustered in unusual force, among whom Kean was very libe- 'ral of his applause.' The newspapers were generally favourable to the debutant—but were not particularly civil as to his personal attractions. The theatrical article in the 'Examiner' began its notice of him in these words:—'Mr. Macready is the 'plainest and most awkwardly-made man that ever trod the 'stage, but he is an actor whom in some respects we prefer to 'Mr. Kean.' Macready met this unsavoury criticism as stoically as Sir Robert Bramble in the 'Poor Gentleman' does the opinion of his candid servant Humphrey:—'You are the 'ugliest old man I ever saw,' says the honest but rough dependent. 'Zounds, Humphrey,' replies the Baronet in great wrath and brandishing his cane—concluding with—'Well, 'that's not flattery.'

'My vanity, however,' writes Macready, 'was not assailable on this point, for I had been, I am glad to say, early bullied into thinking humbly of myself in regard to personal appearance. I remembered, moreover, that Le Kain, Henderson, and Talma'—he might have added George Frederic Cooke, and Sandford, Cibber's ideal of the crook-backed Glo'ster—'had found the plainness of their features no obstruction to the full display of those emotions which the deep study of their author awakened.'

His path was now opened, but it was not yet clear. The 'Times,' in its first judgment on him, 'allowing a certain 'amount of ability, did not conceive it was sufficient to shake 'Young or much to intimidate Charles Kemble.' The audiences of that time were divided in their opinions. There was a conservative party which regarded John Kemble as the ideal of a great and legitimate actor; there was a liberal party which idolised the natural style of Kean. The new actor seemed to many of such partisans as neither fish nor flesh: they knew not how to classify him. He had not the passionate temperament of the one, nor the gracefulness and dignity of the other of these great artists. A few, indeed, of the elder spectators saw in Macready a resemblance to Henderson; but those who recollected Henderson were rapidly growing fewer in number; either they had ceased going to theatres, or to breathe vital air. The next part allotted to Macready was that of Mentevolo in the 'Italian Lover;' but though he was loudly applauded by the house, and commended by the reporters, the

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play had the worst of faults—it was dull, and speedily withdrawn. Mr. Harris, 'in an impatient mood,' announced him to appear in Othello and Iago alternately with Young. Here was preferment; but it was not long lived. Hazlitt's account of Macready in the Moor is on the whole encouraging; but it should be borne in mind that Kean was then supereminent in the part. He took his turn in Iago, but at short notice, 'and 'never having acted or studied the part.' On the other hand, Young, though an excellent Iago, was not at any time a good Othello, and Hazlitt's criticism on the joint performance was, that 'Young was like a great humming-top, and Macready like 'a mischievous boy whipping him'—'a comparison,' writes the latter, 'quite as complimentary, I have no doubt, as my 'imperfect essay deserved.' After a few years 'mine ancient' became one of his best performances.

We have shown Macready to have been as invulnerable on the score of ugliness as if Thetis had dipped him in the Stygian pool. But he was not impervious to another grievance. Whenever a new play contained a thoroughly villanous character it was always cast to him. Long before we ever saw him on the stage, we recollect being told that 'there was 'no one like Macready for a stage-villain—he had such a 'face for one.' Shiel's drama of the 'Apostate' was read in the green-room. The noble or virtuous *dramatis personæ* were assigned to Young, Charles Kemble, and Miss O'Neill; the wicked Pescara, as he foreboded, was given to Macready. 'Mournfully and despondently he received it.' Charles Kemble's consolation to him was: 'Why, William, it is no 'doubt a disagreeable part, but there is passion in it.' 'Which 'being true,' writes William, 'there is nothing for me but to 'think how to work it out with the most powerful effect, and 'to work I went upon it with my usual determination.' It is the strong will that removes mountains in this world, and creates kings and kaisers. Among other good gifts Macready possessed that of indomitable resolution, and so not Pescara only, but scores of other and more genial characters, came triumphantly out of his forge. Pescara, after all, odious as he was, had his advantage to the performer of the part. The excellence of the representation drew from Ludwig Tieck the following tribute to the young actor. In his 'Letters on the 'English Drama,' in 1817, he writes:—'This *villain* was ad- 'mirably represented, and was indeed so vehement, truthful, 'and powerful a personation, that for the first time since my 'arrival in England I felt myself recalled to the best days 'of German acting. If the young man continues in this style 'he will go far.'

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And yet the cloud hung over him. It cannot be denied that Macready was a little unreasonable at this period. He seems to have forgotten that 'by the old gradation,' on the stage as well as in the camp, 'each second stood heir to the 'first.' He did not bear in mind that Smith for years had kept Macbeth and Wolsey out of the hands of John Kemble. He took no comfort from such established and known precedents. He thus describes his feelings when entering on his second London season:—

'What were my feelings and my prospects? There was nothing bright in the prospect before me, and my spirits could not always bear up against the pressure on them. No gleam of promise appeared to me in the future to inspire my exertions, or to relieve what under such depression I felt to be the drudgery of my employment. My dissatisfaction with my position was not lessened by the species of character imposed on me in the beginning of this season. Indeed my pride was stung to the quick by a summons to the reading of a melodramatic after-piece, in which I was to appear. As I now look back on these earlier days I cannot but perceive how much I was the author of my own disquietude, what a world of annoyance I might have spared myself by calmly digesting these fancied indignities, regarding them as the trifles they really were. But "trifles light as air" are constantly magnified by the actor jealous of his reputation, and in consequence often unreasonably captious, into grave injustices.'

There was something of 'the blood of the Absolutes' in the Macready family. The father was 'easily led when he had 'his own way'—he was 'very compliant when not thwarted'—but it was not difficult to 'put him in a phrensy.' Dearly and deservedly beloved sister Letitia evidently had a will of her own, and Major Edward was apparently of the great Julius's opinion that it was better to be the first man in a village than to be a subordinate in the senate or the field. William Macready chafed at the curb very early in his London career. He panted to leap at once into the seat of Young and Charles Kemble. He was conscious that his powers exceeded theirs—and so far he was right—but he was too impatient to assert his position, and so far he was wrong. At the time he was deploring 'the Fates and sisters three, and such like branches 'of learning,' he was 'doing very good business' for so young an actor. The 'Reminiscences' mention him as playing, besides third characters in new dramas, Henry V., Othello, Coriolanus, Hotspur, Rolla, Richard III., Jacques, and Joseph Surface. His Rob Roy was an immense success and a permanent one also; the treasury benefited by his acting; the audiences and the critics generally were not scanty in tributes of applause. Lear was offered him: he declined the part on

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good grounds—he had not studied it; but he took Edmund, and gave satisfaction by the representation; indeed Cooke had played Edmund to Kemble's Lear—and so, a much younger tragedian could take Glo'ster's 'bastard son' without scruple.

Better times were at hand. He fixed his stamp as a first-rate tragedian in Virginius. Charles Kemble, not in general an admirer of Macready's acting, always allowed that in that character he was equal to his brother John even in his prime. Here at least was clear ground. In the parts we have mentioned either the Kemble school or Kean stood in his way and invited comparison, if not hostile criticism. In Virginius there was opportunity for displaying not merely vigour in the representation of passion, but also his deep pathos and tenderness. The grave look of love which Virginius fixed upon his daughter, his demeanour in sacrificing his darling, are remembered by many even unto this day. The Roman characters at that time had long been monopolised by Kemble, and he was so well seconded by Young, that they had come to be regarded as stereotyped. There could be no other possible forms under which Brutus, Coriolanus, or Cato would be endured. In Virginius the spell was dissolved. It was perceived that a Roman soldier had his affections, his sorrows, his sacred fount of tears like ordinary mortals—that the scarred hero of many fights had his home-joys and a tender, no less than a stout heart. At a later period these human affections were applied by the actor to Brutus, who too often had been depicted on the stage as an unbending and severe Stoic. The Brutus, indeed, of history is not exactly the Brutus of Shakspeare. In Plutarch he savours much of the Porch, and in Cicero's letters he seems to have been little better than a close-fisted money-lender. The softer virtues furnished him by the poet were not overlooked by the tragedian. In the part of William Tell he displayed similar powers for delineating intense pathos and paternal love. His manner, while watching the boy practising his bow and arrow, and the smothered agony that preceded his compliance with Gesler's brutal mandate to make his son his target, have never been approached by other actors.

It is just forty-eight years, hard upon half a century, since we ourselves remember to have seen him with youthful enthusiasm in these parts. But if the enthusiasm was youthful the impression has been lasting: as he was then we see him, in the mind's eye, still—the cry of 'Have I not hands?' which preceded his tiger spring on Appius, and the kiss he gave his boy before the fatal apple was placed upon his head. His Lear appeared to us in later life a finer performance, the

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subject being indeed immeasurably above Virginius or William Tell; but it has not the freshness of those first impressions. His 'Prospero' as given at Covent Garden was a most majestic impersonation, and charmingly supported by Miss Helen Faucit as 'Miranda' and Miss P. Horton as 'Ariel.' But enough of these personal recollections. We are enabled through the kindness of a friend who witnessed Macready's performances at their meridian to present our readers with some accounts of them that have never been published, and yet appear to us far better criticisms than any to be met with in type. Their author is an admirer, but not a fanatic in judgment. The scale of appreciation is held evenly—the comments evince all the tokens of close observation and keen sensibility so often wanting in ordinary dramatic criticism. We begin with a notice of Macready in Lear.

'Lear was on the whole the most admired of Macready's performances. It was not a design after Tate's as hitherto it had been; no Cupid joined the hands of Cordelia and Edgar: no "flourish" accompanied Lear's last speeches about rosy wings and inspiring gods; but all was "cheerless, dark, and deadly," solemn, Shaksperian. It seemed difficult to surpass the concentrated passion with which he denounced the one daughter in the first act; yet this was nothing to the succeeding passages, when Regan has taken Goneril by the hand. In graduating passion Macready was always remarkably skilful. Only the *great* actor can accomplish those nice distinctions by which rage and agony are raised by degrees to their full height.'

Macready's conception of the character was in some respects original and so far an improvement on the hitherto prevailing one. He did not portray the old king as decrepid in body or failing in mind or memory from the first. And he gives the following excellent reasons for departure from established custom:—

'Most actors, Garrick, Kemble, and Kean among others, seem to have based their conception of the character on the infirmity usually associated with "four score and upwards," and have represented the feebleness instead of the vigour of old age. But Lear's was in truth a "lusty winter:" his language never betrays imbecility of mind or body. He confers his kingdom indeed on "younger strengths;" but there is still sufficient invigorating in him to allow him to ride, to hunt, to run wildly through the fury of the storm, to slay the ruffian who murdered his Cordelia, and to bear about her dead body in his arms. There is, moreover, a heartiness and even jollity in his blither moments no way akin to the helplessness of senility. Indeed the towering range of thought with which his mind dilates, identifying the heavens themselves with his griefs, and the power of conceiving such imaginings would seem incompatible with a tottering, trembling frame, and betoken rather one of "mighty bone and bold emprise," in the outward bearing of the grand old man.'

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The result of this departure from the ordinary Lear of the stage is thus described by our observing friend:—

'The effect upon an audience was prodigious. A perfect storm of sobs and sighs broke out in the theatre when the old king woke from his dream of madness to fall upon Cordelia's neck with the hysterical emotion of age. The relief of the spectator from the horror of the first acts which had kept him fixed and silent made itself evident in this way.'

Following out his conception, Macready 'developed the 'madness very gradually, giving to it the peculiar character 'of great age—of that time of life when the passage from a 'healthy understanding to a disordered one is made on any 'additional weakening of the physical powers. An enormous 'and exhausting passion in Lear's now feeble frame produced 'this change.'

In the 'Reminiscences' we find the following judicious remarks on the character of Hamlet:—

'"Hamlet" was announced for my benefit [at Covent Garden Theatre] on the 8th of June, 1821.' He was then twenty-eight years old—a fact to be kept in mind in any record of his acting *principal* characters. 'Upon this wonderful creation of Shakspeare, in which the language is so often a disguise for the passion beneath it, more has been written than probably on any other character, real or fictitious, within the whole range of literature. But are we indebted to the poet's numerous commentators for the unravelling what seems mysterious in it, and rendering clear what might be obscure in the text: or are we not, in the generality of his critics, made sensible of the vain ambition to obtain credit for critical sagacity? To illustrate and interpret the poet's thoughts is the player's province. No actor possessed of moderate advantages of person, occasional animation, and some knowledge of stage business can entirely fail in the part of Hamlet; the interest of the story and the rapid succession of startling situations growing out of it compel the attention of the spectator and irresistibly engage his sympathy. But to make the mind of Hamlet apparent, to render his seeming inconsistencies reconcilable and intelligible, is the artist's study. My meditations on the character continued to the close of my career.'

'Macready's Hamlet'—we return to our trustworthy 'reporter'—'was, in spite of all physical drawbacks, to our mind the yielding, flexible, impressionable, tender-minded Hamlet of Shakspeare; never strong and resolute even when most roused to action: alternately meditative and impassioned, deliberate and sudden; which yet in all its combinations of positive and negative made up a "sweet prince." After the most frantic flights of passion his spirits fell back constantly into that attitude of gentleness natural to them. When he had "frighted" the king with "false fire" and raved in ferocious exultation, he drooped his head upon Horatio's shoulder and we heard him ask in the tone of a sick man for some music—"the recorders."

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Thus he received Osric's message with such a sinking of the heart, though bravely defying augury: and thus it was he wept for Polonius after the contest with his mother. He addressed the spirit of his father as a spirit—the horror of the tremendous visitation absorbed all his faculties; his voice faded away to a whisper, his action was suspended under the influence of a terror increasing rather than diminishing during the first addresses to the ghost.'

If not exactly Macready's Hamlet, we cannot omit congratulating the playgoers of the present moment on being witnesses of the performance of Mr. Irving. He too is a studious, meditative, and conscientious actor, gifted with considerable powers, and promising fairly to inscribe his name on the annals of the stage. Mr. Irving has indeed before him an unprecedentedly clear field as a tragedian. Not even the shadow of a Kean or Kemble stands in his way. He has before him the entire range of the English tragic drama, and we recommend him to multiply and vary his parts. It must be an intolerable strain on the faculties of an actor to play Hamlet a hundred or more times consecutively. Why should not Mr. Irving play 'Virginius'—that is if a suitable Virginia can be discovered?

With the following sketch of Macready's Macbeth we must reluctantly take leave for a while of our most serviceable critic:—

'Not less admirable was he in his dealings with the supernatural in Macbeth. In the first act he was, without gesticulation, without grimace, an amazed, bewildered being. His look wandering and unsettled; when he spake 'into the air,' we could almost see the Hags pass away like a wreath of vapour, dissolving into the invisible. Afterwards he was truly *rapt*; thick-coming fancies seemed to crowd through his brain, large thoughts that left no room for lesser perceptions. Scarcely conscious of the presence of Banquo and his friends when once hailed Thane of Cawdor, his words to them dropped hurriedly and impatiently. It was the sublime of preoccupation.'

Such 'pre-occupation' was attributed to Garrick. He is described by eye-witnesses—Cumberland, no mean judge of acting, among them—'as in a trance both when he first encountered the Weird Sisters, and when he went to consult them on the destiny which awaited him.' Kean's power in Macbeth did not hold out after the discovery of Duncan's murder. The weight of the banquet and following scenes was too much for him. Macready was really the Gothic King. There was this difference between these great actors in the part. The expression of Kean's most flexible features hardly varied from the banquet scene to the duel with Macduff.

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Whereas the increasing pressure and consciousness of destiny were delineated by Macready from his first encounter with the supernatural sisters until the fulfilment of their prophecies. He was 'a man forbid' from the moment that he became 'greater than both hereafter'—Glamis, Cawdor, and King. Hope and guilty ambition died away—despair and the certainty of doom took their place in the actor's features.

His second season at Covent Garden over and country engagements for the time fulfilled, the now established actor had means and leisure to indulge in a holiday, and he visited France, Switzerland, and Italy. Three chapters of the 'Reminiscences' contain an account of this and a later excursion, and so agreeably are they written that we could wish, as Johnson did for Gray, 'that to travel, and to tell his 'travels, had been more of his employment.' At Paris he attended at the performances of Mdlle. Mars and Talma, the great representatives of the new school, and of Mdlle. Duchesnois and Lafond, the representatives of the declamatory style of the days of Voltaire. Neither these attractions nor those of the Louvre delayed him long. 'With Italy before me,' he writes, 'I grudged each day that detained me in Paris.' His enthusiastic and sensitive temperament, his admiration for the Latin and Italian poets, qualified him for uninterrupted enjoyment of the natural and artistic treasures of the Peninsula, and we pass over with regret, but not without a strong recommendation of these chapters to the reader, his notices of the churches, the galleries, the palaces, and the scenery of Italy. He had sufficient acquaintance with the poets of the Augustan age to enable him to realise in some measure the aspect of Cæsarian Rome; and his occasional mention of his readings in Dante and Tasso render it probable that he could also picture in his 'mind's eye,' the Rome also of the Popes, and the Italy of the Medici, of Raphael and Michael Angelo. His tour was not without its fruits. Not merely did it help to enlarge his knowledge of men and manners, and to cherish in him the seeds of artistic tastes, but also, when he became manager, helped him in more than one of the pictures for his theatre in which Venice, Verona, and Rome formed the scene of the drama.

At Paris, on his way to London, he was met by a most unexpected and unpleasant surprise. He went to a reading room in the *Rue de la Paix* to learn what had been doing in the London theatres during his absence, and to his dismay read that 'Emery was dead and that Young, Miss Stephens,' the sweet singer, 'and Liston, had seceded from Covent

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'Garden and were engaged by Elliston at Drury Lane!' Now indeed he was the main prop and stay of the house where he was engaged. But it was with any feeling rather than pleasure that he learnt of the secession; and he then and always condemned the policy, or rather the impolicy, that led to it. To save a hundred or two pounds in salaries, thousands were sacrificed, and Covent Garden never regained either its former prosperity as a theatre or its old-established reputation. He had in earlier days striven with Young for the premiership in tragedy—but he was always on good terms with that excellent actor and amiable man, and he now bitterly regretted their separation. Except so far as it affected Macready there is no occasion to dwell on the motives that actuated the Covent Garden Committee in this matter: suffice it to say that it was a step on the road to ruin. Macready himself, in consequence of some informality in his engagement, threw it up. 'It was,' he tells us, 'with regret that I left Covent Garden, the scene 'of my earlier successes, and associated with so much of in-'terest in my professional career; but under the present 'management (1822–3), it was no longer the same theatre.'

We shall pass rapidly over Macready's connexion with Drury Lane. It seems to have been the most unhappy period of his professional life. He was subject there to one of the pettiest of tyrants—manager Bunn. Whatever a mean and sordid nature could devise in the way of ingeniously tormenting, the worthless lessee of that theatre practised on Macready. It is easier to marvel at his endurance of the insults heaped upon him, than at his indignation at them. Matters indeed came to a most unfortunate crisis. Compelled to play the first three acts only of 'Richard III.' his cup was full and overflowed. Had Bunn luckily been out of the way at the time, had the door of his private room been locked, had a night intervened to cool the actor's just wrath, had almost anything happened except what did happen, Macready would have been spared many painful weeks of remorse. Our verdict on the case is, that to thrash Bunn was quite unworthy of the actor, to get the thrashing was quite worthy of the manager. Macready for a time fancied that his friends, among them the excellent Charles Buller, whose early death was a national loss, looked coldly on him: that he had forfeited his social position: that he had by his rash deed lost all future chance of public favour: and that the Philistines of the Press, some of whom at the time were not partial to him, would now make more sport of him than ever. What, however, lay deepest on his heart, the 'unkindest cut of all,' was his own remorse at yielding to

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what he often calls his 'ungovernable temper.' For the correction of this infirmity he offered up many a prayer at many seasons. He was as contrite as if he had put himself into sackcloth and ashes and refused to eat bread and be comforted. Of course the assailer and the assaulted could no longer dwell under the same roof. Macready quitted Drury Lane, and Bunn cured his aching bones by putting in his purse certain moneys as a salve for them.

Out of this unlucky affair good as well as evil came: the results that Macready anticipated from it were for the most part unrealised. He did not suffer in good men's esteem; he had troops of friends still: even the public seemed not to care much for Mr. Bunn's castigation. One of the consequences was a most satisfactory reconciliation with Charles Kemble. There had been a coolness between the two actors since Macready left Covent Garden; they had occasionally crossed each other's paths when they were under the management of Mr. Harris. Their theory and practice of acting differed, and there was no lack of good-natured friends to tell the one what the other thought of him. Kemble, however, while regretting the impetuosity of Macready, was highly indignant with the Drury Lane manager, and lost no opportunity for expressing his opinion of Bunn's conduct. The reconciliation must be told in Macready's own words; it was honourable both to him who gave and him who took the apology:—

'May 7, 1836.—Went to the Garrick Club. Kemble came in as I was going out. I told the waiter to ask him to step into the strangers' room, which he did. I said that it had gratified me much to hear of the liberal way in which he had spoken of me before and subsequently to this unfortunate affair; that I had commissioned my friend Talfourd to say as much to him, but seeing him there, I chose to anticipate his intention and to express myself the sense I entertained of his liberal manner of mentioning my name, having so long been in a state of hostility with him. He replied that he had never cherished any hostile feeling towards me, and that his language had always been in the same tone; that everyone must feel indignant at the infamous conduct of this Bunn towards me, and that he had ever entertained the best feelings for me. I drew off my glove, and said that I had much pleasure in acknowledging the liberality of his conduct. He shook hands very cordially, saying that it had been always a matter of regret to him that our acquaintance had been interrupted, and I replied that I regretted this reconcilement had been forced from me by the generous and liberal behaviour which he had shown, and had not rather proceeded spontaneously from me.'

Much fame, attended also with due remuneration, did Macready gain by his three visits to the United States.

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Even the greatest admirers of Edmund Kean were obliged to admit that he had taken little good by crossing the Atlantic. Whether it were that the American drinks, so various and so tempting, or whether the American audiences encouraged him by ill-placed applause for some *points* or, more properly, tricks, which he had begun to adopt in England —spoilt child as he was of needy and flattering parasites— cannot be told. Certain it is he returned to London altered for the worse, while Macready was neither changed 'by mint 'julep, a drink,' he says, 'fit for Hebe to offer to the gods,' nor by the indiscreet plaudits of the spectators. In his third and last trip to America he was in peril of his life. At Edinburgh he had been hissed in Hamlet; in London there was a clique, sometimes audible as well as readable, formed against him; but it was reserved for a New York theatre to assail him with harder weapons than words or newspaper articles. Truly or not the sibilation and the final outrage were ascribed to an American player who had taken it into his head that Macready, through envy and jealousy, had marred his success on the English stage. So far was this from being the case, he had shown much courtesy, and even kindness, to Edwin Forrest—an actor whose proper sphere would have been that of a matador in a Spanish bull-fight. The mob, there can be no question, intended to bruise or break the English intruder's bones, and had they slain him outright would perhaps not have been deeply affected, but have 'liqu'rd up' with more than ordinary gusto. Had Macready been killed, and could Mr. Bunn have been a New York coroner, he might perchance have directed the gentlemen of the jury to find a verdict of, 'Served him right.' Macready, however, had more friends than foes in the United States, and one small town felt itself aggrieved, if not absolutely insulted, because his engagements did not permit him time to perform in it.

The country theatres, when those in London were closed, were still important to Macready; for his family increased almost annually, and it was necessary to provide for them not only at the moment but also for the future. He was a hale and hearty man; but there were 'land rats and water rats' to provide against; there were railways and steam-packets, and then, as now, there were accidents both on shore and sea. His early applauders at York and Bath, at Edinburgh and Dublin, warmly welcomed him; but he was engaged also in many inferior and obscure theatres, where often his withers were sorely wrung. He was, as we have seen, very strict in rehearsals. He was sometimes occupied eight or nine hours in drilling

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awkward provincial squads. On one occasion, a prompter who had taken umbrage at a rebuke from the London 'star,' made off with the prompting-book, and time was wasted in tracing him to a public-house. At another, the Appius Claudius, whom Virginius was soon to strangle, forgetting that judges are proverbially 'sober,' fell *bacchi plenus*, or full of some 'viler liquor,' at the foot of his judgment-seat, and the performance had to wait for a substitute. Again, more than once, although Macbeth or Othello was punctual at roll-call, there was not even a super in the playhouse! The lessons of the morning were often forgotten in the evening, and a blundering Horatio is as a fly in a pot of ointment to a scrupulous and rather irascible Hamlet. Macready, himself an excellent fencer, was now and then matched with an opponent who handled his foil as if it were a housemaid's broom; and not unfrequently a clumsy Richmond was 'punched full of deadly 'holes' by the expert Richard. Now and then, Juliet was in advanced years, and Cordelia a burden not only by her acting but by her weight. Young, it is said, bore these misfortunes with his usual equanimity; but Macready was made of more inflammatory stuff, and had in him more of the sensitive Cassius than of the patient Brutus.

The later management of both Drury Lane and Covent Garden aroused in Macready a profound and not unreasonable dislike of the patent theatres. Bulwer's Act, as it was called, had not yet emancipated the minor houses from their bondage under obsolete and idle laws and restrictions, and the national drama was left to the mercy, or rather to the tyranny and caprice, of committees or lessees who cared about as much for good plays and performers as they did for public morals or art. Macready and some few friends and brother-actors drew up a statement of these restraints and grievances, and laid it before the Lord Chamberlain. His Lordship's reply, though in the negative, was courteous, and it is not easy to see what that functionary could do in the matter. He could not abolish the patents, nor, without the aid of Parliament, give any effectual redress. The scheme of the few reformers, indeed, was not likely to be intelligible or acceptable to the general public. Men of letters might deplore the fallen state of the drama; but what were they among so many people, who, if amused in any manner, were content; who relished Fitzball's plays as much as, if not more than, Shakspeare's or Congreve's, and who looked on theatrical performances as little better than a pastime, if not merely an idle recreation. The average Briton is not easily excited to take steps in favour of any liberal art. Burke, in

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the whirlwind of his wrath against the French republicans, refers to 'the tears that Garrick formerly, or that Mr. Siddons 'not long since, extorted from' him; but few members of Parliament, whether lords or commons, thought that it at all concerned the Legislature whether 'Hunt should box or 'Mahomet should dance' on boards on which 'Lear had raved 'and Hamlet died.' The petition fell to the ground, and reform of the drama troubled no man's slumbers at the moment, nor since has it seriously affected the interests of either stalls or gallery.

But what if one at least of the two patent theatres could, under different management, be restored to its former estate? No doubt the risk would be great. 'The plot' might not be 'a good plot, an excellent plot,' as Hotspur thought rebellion was: 'precious ventures' of money might like Antonio's 'be 'squandered abroad' in the attempt; and besides, Macready, having wife and children to provide for, 'had given hostages to 'fortune.' One thing only was certain. He alone could carry out the projected *renaissance* of the stage; and having once screwed up his courage to the sticking point, he entered on his managerial functions with the same resolution that in his younger days had helped to turn to account even stage-villains.

He became manager of Covent Garden Theatre on July 24, 1837; of Drury Lane in the same month, 1841. As the result was similar in each case, the two undertakings to improve the drama may as well be treated as one. Both houses were handed over to him in very Augæan condition as regarded morals and the virtue next to godliness. To cleanliness there seems to have been no opposition; but to the isolation of women of the town from the body of both these theatres there was much grave and indeed fierce remonstrance. Shareholders took fright; committee-men shook their heads. If only good-livers were to be suffered in front of the proscenium, what would become of the dividends? 'Virtus post 'nummos' was the burden of the outcry against such a puritan lessee. Some newspapers, the 'John Bull' leading the van, were zealous advocates for the protection of vice. The manager, however, was not to be moved by threat or clamour. He was steady as bronze in his good purpose. He 'had set' his enterprise on the cast, and was steadfastly purposed to 'stand the hazard of the die.' In the preface to 'Ion' Mr. Justice Talfourd says that 'besides improving the dramas and 'performances of the time, Macready, at the sacrifice of his 'own health and ease, and the risk of his well-earned fortune,

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'has had the virtue and the courage to cast away vicious 'appliances, and to discourage every blandishment except 'those by which art embodies the conceptions of genius.'

But the victories of the lessee were like those of the Epirot King, Pyrrhus, very like defeats. Both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane he was successful in his efforts to elevate the tone of the drama and to improve the style of acting. Old plays were revived, new ones were produced, with every ornament and adjunct of costume and scenery that taste or research could supply. The companies at each house were the best that could be obtained; the audiences, though occasionally they fell off, were often frequent and full; and had time been allowed there can be little doubt of their becoming steady in numbers and remunerative. There was a time when Chancellors of the Exchequer carefully watched the returns of exports, imports, and manufactures, and raised the duties and taxes on them, or devised new modes of filling the treasury, exactly in proportion as trade or enterprise prospered. The effect of such policy, even if it were not recorded by historians, is not difficult to guess. Trade declined; enterprise was discouraged. The committees of the two theatres acted like these blundering chancellors. When Macready's first leases expired, the rent was raised. The committee acted like the daughters of the horse-leach; they cried 'Give, give.' Even so zealous a reformer was not prepared for insolvency. Twice foiled in his attempts to elevate the stage, he laid down the managerial baton. His real opponents were those who, for their own interests as well as his, ought to have been his supporters. Hastening to be rich they became, and deservedly, poor; believing themselves to be foreseeing, they were blind as moles in all that touched the shareholders. What Macready says of Mr. Price's management at Drury Lane applies equally to that of Osbaldiston and others at Covent Garden. 'Managers and 'patentees,' he writes, 'are little better than mere traders'— 'the only one consideration of those to whom the patents of 'the Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres have been en- 'trusted was the amount of interest they could obtain for their 'shares; the improvement of the public taste, the cultivation of 'dramatic literature, or the respectability of the audience, 'being subjects below their liberal and enlightened views.' In his speech at the farewell dinner given him on his retiring from the stage, he says:—

'My ambition to establish a theatre in regard to decorum and taste worthy of our country, and to leave in it the plays of our divine Shakspeare fitly illustrated, was frustrated by those whose duty it

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was themselves to have undertaken the task. But some good seed has yet been sown: and, in the zeal and creditable productions of certain of our present managers, we have assurance that the corrupt editions and unworthy presentations of past times will never be restored, but that the purity of our great poet's text will from henceforward be held on our English stage in the reverence it should ever command.'

Macready, both as actor and manager, was the cause and promoter of much improvement in dramatic literature. It had become of little use to write new plays for Kean. His memory was greatly impaired by his excesses; he was seldom, if ever, happy in his performance of new pieces; and several even of his old characters—Iago, Hamlet, and Reuben Glenroy—a very fine one in his hands—he gradually gave up. To Macready we owe, besides 'Virginius,' 'William Tell,' 'Glencoe,' 'Mirandola,' 'The Provost of Bruges,' 'The Patrician's Daughter,' 'Strafford,' 'Ion,' 'Richelieu,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' and several others. They were not indeed all successful, but they were preferable to most that had been acted for many years, and were some of them on a par with the 'Douglas' or 'Venice Preserved' of earlier generations. 'Philip van Artevelde,' upon which much pains had been bestowed by Macready at the Princess' Theatre, did not happen to suit the public taste, or rather the caprice, if not the stupidity, of newspaper reporters. The manager, indeed, had a few judicious and loving friends in the papers, but many more personal or purchased enemies. With such a helmsman at the two great theatres, poets of mark and zealous for the revival of the drama—Knowles, Browning, Talfourd, Marston, Sir Henry Taylor, Procter, and Bulwer—were eager to furnish new opportunities for displaying, and also diversifying, his great powers. In rendering these compositions more suited to the stage than they may have been in the original draft, he was a 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' The authors would now and then protest against his use of the pruning-hook, but, for the most part, they yielded to his counsel, and admitted it, after the first or second representation, to be sound as well as friendly. Nor were older dramatists neglected by him in this high tide of novelties. The 'Maiden's Tragedy' of Fletcher was regenerated and cleansed in the 'Bridal'; and more of the seventeenth-century productions appear to have been contemplated, had time and opportunity been allowed.

The frequent production of new plays greatly extended the range of Macready's characters, and, in some instances, developed in his acting new gifts and phases. It was owing to his sagacity and experience that Byron's poems in dialogue—

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for that is a more appropriate title for them than dramas—were made fit for representation. The pains taken by him in adapting them are recorded in the 'Diaries.' In 'Werner,' for example, he created a part which unto this day remains his own. It has been performed by other actors, but no one of them has risen to his level; there has been nothing 'simile aut 'secundum' in the representation since it left his hands. They who witnessed his Werner can never forget it. As in Macbeth, the dread of an awful and unseen agency brooded over the weak and conscience-stricken noble. The spirit of Stralenheim haunted him ever after the deed was done. 'Dost thou 'walk these walls to wither me and mine?' Again, as in the Scottish tyrant, he gazed on vacancy: 'his voice sounded 'hollow; his whole frame grew rigid under the spell of hor-'rible imaginings.' In Byron's 'Foscari' he was equally unrivalled. The short and broken sentences assigned to the Doge were in his recitation symbols of the broken heart within the aged and shattered frame; symbols of the bereaved father, of his bondage to the Senate and the Ten, harbingers of insults yet in store for him, of his deposition and his death. 'Immovable in the ducal chair as a portrait by Titian or Tin-'toretto, he sat like one of the pictured predecessors of the 'Foscari.' Every look and gesture spoke either in brief words or in silence even more expressive. Could the Œdipus of either of the two great Sophoclean tragedies have been presented on the English stage, Macready, in the one would have embodied to the life the proud and too-confident King, the spurner of soothsayers and oracles; and in the other, the blind, homeless, helpless, discrowned exile, yearning for the tomb. Again, without much strain of imagination, we can picture to ourselves Macready in the Orestes of either Æschylus or Sophocles—he, too, an exile, inheritor of a great revenge, scion of the blood-stained Atrid house, bondsman to destiny, hunted by unresting Furies, happy only in a friend's devotion and a sister's love. In the character of Orestes there is much variety, many transitions, unflinching purpose and alliance with a supernatural agency; and these ingredients in tragic drama were all favourable to Macready's impersonations.

For the survivors—and it is sincerely hoped that there are and will long be many of those who saw him on the stage—it may be possible to revive some reminiscences of Macready's acting in the novelties brought out by him while in management. An example or two, however, is all we can afford. Mr. Justice Talfourd's 'Glencoe' deserved far more favour than it met with at the time of its production. Untoward circum-

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stances befell it at the outset; among them was an impertinent baby's coming into the world at the time the leading actress in the piece was particularly wanted. A far finer play than the very successful 'Ion' is 'Glencoe.' It afforded Macready a character admirably suited to him. The hero of the piece is, like Chaucer's, a very 'parfait knight.' In honour he is impregnable; his self-denial is unvarying; his love is deeply rooted; he has known much sorrow; he has braved many dangers; he is as generous and affectionate as valiant. This character, with all its attributes and accessories, Macready brought out into the strongest light, especially in the scene where Halbert Macdonald resigns to his younger brother Henry the hand of his betrothed Helen Campbell, the playmate of his boyhood, the love of his youth and manhood. An ordinary actor might easily have won applause in this scene by a little rant, some phrensy, and certain conventional *points* that would have taken with the gallery and the groundlings, and not been unwelcome to the boxes. But no ordinary actor could have done justice to this character. Its merits do not lie on the surface, but require to be brought out by careful study in combination with the instincts of dramatic genius. How Macready played this scene shall be told in the words of a most competent spectator:—

'Halbert in "Glencoe" is a reality—a living, breathing being in whom the passion of love is not merely a source of pretty images and soft words, a sort of necessity to a tragic hero, as an episode in his history—but it gives the tone to his whole life, and is so true in its ever-present unostentatious watchfulness, its reflecting constancy, that it would be degraded by comparison with the ordinary stage lover. The majestic tenderness shown by Macready in this performance can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. We can see him now as he stood when Halbert has resigned the hand of his betrothed, and she has fallen at his feet to bless and worship. He bows his head towards her in intense but no longer conflicting feeling—the last falter of the voice has died away—the last tremble of the poor heart, the last flutter of purpose, is over—every pang and throb of irresolution is quite past, and a sublime devotion settles gradually upon his whole aspect.'

'Ion' was a great success. Lord Lytton's 'Lady of Lyons' even greater; and it is still a favourite stock play, although there is no Macready nor Miss Helen Faucit now on the stage to witch the world with their performance of Claude and Pauline. Perhaps there never has been a more complete triumph over physical disadvantages than Macready's representation of the Argive stripling and the gardener's son. A great actor indeed can occasionally defy the inconveniences of years or person. Charles Kemble played Orlando in 'As you

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'like it,' when he was stout enough for Henry VIII., and when his forester's suit of Lincoln green displayed, instead of concealing, his girth. The charm of his manner, the cheer of his spirit, the grace of his gesture and movements, and a most musical voice, supplied the place of youth and threw a veil for a time over the lapse of years. And so it fared with Ion and Claude. Genius furnished all that was needed for illusion. The spectators did not number the actor's years, nor measure his manly stature in those characters. It was as if some great magician had cast a spell on the senses of the audience. They took not their impressions from what they really saw; they were for the time plenifidians—they looked on with the eyes of faith alone. They were told they were, and they believed themselves to be, at Argos: that Ion was a young Samuel, or like his namesake, the Ion of Euripides, a servant in Apollo's temple, and that he and the aspiring boy of Lyons were untouched by the hand of time and had their years before them.

There are no more agreeable entries either in the 'Reminiscences' or the 'Diaries' than those in which we are introduced to the private life and pursuits of their author. In his garden and fields at Elstree he owned a little Eden. Rides, walks, his library, the education, the sports of his children, the 'faithful dogs that bore him company,' his trees and flowers, poured balm into a spirit often vexed by the cares and burdens of professional life. He was happy as Horace in his Sabine farm. The joy and relief he felt in his retreat may fitly be described in the lines of Milton, for in his cottage at Elstree he felt

> 'As one who long in populous city pent,
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
> Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
> Among the pleasant villages and farms
> Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight:
> The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
> Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.'

His professional studies were not discontinued—plays, old and new, their revision or their adaptation for the stage took up much time; almost daily visits to London were necessary; and after a while, residence there being indispensable, Elstree was given up, but not without regret and many 'a lingering 'longing look behind.' He afforded one more instance of the truth of an old saying that the busiest of people have the most time to spare; it is the loiterers or the unmethodical who deplore the shortness of their hours. He had never laid aside the classical knowledge acquired at Rugby; on the contrary he added to it by making new acquaintances. In the 'Diaries' are

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found the dates of his readings in Catullus, Ovid, Horace, and Homer. One entry is, 'Began Thucydides.' Italian and French authors were among his favourite studies. Milton and Pope, Byron and Wordsworth, are often noted as the companions of leisure hours. A quick study was accompanied by a most retentive memory, even to the close of his life. And it was among the consolations of his later years that, when unable to read his favourite authors, he recollected what he had stored up in studious leisure. His retentive memory was indeed among the consolations of his later days. 'On one occasion,' we are told by his editor, 'after his powers had so much failed 'that it was long since he had been capable of holding or 'reading a book to himself, he said he had been reading '"Hamlet." On some surprise being expressed, he touched 'his forehead, said "Here," and when asked if he could re-'collect the whole play, he replied—"Yes, every word, every '"pause, and the pauses have eloquence."'

When Macready retired to Sherborne it might reasonably have been expected that active, no less than professional, life would have closed. He had earned a claim to 'retired leisure;' he had been a hard-worker from his sixteenth to his fifty-eighth year. But there was a new field opened to him in his Dorsetshire retreat. There was urgent need of cultivation in the people; and he set his hand again to the plough. That town possessed a grammar school of some pretensions for scholarship, so far at least as consisted in the noble arts of composing Greek and Latin verses, or of learning as much Euclid and Algebra as would qualify a school-boy for admission to college. Beneath, however, this privileged order of students there was a deep uncultivated soil of popular ignorance, as is too frequently the case where there is an endowed school near at hand. The sons of tradesmen or field labourers were either slenderly furnished with the famous three Rs, or they were left to 'grow up' as void of learning as poor Topsy was. Very soon after his house was made habitable he established evening schools, gave lectures and readings, examined his pupils, adult or juvenile, formed a reading library, and distributed rewards for diligence and good conduct. He anticipated by some years such good and serviceable works as now fortunately are not uncommon in our land. By his retirement he forfeited many social and intellectual pleasures which he had long been enjoying in London. The wide circle of his cultivated and distinguished friends, artists, poets, scholars, historians, and others eminent in the law or the State, were far away from him; but the advantages of London society were compensated for, in some

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measure, by the 'luxury of doing good.' His heart was indeed in his labours of charity. He never contributed less than 100*l.* a year to his night-school, and the contribution of some friends desirous of assisting him in his work he added to his donation, but not, as was intended by the givers, as an easement of his own payments. We are told by his editor, that 'on 'one occasion, when driving over to the neighbouring town of 'Yeovil on matters of business connected with the Sherborne 'Literary Institution'—which he had rescued from decay, or rather from extinction—'his companion jokingly remarked 'that a country fly was a sorry conveyance for the great tragedian, and that he ought to keep his carriage and pair. "Ah, "but then," he said, "I must give up my night-school."'

Such was Macready as delineated by himself for the instruction or consolation of his children, only two of whom were permitted to survive him. Death, indeed, was very busy in his household—some were taken away in their prime, others in their childhood. The latest of these calamities, the death of his most beloved and highly-gifted daughter Catherine, was a stroke he never recovered from. He had fought a good fight; he had not hidden in a napkin any talent he possessed; he has left a name that in the annals of the stage will never be forgotten, but be 'semper virens,' like the names of Betterton and Garrick, of the Kembles and Kean, and of other interpreters of our national drama. Of his rank among actors there were various opinions in his lifetime, his contemporaries approving or condemning his practice or theory of art according as they happened to coincide or disagree with them; but concerning his character and ability there can hardly be a difference of opinion. With a slight change we conclude by applying to William Charles Macready these words of Tacitus,—as regards the *man*—'bonum virum facile credas'—as respects the *artist*—'magnum libenter.'

These volumes, though somewhat prolix and minute, have been well edited by the author's friend and executor Sir Frederick Pollock. All necessary information is furnished to readers, and all that concerns the public has been carefully preserved. A more useful guide or manual for actors, especially for the young and inexperienced, has never been published. From the 'Reminiscences' and the 'Diaries' alike the novice may learn

'How hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;'

and derive from the example of Macready many valuable lessons, both for his profession and for his conduct in life. He

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may learn from these memoirs how difficulties may be overcome, duties fulfilled, errors avoided or atoned for, and how, in despite of vulgar prejudice, the career of an actor may not only be honourable and useful, but also auxiliary to art and beneficial to society. A deeply religious spirit pervades this register of his acts and thoughts from an early period of his life until the end. And this record of his feelings may serve a double purpose. It may be useful to the young readers of these memorials; and it may also help to remove, or at least to qualify, a too commonly prevailing notion of the actor's vocation being incompatible with good works, well-grounded faith, and sincere piety.

ART. VI.—1. *Papers and Correspondence relating to the Equipment and Fitting out of the Arctic Expedition of* 1875, *including Report of the Admiralty Arctic Committee.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 1875.

2. *The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* By CLEMENTS MARKHAM, C.B., F.R.S., Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. 8vo. London: 1873.

3. *A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia, and an Account of the Rescue of the Crew of the 'Polaris.'* By ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, F.R.G.S., Commander, Royal Navy. 8vo. London: 1874.

4. *The German Arctic Expedition of* 1869–70, *and Narrative of the Wreck of the 'Hansa' in the Ice.* By Captain KOLDEWEY, Commander of the Expedition, assisted by members of the Scientific Staff. Translated and abridged by the Rev. L. MERCIER, M.A. Oxon, and edited by H. W. BATES, F.L.S., Assistant Secretary, Royal Geographical Society. 8vo. London: 1874.

5. *Arctic Experiences; containing Capt.* GEORGE E. TYSON'S *wonderful Drift on the Ice-floe: a History of the 'Polaris' Expedition, with the Cruise of the 'Tigress' and Rescue of the 'Polaris' Survivors.* Edited by E. VALE BLAKE. 8vo. New York: 1874.

6. *Mittheilungen über wichtige neue Erforschungen auf dem Gesammtgebiete der Geographie.* Von Dr. A. PETERMANN. 4to. Gotha: 1865–75.

THE long series of English expeditions for Arctic exploration, commencing in 1818, came to an end, in 1859, with the return of the 'Fox' and the certain knowledge of the fate of

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Sir John Franklin and his companions. The general feeling of the country was opposed to any further exploration of polar seas; it was maintained that such exploration had no object commensurate with the risk which it entailed; the mystery which had hung over the voyage of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror' had been painfully cleared up by McClintock and Hobson; the North-West Passage, the dream of centuries, had been found by McClure, and for all purposes of practical navigation and commerce had been proved useless; the mere determination of desolate coasts, of barren and uninhabitable lands, or of seas and straits which could not be sailed over, was a vain and idle fancy of map-makers and geographers: the demands of science were misunderstood, her claims were scouted, and the North-West Passage, with all that belonged to it, was classed as a wild and chimerical delusion. This condition of the public mind was, in reality, the necessary recoil from the extreme tension which had been kept up for so many years; and it was quite certain that after a due period of repose the restlessness of mind and body, which seems the distinguishing characteristic of English energy, would again seek an outlet in geographical enterprise and maritime discovery.

After all, the problem, which for more than three hundred years had occupied men's minds, had been solved; useful, or not useful, the North-West Passage had been found; and when, to adopt the appropriate figure, we rounded-to, it was after we had carried through our venture, and had triumphed over difficulties which had baffled all former ages and all other nations. If these latter, profiting by our experience and example, have been continuing on the course of polar exploration, it is not as completing any work which we had undertaken; if we now enter on a new voyage, it is not as again taking up a work which we had left unfinished; whether we succeed or do not succeed, the aims and objects now before us are totally distinct from those which we have had before us in times past: success or failure will belong to the present only. If the expedition now being fitted out should reach the North Pole, it will, none the less, be the first expedition which, within nearly fifty years, has left our shores with the avowed intention of seeking it; and it will, none the less, be the first expedition which any Government has carefully and deliberately fitted out for that purpose.

It is right to state this clearly and explicitly at the outset; for during these last few years a great deal has been said about English rights and English duties; as if we had long ago pledged ourselves to find the North Pole, and are to be ac-

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counted recreant sluggards for not having ere now found it; or as if the Arctic was an English preserve, and any other people trying to explore it were intruding on our private domain. Of course, such an idea, even if correct, would be purely sentimental; but as the case stands, it is altogether ungrounded. We have as yet never seriously attempted to find the North Pole; till now, we have never pledged ourselves to look for it; and we greet those brave men of other countries—Americans, Swedes, North Germans, or Austrians—who have ventured on the perilous quest, as fellow-labourers and honourable rivals in the work of scientific exploration.

It is thus that the present seems a fitting time to call attention to what these have actually done, and how they have done it; what they have sought and what they have found; above all, to the aims and objects, to the hopes and fears, of the expedition which our own Government is now, after long and careful forethought, preparing to send out.

First then, and foremost, of these objects is geographical discovery. Within the polar circle there is an enormous area, comprising at least two million square miles, of which we know simply nothing. We shall have presently to speak of the various speculations regarding the nature of this vast extent of the world's surface; it is enough for our immediate purpose to say that we do not know anything whatever about it. Whether it is land, water, or ice; whether the climate is cold or warm; whether there are inhabitants, animals, plants, or whether it is a howling wilderness—speculation has included almost every possibility, and almost every absurdity; but of knowledge, such as alone intelligent men can be content with, we have absolutely none. To attain some such knowledge is the first object now proposed in Arctic exploration. It is considered unfitting and unseemly, in the present state of scientific progress, that there should be this large area of our own earth's surface still so utterly unknown. The examination of it is loudly called for; it is a problem of universal interest, the solution of which appeals not to commercial profits, pecuniary advantage, and increased facility of transport or communication, but simply, in the first instance, to those higher feelings and yearnings which, whatever our remote ancestry, now distinguish us from the brutes. We want to traverse this unknown space, and see and know what it is.

A reference to the beautifully distinct chart which has been published by the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty will show that to enter this space there are only four ways—to the west of Greenland; to the east of Greenland, between

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it and Spitzbergen; to the east of Spitzbergen, between it and Novaya Zemlya; or through Bering's Straits—and it is familiarly known that by each route the difficulty in the way of advance is *ice*. Now ice, as it appears at sea, is of very different sorts, and presents obstacles of very different natures and of very different degrees of impermeability. There is, first of all, ice as it appears actually forming on the surface of the water, and which is frequently spoken of as bay-ice; this does not offer any serious difficulty to a stout ship, the weight of which can crush through, and the strength of which can resist. So far as is yet known, ice of this nature disappears with the winter; an extended sea, simply and permanently frozen over, has not yet been met with. Such ice is thus commonly enough called first-year ice; and we may understand that, so far as our present experience goes, first-year ice is not considered impassable, though it may be difficult.

But it is very seldom that ice is allowed to remain in this condition; the swell of the sea, transmitted sometimes through a great distance, or, still more, the rise and fall of the tide, break it up even as it forms; the pressure of the fragments, one against another, lifts them, tosses them, piles them one over another, until they become heavy, solid, irregular masses, which are called *floes*; and a great number of floes driven together by wind, tide, or current constitutes *pack*. Pack, then, may be of very different degrees; if of light, or comparatively light, ice, loosely drifted together, a stout ship may pass through it, forcing the floes to one side or the other by a strongly defended bow; but if the floes are very heavy, and by the wind, or tide, or current, are pressed against a line of coast, or into a narrow channel, there they freeze together, and that with a solidity which no ship that has hitherto crossed the Arctic circle can break through.

Icebergs are necessary to complete the ideal picture of an Arctic sea; but, strange as it may sound to many, icebergs are not sea-ice. An iceberg is the lower end of a glacier which, forced by the downward flow into the sea, is broken off by its unsupported weight, or torn off by the upward pressure of the water, and so floats away. Such masses of ice are often, as is well known, of prodigious size; the weathering of the upper part forms them into fantastic shapes resembling spires and arches and things beautiful or grotesque; below the surface of the sea they extend a long way. Ice, it will be remembered, floats with about seven-eighths of its volume submerged; and a huge hill of ice, such as an iceberg is, draws a

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great deal of water; so much so, that they are frequently to be seen grounded in 70, 80, or even 100 fathoms, that is to say, in from 400 to 600 feet.* It is by so grounding that they seriously impede navigation; if several large bergs ground near each other, they constitute a nucleus round which drift ice collects, piles up, freezes together, and forms a pack of the worst kind. It was in such a pack that the 'Fox' was caught in 1857, and held fast by it for eight months, whilst it drifted down Baffin's Bay and through Davis' Straits for a distance of nearly 1,200 miles.

Pack ice, then, in its different forms, is the one distinct impassable hindrance to navigation. First-year ice, or loose drift, can, as a rule, be got through; icebergs can be evaded; but heavy pack, closely pressed together, is as unyielding as the solid rock, and is more dangerous, as being itself in motion. Now the nature of the pack depends, in a great measure, on the conditions or circumstances of its formation as such; that is, on the shape of the land against which it is pressed, and on its relation to the prevailing winds, the currents, or the set of the tides; and the persistency of the pack in different places, as found by repeated experience in former Arctic voyages, has been in many instances satisfactorily explained by reference to one or other of these causes. It is thus, according to Sir Leopold McClintock, that the pack which held to the death the lost 'Erebus' and 'Terror' is primarily due to the wide channel between Prince of Wales' Land and Victoria Land, which 'admits a vast and continuous stream of very heavy 'ocean-formed ice from the north-west, which presses on the 'western face of King William's Island, and chokes up Vic-'toria Strait.' 'I do not think,' he adds, 'the North-West 'Passage could ever be sailed through by passing westwards, 'that is to windward of King William's Island.'† A similar drift from the wide sea to the westward into the narrow strait between Bank's Land and Melville Island, may, to some extent, account for the heavy pack which has always been found there, which stopped Parry's progress to the westward in 1819, prevented McClure passing through Prince of Wales' Strait in 1850, and in the following year finally imprisoned him in the Bay of Mercy. Professor Haughton has however urged that in both these localities which we have instanced there is a

* In the Antarctic, the icebergs attain still more gigantic dimensions; it would appear that in some instances they must draw nearly 1,000 fathoms.

† Voyage of the 'Fox,' p. 314.

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meeting of the tides from the east and the west, and considers that the extraordinary pack which remains there is due, in a great measure, to this fact. This is still a disputed point, and Professor Haughton's meeting of the tides is, to some extent at least, hypothetical; but admitting it fully, it would only tend more conclusively to show how geographical peculiarities, involving the trend of the coast, the prevailing wind and the tidal action, work together to cause the dense pack which has given these places such a terrible notoriety.

Geographers have thus been led to speculate on the existence or non-existence of pack in other places; and that with a freedom dangerous to the advance of accurate knowledge, and with an obstinacy unworthy of scientific inquiry. There is no branch of science so purely practical as geography; there is none in which theory, unsupported by actual observation, is so useless and leads to such contradictory results: the reason being that it is simply impossible to foretell how far the numerous forces of nature may counteract or balance each other in any named locality, how far there is a preponderance in any one direction, or what effect that preponderance may produce. But purely theoretical geography has been received with marked favour by many eminent writers, at the head of whom must be placed Dr. Petermann, the learned editor of the 'Mittheilungen,' whose zeal and sincerity are far beyond doubt, but who has been led, by a partiality for mere abstract reasoning, to maintain the easy possibility of advancing to the North Pole by way of Spitzbergen, either to the east or west; an opinion supported by arguments which had convinced many, until the hard-won experience of the last five or six years showed their utter worthlessness, except as exercises of ingenuity. On the strength, then, of these arguments, purely theoretical and altogether fallacious as they are, Dr. Petermann has been hailed as a very high authority in all matters connected with Arctic exploration; a position far beyond his real merits, but which he has most worthily used to the direct advancement of geographical knowledge, by promoting expeditions the results of which have contradicted his theories in every single point. It therefore seems proper, before entering on the history of these expeditions, to give a short abstract of the views out of which they originated; and we do so the more willingly, as they contain much that is in itself incontrovertible, and thus establish more distinctly the great geographical principle which we have already laid down, that all theory, which is not based on actual observation, is worthless.

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The basis, then, of Dr. Petermann's theory is the Gulf Stream. We have no intention of entering here on any account or discussion of this stream, which is itself a favourite battle-field for geographers; we would content ourselves with the bare statement that a certain broad current of distinctly warm water does wash the western shores of Ireland, flow northwards, past the Hebrides and the west coast of Scotland, along the coast of Norway and round the North Cape; and that the very marked difference between the climate on the east and west sides of the Atlantic, the fact that whilst the climate of Ireland is soft and mild, that of Labrador is extremely severe, that whilst the harbours of Norway are open throughout the winter, those of Greenland are sealed by frost, is due, in great part, to the presence on these eastern shores of this warm current: and we express no opinion on the source, the origin, or the cause of this remarkable current when we say that a very large majority of geographers have agreed to call it the Gulf Stream.

The warmth of this current as it passes the North Cape is still sufficient to keep the harbours and the sea immediately adjacent free from ice, but beyond this point its course has never been very satisfactorily traced; it is, however, admitted that it reaches the south-western shores of Spitzbergen, and is still able to influence the climate and modify the rigour of the seasons; but whether or how far we must attribute to it the open water which for six months of the year is found on the west coast, whilst the east coast is closed with impenetrable pack, would seem extremely doubtful. Dr. Petermann has maintained that this open water is a direct effect of the imported warmth; and supporting his views by this fact, has argued that the Gulf Stream, entering the Polar Sea from the south-west, and moving in a north-easterly direction, must soften the climate wherever it extends, and keep, or tend to keep, the sea clear as far as Novaya Zemlya on the east, and northwards as far as the Pole itself. The Polar Sea is, therefore, an open, navigable and comparatively warm sea, of easy access in this direction, and may be entered by anyone who has the boldness and determination to attempt it.

In arriving at this conclusion Dr. Petermann has been avowedly influenced by the preposterous fables collected and published a century ago by Daines Barrington; but it is at once met by the very practical objections that the sea east of Spitzbergen, far from being clear of ice, has been at all times covered with very dense pack; that till within the last few years no ship has ever succeeded in sailing along the east

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side of Spitzbergen; that Gillis Land has not been seen more than half-a-dozen times in two or three hundred years; and that Wiche's Land, discovered in 1617, has never been seen since till about five years ago, when a Swedish ship rediscovered it and, in ignorance of any former claim, renamed it King Karl Land. North of Spitzbergen a still denser pack is found: there are voyagers who say that they might easily have sailed as far as the parallel of 83° had time permitted, though even these admit that it would have been difficult to go beyond that; but to confine ourselves to the simple fact, no ship ever has gone as far as 82°; for Parry, who in 1827 reached 82° 45′ on the meridian of Spitzbergen, the highest north latitude which has yet been attained, did so by sledges, and desisted from the attempt because he found that the ice on which he was travelling was drifting south at very nearly the rate of his march towards the north.

The Swedish expeditions, ranging from 1858–72, were probably in some measure influenced by the theoretical views of Dr. Petermann, but also, perhaps, by the natural desire to force a way northwards from their own harbours; this led them direct to Spitzbergen, and at Spitzbergen and its immediate neighbourhood they remained. Year after year they found the pack to the north of Spitzbergen impenetrable; and the highest latitude reached by Captain von Otter in the 'Sofia' in 1868—the highest latitude which a ship has ever reached on that meridian—was 81° 42′. These expeditions, then, well fitted, ably commanded, and manned by seamen of the grandest historical reputation, may be considered as having proved that the passage to the North Pole by way of Spitzbergen is, if not impossible, at any rate of a difficulty not yet to be overcome. They have also, by their long and patient surveys round Spitzbergen, largely increased our knowledge of that archipelago, though the dense pack always found to the east has caused the survey in that direction to be left in a very imperfect state; thus, little is known of Gillis Land more than the rough whereabouts: its size, shape, or exact position remains undetermined, and it is doubtful how far it extends to either north or east. Wiche's or King Karl Land has been made out a little more accurately, though still but vaguely; the eastern coast of North-East Land has been seen only from a distance; no ship has ever been near it; the circumnavigation of Spitzbergen, as performed by Captain Carlsen in 1863, in the brig 'Jan Mayen,' was so far to the eastward as to sight Gillis Land; and though the voyage has been deservedly commemorated, it added nothing to our topo-

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graphical knowledge. In 1864 three Norwegian sealers, having also sighted Gillis Land, and attempting the same circumnavigation, were caught in the ice, and the crews, taking to their boats, were eventually picked up, after enduring great hardships; they merely confirmed what was known before, that the east coast of North-East Land is bordered by a continuous ice-field.

In 1868 the German flag, for the first time, crossed the Arctic Circle. The expedition which carried it there, now known as the First German Expedition, was set on foot principally by Dr. Petermann: with the funds which he collected, and by the exertions of Karl Koldewey, an officer in the mercantile marine, a small cutter-rigged vessel was purchased and fitted out at Bergen, from which place she sailed May 24. The proposed plan was to make the east coast of Greenland in about latitude 75°, and thence to push as far north as possible, but in any case to return to Europe in the autumn. They reached this proposed latitude on June 4, in 7° west longitude, where they met with very heavy pack by which, on the 6th, they were quite surrounded. From the crows-nest* nothing but ice was to be seen, either to the west or east; all that they could hope for was that the wind might come from the west and break up the pack. But the wind did not come from the west, and they remained for a fortnight closely frozen in, and drifting continually to the southward; when on the 20th they escaped from their difficult position they were in latitude 73° 3′ N., longitude 16° 9′ W.; that is to say, they had been carried to the south and west at the rate of about ten miles a day. Struggling to regain their former latitude, they kept along the edge of the ice which appeared unchanging, everywhere close and impenetrable, whilst the wind continued easterly, as though 'nailed' in that quarter; all their endeavours to penetrate to the westward were unavailing, and on the 29th they left the ice and went to Spitzbergen, the South Cape of which they sighted on July 3. They then made a futile attempt to pass up the east coast, but being compelled to return, rested for a few days in Bell Sound, and again went westward to the Greenland pack, along the edge of which they advanced as far as 80° 30′ N., where they were in longitude 6° 35′ E. From this point they turned south, and by August 3, in latitude 73° 19′, had got as far west as 16° 37′ W.; Cape Hold-with-Hope was in sight, the

* A shelter for the look-out aloft; it is described by Commander Markham as a large cask secured at the top-gallant mast head.

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sea appeared to be clear, and everything seemed to promise that they might at last reach the coast of Greenland. An hour later they found themselves on the edge of the ice-field, with no hope of being able to get through: to the south-west alone could they discern any openings, and with the wind at south-west they could not go in that direction; they did manage to get as far as 17° 22′ W., but there they stopped; with much labour and difficulty they drew themselves clear of the ice, in the disheartening conviction that the main object of the expedition—the exploring of the coast of Greenland from the 75th parallel—had utterly failed. The rest of the short summer they occupied in Spitzbergen waters, and returned home, anchoring at Bergen on September 29, and at Bremerhafen on October 9.

The geographical results of this cruise were thus extremely trifling, and so far as polar exploration was concerned were inappreciable; but Captain Koldewey gained the experience of ice navigation, and was better prepared to take command the next year of the Second German Expedition.

This was altogether on a larger scale, and though not organised, was very directly countenanced, by the Government; the King of Prussia himself subscribed largely to the funds, and came down to Bremen on June 15, 1869, to wish them God speed. Of the two ships compcsing the expedition, the 'Germania,' commanded by Captain Koldewey, was a newly-built screw steamer of 143 tons and 30 horse-power; the 'Hansa,' commanded by a Captain Hegemann, was a sailing vessel of 242 tons. Contrary winds detained them on their passage, and they saw the first ice on July 15th in latitude 74° 49′ N., longitude 10° 50′ W.; this lay thickly packed against the coast of Greenland, and effectually barred their progress to the westward. On the 20th, the two vessels were separated in a fog, and did not again meet; the fortune of the expedition therefore bifurcates; at present we follow the 'Germania.' For several days Captain Koldewey endeavoured to force her through the pack, but without success; it was not till the very end of the month that there appeared a slight tendency of the ice to set to the eastward and so open out, and the 'Germania,' driven through under steam, at length reached the coast; on August 5th she anchored in a small bay on the south side of Sabine Island. A party of her officers ascended a hill about 2,000 feet high, the better to examine the state of the sea; as far as they could see to the north there was no sign of water, only towards the south and south-east did the ice seem broken. On the 10th they took advantage of an open lane which

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formed to the east of Shannon Island, and crept north under steam as far as latitude 75° 31′. Here their further progress was stopped; the pack was extremely heavy, and pressed close against the land; there was no possibility of advancing. This impassable barrier continued during the whole time the 'Ger-'mania' was in that neighbourhood, that is, till well into the following summer; and Koldewey, remarking that Clavering, in 1823, was stopped by a similar barrier in 75° 9′, believes that the ice is checked here by some physical cause, and prevented passing to the south.

Violent north winds in the early part of September did not in any way break up this close pack; by the 13th the ship was again in the little harbour in Sabine Island, and a few days' further experience led them to the conclusion that they must stay there; the thermometer fell to 5° F., and young ice was everywhere forming; they covered the ship in and prepared for the winter. By the end of September the sea was completely frozen over; from the top of a neighbouring hill no water was to be seen; the thick old pack-ice pressed in nearer the coast, but through the whole winter it had an almost continual movement to the south, which stopped only when an exceptional calm was accompanied by exceptional cold.

A sledging expedition which left the ship on September 14th travelled for four days up a fjord of the mainland, seeing great numbers of musk oxen and reindeer; on its return, shooting parties were sent out, and 1,500 lbs. of good beef and venison secured; but the animals disappeared with the sun in the beginning of November. As the winter passed on, violent storms from the north prevented any further operations, and the first long sledging journey was undertaken on March 24, 1870. The thermometer was then at —29° F., and amidst a succession of northerly gales and heavy snow, the party struggled northwards. On April 15th they reached their highest latitude, 77° 1′, and ascending a hill some 1,500 feet high, looked to the north: they saw the coast-line apparently uninterrupted, running nearly due north, as Lambert is said to have seen it two hundred years before; and that was all: beyond the honour of carrying the German flag over the 77th parallel on the east coast of Greenland, they had not attained any wished-for success.

On April 27th they regained the ship, the continuous north wind driving them along as they travelled south, so that their return occupied only half the time of their outward journey. Other sledging and surveying expeditions filled up the time,

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till on July 11th they cut a passage for themselves with saws, and escaped once more into the open sea. As they cruised to the southward, they lighted on the most interesting discovery of the voyage—a deep inlet, which they have named Kaiser Franz Joseph Fjord: up this they steamed slowly, and after passing through the coast-ice, met with no difficulty; the further in they went the warmer they found both air and water; the scenery was beautiful, of an Alpine character, glaciers, cascades, waterfalls streaming down the sides of the mountains, and far in the distance towered a peak, now marked as Petermann Peak, to the height of 12,000 feet. They steamed up this wonderful fjord for 70 miles, in a westerly and south-westerly direction, and saw no termination; they would have wished to go further, but one of their boilers gave out; they patched it up so as to be able to steam out, which they had barely done when it finally broke down: its last effort was to force the little steamer out to seaward through the chain of shore-ice. The homeward voyage was made under sail, and on September 11th they arrived at Bremerhafen.

The fortunes of her consort, the 'Hansa,' had been very different. On August 13th, the coast of Greenland, from Pendulum Island as far as Cape James, was in sight, but that was all; she could not pass the ice that lay between, not altogether on account of the closeness of the pack, but rather that it opened only with a westerly wind, which was opposed to her advance. This was, it will be seen, just a week later than the 'Germania' had got through under steam, and there is no reason to doubt that the 'Hansa' might also have got through if she had had even auxiliary steam power. Not having that, she was helpless, and whilst she was seeking a passage westward the ice closed round and hindered her escape to the east. By September 19th her crew had begun to prepare for wintering in the pack. With the patent coal which they had on board, and which indeed formed the principal part of her cargo, they built a hut on the ice, and stored in it provisions for two months; their boats also they got out, in readiness for the worst that could happen. It was well for them that they were thus prepared. In a violent storm on October 19th, the enormous masses of ice were so pressed against the ship, that, whilst her stern stuck fast, her bow was lifted bodily through a height of seventeen feet: the strain was tremendous, and the groaning and creaking of the ship told what she suffered. By this nip she was fatally damaged, and when the storm subsided and she slid back into the water, she was found to be leaking badly. Pumping proved useless; the few men were exhausted,

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and the pumps froze: the water rose rapidly, and all hope of saving the ship had to be given up. They got out all provisions and stores on to the ice, and made their arrangements as complete as possible. The ship sank on the night of October 21st-22nd, leaving thus fourteen men camped on a large floe. On this they remained for seven months, being, in comparison with possibilities, warm, well-housed, and well fed, but exposed to continual and extreme danger: their floe gradually broke away; from a circumference of seven miles it was reduced to one of two hundred paces: it finally gave way under their hut. They had by that time drifted southwards into latitude 61° 12′, a total distance of 972 miles SW½S., and had now fair hopes of reaching Friedrichsthal in their boats, which they eventually did on June 13th.

The 'Hansa' had been meant as a store ship for the 'Germania,' and though she also had on board a small staff of scientific observers, whose collections were lost with the ship, it is to the results obtained by the 'Germania' that we must refer the success of the expedition. Valuable as in many respects are the observations which this ship brought home, so far as the first object is concerned, she added but little to our geographical knowledge. We wish here to speak solely of the results of the expedition in their bearing on polar discovery; the hardships which the sledging party of the 'Germania' endured, the dangers to which the crew of the 'Hansa' were exposed during their eight months on the ice-floe or in the boats, the gallant manner in which they strove against them and conquered them, have a deep and real human interest; but that interest is not geographical, and we are compelled at present to confine ourselves to this. We may then consider the Second German Expedition of 1869-70, in agreement with the First Expedition of 1868, with Clavering in 1823, with the shadowy report of Lambert in 1670, and the very definite one of Scoresby in 1822, with the expeditions equipped by Messrs. Gibbs in 1863–64 to search for the lost Icelandic settlement, and with the concurrent testimony of all the Greenland Sea whalers, as presumptively establishing the facts that the east coast of Greenland runs nearly due north on about the 20th meridian of west longitude, as far at least as the 80th parallel; that this coast is pressed against by a permanent ice-field of unusually heavy pack, which prevents all possibility of a ship reaching the coast in a high latitude; that the violent north winds and snow of winter and spring render sledging extremely difficult and dangerous; and that this pack has a continual set towards the south at an average rate of

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about ten miles a day. Captain Koldewey and his companions, both the officers of the ships and the scientific observers associated with them, have pronounced it as their positive opinion that the Pole is not to be reached by way of Greenland; * and making every allowance for the peculiar difficulties by which they were opposed, the possibly unusual severity of the seasons, and the inferiority of their equipment, the very small power of the 'Germania's' engines, and boilers that gave out after a very few days' steaming, it is still evident that the obstacles which must be met with on that route are most serious, that they cannot be encountered without great hardship and danger, and that the probability of ultimate success is extremely small.

But Dr. Petermann's theory of the influence of the Gulf Stream applies more distinctly to the sea east of Spitzbergen and north of Novaya Zemlya: it is towards this sea that the main body of the current, which passes the North Cape, is directed; it is here, if anywhere, that the influence of the warm water should be felt far to the north; it is here therefore that, as Dr. Petermann has always maintained, the attempt should be made, and it was here that the attempt was made in 1871, by a very modest expedition consisting of a Norwegian fishing smack chartered by two Austrian officers, Lieutenant Weyprecht of the Imperial Navy, and Lieutenant Payer of the Infantry, the last of whom had already some experience of Arctic navigation, having been Koldewey's second in the expedition of 1869–70. One of the principal results of this cruise was the confirmation of the report which had been made by the Norwegian fishermen four years before, that the Kara Sea was navigable in September. Till then it had been considered that this land-surrounded sea was at all times covered with ice; it was known to geographers as the ice-cellar.

Weyprecht and Payer have argued that the recent experience of it is in accordance with theory; for the great rivers Obi and Yenisei, which flow nearly due north through several degrees of latitude, must, during the summer, bring down an enormous quantity of water that has been warmed by a southern sun, and that the necessary effect of this must be to clear the Kara Sea in the autumn: that former observations have been made in August before this agent has had time to produce its effect, and that the ice does not completely give way till towards the middle of September; but that from that time till the middle of October the sea is open. It is quite certain that for these last few years the Kara Sea has been found open in

* Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xvi. p. 230.

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the late autumn, and the explanation which has been given seems satisfactory; but the fact still remains that older observers have not been so fortunate, and that Barentz was frozen up in August and spent the winter, without the possibility of escape, on the north-east side of Novaya Zemlya, at a point directly opposite to the mouth of the Obi, and which ought to have felt any warming influence of the Obi water in a peculiar degree. We may therefore conclude that the seasons vary considerably, and that the river waters are not always capable of producing the effect which the Austrian officers have attributed to them.

Their experience of the sea to the west of Novaya Zemlya seemed to support the original theory which had been so stoutly maintained: they found the water on the surface distinctly warmer than the main body of the sea, and they observed that this warmth reached further north towards the end of the season. They found, in fact, in September, clear sea and surface water of a temperature of 40° F., as far north as 79°, in longitude 40°–50° E.; but this warmth reached a very little way down, and at a depth of 50 or 60 feet they had a temperature of only 32° F. They report that from their extreme position the ice towards the west was thickly packed, but that towards the north it was not so, and that they saw nothing which could stop the advance of a steamer of moderate power; that the locality in this respect differed altogether from Spitzbergen, where, though a ship can go, almost every year, as far north as 81°, the pack then met with is dense, heavy, and impassable, whereas the ice they met with was very different; it was not to be compared with the ice on the east coast of Greenland, for whilst that is piled up in irregular masses, what they saw was, on the contrary, light drift which could not be dangerous to any ship, and the worst that could befall would be a temporary delay. Their voyage, in fact, seemed to them full of promise, and the report of their navigation concludes with the very hopeful sentence, 'We do not, of 'course, say that because we have found the sea free from ice 'as far north as 79°, any one can therefore go to the Pole at 'the first attempt, and without further difficulty; but all our 'observations support us in the conviction that a well-equipped 'and well-officered expedition must necessarily reach a higher 'latitude in this sea than at any other point; unless indeed the 'Pole is surrounded by a number of islands which will serve 'as a foundation for the ice.'

They go on, however, to speak of signs of land which they

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met with at their extreme north; more especially of the diminishing depth of water and of eider geese flying from the north. These were unmistakeable, and would, it might have been supposed, have modified their opinion as to the possibility of getting much further north; such, however, was not the case: the officers of the expedition brought back with them to Germany the most rose-coloured hopes of a speedy solution of the great geographical problem, hopes too flattering to the pride of an inland people, ignorant of the peculiar difficulties of Arctic navigation; another expedition was resolved on by, we may almost say, popular acclamation, and the necessary funds raised at once by popular subscription.

A screw steamer of 220 tons, named the 'Tegetthoff,' was fitted out in the Elbe by Lieutenant Weyprecht, and sailed from Bremerhafen on June 13, 1872; calling at Tromsö, she finally started from that place on July 14th. On the 25th, in latitude 74° 15′, they met with their first ice, and it was not without considerable difficulty that they reached Barentz Island, near Cape Nassau, on August 13th. Here they established a depôt of provisions and stores, and left on the 21st: the same night they were caught in the ice. On September 9th, the time of year when, according to their former report and the theory which they had deduced from it, they ought to have had open water and the warmest of weather, they were still fast frozen, with a thermometer at 5° F.* On October 5th they were still fast frozen, and saw no prospect of extricating themselves: during these six weeks they had drifted backwards and forwards, now towards the south-west, now towards the north-east, apparently at the caprice of the wind, and with little or no discernible current. The pressure of the ice began to cause them serious alarm; on the 13th it was so great as to lift them several feet, giving them a very considerable heel over to port; the pressure continued; the ice was always in motion, always opening and again closing; but they could never even attempt to get clear, and each movement brought on a new pressure and a new danger. They were thus unable to properly house-in the ship; on the contrary, they kept her deck covered with coals and provisions; the boats were kept on the ice; materials for building huts were got out; the huts were even built, but a movement of the ice destroyed them. The months thus passed away in continued anxiety; they could seldom venture even to take their clothes

* Proceedings of the R. G. S., vol. xix. pp. 17 *et seq.* Mittheilungen, vol. xx. pp. 381, 417, 443.

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off, and everything was prepared to enable them to leave the ship at a minute's notice.

During this time the ship drifted more or less steadily to the north-east, and on February 4, 1873, was in 78°42′ N., 73° 18′ E.: from this point their drift took a new direction and carried them towards the north-west, but still without any possibility of escape: the summer came again, but they remained as before, fast frozen in the pack. On August 30th, being then in 79° 43′ N. and 60° 23′ E., they sighted land; land till then unknown, apparently stretching away far to the west and north, and which was afterwards called, in honour of the Emperor of Austria, Kaiser Franz Joseph Land. Towards this they were slowly set, and in the beginning of November the ice-field in which they were drifted brought up against a small island, which they named Wilczek Island, lying to the south of the mainland. Here they were fast frozen, and passed the winter of 1873–74.

In March and April, Lieutenant Payer conducted a sledging expedition to the northward, and reached the latitude of 82° 5′, laying down the coast-line as well as he was able, and as it appears in the latest charts: through the whole of this journey the land was found to be mountainous, covered with snow, and with enormous glaciers; uninhabited, and without signs or traces of any former inhabitants. Bears there were, and seals; and the tracks of hares and foxes were seen: as the summer approached, numbers of auks made their appearance; but the vegetation was most limited; 'excepting in the Antarctic 'regions,' is Payer's report, 'no country exists on the face of the 'earth which is poorer in this respect.'

This description of it, as the most utterly desolate Arctic land yet discovered, militates strongly against the theory of a milder climate which has been based on the hypothetical action of the water of the warm current which passes the North Cape. It is of course possible that these years, 1872–74, were of exceptional rigour; but the condition of the newly-discovered land does not give evidence to that effect; and Admiral Lutke in 1822–24 found the same impenetrable pack near the coast of Novaya Zemlya, which prevented his rounding Cape Nassau, and which, on the parallel of 76°, stretched away to the westward beyond the meridian of 43° E.: it would thus seem much more probable that it was rather the September of 1871, in which an exceptional warmth had reached into the usually ice-bound sea. Nor can we now say how far the conditions reported as existing in 1871 were real: and fully admitting that where the authors of the report actually were, the water was

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comparatively open, it may fairly be doubted whether the state of the ice in the distance was as favourable as they were led to suppose.

But, at any rate, the discovery of the land which the signs observed in 1871 clearly foreshadowed, seems to place an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of getting further north in that direction by ship. So far, indeed, as is yet known, the land may be merely a collection of islands, large and small; in which case a sledging journey from Wilczek Island, on the 80th parallel, might be possible, though difficult and long; but if the land should prove to be continuous; if, that is to say, there is no passage between King Oscar Land and Petermann Land, the attempt in this direction must be considered hopeless: sledging for a great distance over an unknown land of mountains and glaciers may be put down as a practical impossibility.

None the less, the discovery of this land is of great geographical interest, and its further exploration is a problem which will, we may hope, be partially at least solved within the next few years. Amongst the questions which would seem most urgent are the continuity of the land, and its extent towards the west; is the almost mythical Gillis Land, a land rarely seen and never attained, in the approximate position of 82° N. and 35° E., part of Franz Joseph Land? is it an independent island, or does it join on to King Oscar Land? In this locality the map is still a blank, and it remains to be seen whether Zichy Land, King Oscar Land, and Gillis Land are parts of the same, or, as the analogy of Polar lands would hint at as more probable, three distinct islands. The explorations of the last fifteen years round Spitzbergen, in conjunction with Parry's more celebrated expedition in 1827, may be regarded as establishing as a fact that as far as the 83rd parallel there is no land to the westward of the meridian of 35° E.; but, on the other hand, it would now appear certain that to the east of that, as far as the meridian of 70° E., the sea is blocked by a group of islands, at least equal in extent to the Spitzbergen group, but wilder, colder, and more desolate in an extreme degree. Beyond this we as yet know nothing. These questions belong fairly to the country which has already done so much in this direction; and we may hope that the energy and skill of the Austrian officers will work out the problem to a satisfactory conclusion.

As the spring of 1874 advanced, and the ice which hemmed in the little 'Tegetthoff' showed no signs of breaking up, it was determined to abandon the ship and to endeavour to reach Novaya Zemlya by sledge and boat; and to do so at once, in

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the hope of there falling in with some of the Norwegian fishing vessels, by which they could return. They accordingly left their ship on May 20th; the task before them being to drag three boats over the ice till they came to open water. This they found a work of extreme difficulty; the way was excessively rugged, the ice piled up in irregular hummocks, and the snow lying deep between; this was covered with a hard-frozen crust, which gave way beneath the men, so that at each step they sank up to the waist; they could thus drag along only one boat at a time, and the distance had to be traversed five times; progress was painfully slow, and with their utmost exertions averaged only half a mile a day.

On June 1st they reached the edge of the fast land-ice, beyond which they could not go; and taking advantage of the delay, a party went back to the ship and brought on a fourth boat. It was not till the 17th that a strong north wind broke up the ice before them so far as to permit them to launch the boats. For weeks they battled with the heavy drift-ice, alternating between the sledges and boats which they dragged over wide fields and launched again when opportunity offered; but it was seldom that they met with water of any extent; the floes were small, and the passages between them crowded with fragments which froze fast together during the night; they were thus constantly delayed by having to load or unload the boats, and by having to wait for favourable changes in the ice. Added to these difficulties came a spell of strong southerly winds, which carried them with the ice bodily back towards the north. On July 15th, after nearly two months of unceasing and most laborious work, they were back in the immediate neighbourhood of Wilczek Island, from which they had started. Fortune then turned in their favour, and a northerly wind began to drive them southwards, and at last, on August 15th, in 77° 40′ N. and 61° E. they reached open water: they broke up the sledges, shot their two remaining dogs, Newfoundlands, brought from Vienna, for which they had neither room nor provisions, and took to the boats. The weather continued favourable, and the next day they sighted the high land of Novaya Zemlya; they passed by their depôt on Barentz Island, but having still three weeks' provisions, they thought it best to pass south without delay; on the 24th they fell in with a Russian schooner, and chartered her to take them and their boats to Wardö, where they arrived on September 3rd.

The manner in which the discipline, organisation, and health of the men were preserved during this long and perilous voyage, is in itself very high praise to Lieutenant Weyprecht and the

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officers of the expedition; the fourteen months' drift in the pack, and the more than three months with the sledges, were, throughout, a period of very great danger and of exceeding hardship; and to have passed safely through such a severe trial is ample proof of the splendid quality of the crew, composed principally of Dalmatian sailors, descendants of the old stock of the Gulf of Quarnero, famous in many a mediæval adventure. But notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding the geographical value of the discovery of the Franz Joseph Archipelago, we may still doubt how far the voyage of the 'Tegetthoff' has furthered the solution of the main problem which has been proposed, the exploration of the Polar Basin, and the passage to the Pole itself. What it has contributed to this has been altogether negative; it has proved that the theory of an open sea between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya is incorrect; it has proved that this sea, which we are glad to see marked on the Admiralty chart by the name of the first who sailed it, Barentz Sea, is blocked with impenetrable pack; and if occasionally open as far as the seventy-ninth parallel between the meridians of 40° and 50°, further to the east, more especially from the meridian of 60° to 70°, it is impassable.

The drift of the 'Tegetthoff' during these long fourteen months must be considered as in a measure delineating the sweep of the Gulf Stream. It is physically certain that the water continually flowing past the North Cape towards the north-east must have, in some way and in some place, an escape from the Polar Basin; and it has long been accepted as a geographical fact that this water does circle round and return by the coast of Greenland; this has been proved in various ways, amongst which we may mention the great quantities of drift-wood from the Siberian rivers which are thrown on the north-east coast of Spitzbergen, some of which is also carried into the current running towards the south between Greenland and Jan Mayen. It might perhaps at first seem that this timber-bearing cold current is merely the escape of the water of the great rivers, Obi, Yenisei, and Lena more especially; but this suggestion is at once negatived by the fact that the water of the current on the coast of Greenland is salt, and in this respect differs but slightly from the water of the Gulf Stream as it passes into Barentz Sea; it is thus evident that whilst the large rivers contribute enormous quantities of drift-wood, their water forms a very small proportion of that which escapes to the south, the greater part of which must, therefore, necessarily be supplied by the Gulf Stream. But whilst this has been very generally admitted, the exact manner in which that great

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current turns, and above all the cause of its so turning, have been till now a mystery, which the discovery of the Franz Joseph Archipelago partially explains; for it becomes clear that the part of the current which is deflected towards the north by the pressure of the coast of Novaya Zemlya cannot pass in that direction by reason of this new land, against which it continually presses the ice, whether formed in that sea, or washed out of the Kara Sea, or carried down from the interior of Asia by the Obi and Yenisei; it is thus forced to circle back on itself, and being now a body of extremely cold water, presses the pack to the northward against the Franz Joseph Islands and Gillis Land, and to the eastward against Spitzbergen and the coast of Greenland. In this way, the Gulf Stream far from rendering the navigation of these seas easier, is a very direct hindrance; and it is in a great measure to it that we must attribute the dense pack which has hitherto baffled every effort to survey the eastern coasts of Spitzbergen and Greenland, and which—to confine ourselves to familiar names—has turned back Mr. Lamont, Mr. Leigh Smith, or Captain Koldewey, and in 1869 broke up the 'Hansa.' At the same time, we know that this effect is not produced solely by that part of the Gulf Stream which we are now able to trace; for Parry, on the meridian of 20° E. and in latitude 82° 45′ N., that is, far to the north of the southern shores of Gillis Land or the Franz Joseph Islands, found the ice-field on which he was travelling moving to the south-west at a rate of nearly ten miles a day. This would seem to speak of another branch of the Gulf Stream which must escape to the north, possibly to the east of the meridian of 80°, and circle in some yet unknown manner round the immediate neighbourhood of the Pole.

But though these recent expeditions have thrown a good deal of light on the circulation of the northern waters, and have partly explained the cause of the dense pack which has so long baffled all endeavours to attain a high latitude in the Spitzbergen Sea, the mere fact of the existence of this pack has been for many years familiarly known to all who have studied the subject from a practical rather than from a theoretical point of view. Our leading English geographers have thus maintained that any attempt to reach the North Pole by this route is not likely to meet with success; and the route through Bering's Straits having shown still greater difficulties, and being, besides, so far from our necessary base of operations, the route to the west of Greenland, through Smith's Sound, has by a species of exhaustive process been forced more prominently forward. It is not, of course, merely on this account

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that this route has been definitely recommended; for on careful examination it is found to possess very distinct advantages, which will be better understood after a short account of the progress which has already been made in that direction.

The very vague account which Baffin had left of his voyage in 1616, and the non-publication of his map, led to his report being generally doubted. After two centuries of incredulity, Ross and Parry retraced his route and established his fame as one of the greatest of our early explorers; but the passage through Smith's Sound appeared to lead so directly away from all promise of a North-West Passage that it was not even examined, and for more than thirty years of arduous exploration, our ships turned to the west through Lancaster Sound. In his summer cruise of 1852, Captain Inglefield first passed into Smith's Sound as far north as 78° 35′, and his report gave rise to the idea that the sea in that direction was comparatively open. In the following year the Americans, who had cordially joined in the search for Sir John Franklin, resolved to examine these unknown coasts, and for that purpose despatched a small vessel, the 'Advance,' a brigantine of 144 tons, under the command of Dr. Kane. Kane's report has long been before the world. His ship, inefficiently manned, without discipline or organisation, without proper equipment, stores or provisions, was forced by the pressure of the ice into a small bay now known as Rensselaer Harbour, in latitude 78° 40′. There she remained; and her crew, after enduring most terrible and appalling hardships during two successive winters, were at last driven to abandon their ship, and, in sledges and boats, to make their way southward, to the Danish settlement of Upernavik. So far Kane's expedition was unfortunate; but the additions which it made to our geographical knowledge were most remarkable, and as an advance northwards excelled any single voyage since the time of Baffin; that is to say, the coast-line from Rensselaer Harbour as far north as Cape Morton, in latitude 81° 10′, was explored and mapped.

The report of Morton, the steward of the 'Advance,' who, in company with an Eskimo hunter, alone reached this northernmost cape, has given rise to a good deal of discussion, and the speculations which he permitted himself have been since proved to be incorrect: the statement of fact, however, remains unquestioned. On June 24, 1854, he reached the cape to which his name has been given; the sea was washing against cliffs which rose perpendicularly to a height of 2,000 feet, and advance was impossible. He climbed a knoll 500 feet high, and no ice was in sight: as far as he could discern the sea was

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open, a swell coming in from the northward and running crosswise, as if with a small eastern set; the wind was due north, strong enough to make white caps, and the surf broke on the rocks below in regular breakers. The sky to the north-west was of dark rain-cloud, ivory gulls were nesting in the rocks above, and out to sea were mollemoke and silver-backed gulls. In the immediate neighbourhood of this cape they killed a bear and her cub; they saw quantities of eider ducks and large flocks of geese, and the rocks were covered with tern. They seemed to have got into a new climate, and being prevented by the cape from seeing to the north-east, he conceived the idea that he had discovered the 'open Polar Sea' which had been so long talked of. His idea was accepted by Kane, was adopted by many geographers, more especially American, and was very distinctly urged as a reason for further exploration by the supporters of the expedition which was fitted out in 1860, under the command of Dr. Hayes, the former surgeon of the 'Advance.'

The 'United States,' a schooner of 133 tons, left Boston early in July, and by the end of August was abreast of Cape Alexander. Here she was stopped by heavy pack drifting through Smith's Sound, and a violent gale from the northward drove her back. After several days vainly struggling with wind and ice, and being dangerously crushed between the heavy floes, she made good her retreat into Foulkes Bay, in latitude 78° 10′, and there wintered. In a memorable sledging journey in April and May 1861, Dr. Hayes reached the shores of what is now marked as Lady Franklin Strait, where his further advance was stopped on May 18th by open water. He was unable to cross the strait, and the water-sky * to the north showed that, even if he succeeded in doing so, he could not proceed further. He had, in fact, reached Morton's 'open sea;' the land to the east, at a distance of about fifty miles, could not be seen, and he was under the impression that he had reached the shores of a great Polar Basin. The ice as he returned was rapidly breaking up; and the small party, after running imminent risks from the opening water, got back to the ship on June 3rd. A careful survey was held, and it was decided that in the schooner's crippled state it would be running too great a risk to force her in amongst the ice; they

* A water-sky is a bluish tint in the haze near the horizon, reflected from water, and intensified by the partial condensation of vapour; it is opposed to the yellowish white which appears over ice, reflected from the snow-covered surface; this is known as ice-blink.

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waited therefore till the sea was tolerably clear, left Foulkes Bay on July 13th, and arrived home without further hindrance.

During their stay in Foulkes Bay they had had ample provision of fresh meat; reindeer were in great numbers, and the crew and their dogs lived plentifully on choice venison. There was no scarcity of animal life; bears, walrus, hares, foxes, birds, abounded; and a party of natives that settled near kept them amply supplied. The health and spirits of the men were thus excellent throughout; and Hayes has recorded his opinion that a depôt party might be supported there easily and in comfort, whilst the skins and eider down which they could collect would go far to pay the expense of the expedition. The shattered state of the schooner, after her rude encounter with the ice in September 1860, prevented her venturing further north in the summer of 1861; but the ice of Smith's Sound, as they left in July, did not seem impassable, and a steamer might, it was believed, have gone through without difficulty, whilst beyond there was clear water and a distant water-sky.

The 'United States' had not succeeded in getting as far as had been hoped, but the sledging party had reached the highest latitude then attained on land, and under circumstances which seemed to promise well for further enterprise. Independently, therefore, of the outline of the coast of Grinnell's Land, the results of Hayes' voyage were considered as encouraging as those of Kane's. It was argued that if expeditions such as these, badly manned, poorly equipped, and insufficiently provisioned, could do so much, it was only reasonable to believe that a stout ship, fitted out with all the resources of a great naval Power, might accomplish a very great deal more. This was the line of argument taken from the first by Captain (now Admiral) Sherard Osborn, an officer of great experience as an Arctic navigator, and of great ability and research as a practical exponent of Arctic geography. But, as we have already said, the public mind was then averse to further Arctic exploration; and the Government, as the official interpreter of public opinion, refused to sanction it; whilst to the scientific world they had a ready and plausible excuse afforded by the very unpractical but nominally scientific letter of Dr. Petermann (February 9, 1865) urging the superiority of the route by Spitzbergen or Novaya Zemlya.*

Such then was the state of things in Europe, when another

* Proceedings of the R. G. S., vol. ix. pp. 42, 90.

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expedition was fitted out in America. This, if we may use the term, was the very burlesque of a most serious matter. The 'Polaris,' a paltry river-steamer, till then rejoicing in the name of 'Periwinkle,' was manned by a promiscuous and polyglot crew of men, women, and children, Americans, Germans, and Eskimos, and commanded by one Hall, who was indeed an earnest and warm-hearted enthusiast, but was neither an officer nor a seaman, and was quite unversed in physical science. Whether we consider the ship, the crew, or the commander, everything connected with this expedition seems most unpromising; and yet this miserable steamer went right through to latitude 82° 16′, a higher latitude than any other ship has yet attained; and did this, not by overcoming difficulties, but simply because she did not meet with any. From Cape Shackleton on the coast of Greenland, in latitude 73° 50′, to her highest point, she went in five days; and the pack by which she was stopped does not appear to have been heavy. The circumstances under which she turned back have such an important bearing on the possibilities awaiting any future exploration in the same direction, that we feel called on to examine into them more in detail.

On the morning of August 28, 1871, the 'Polaris,' being then off Cape Fraser, met with some heavy pack, with, however, a passage close in with the land. The sailing master, Buddington, was anxious to turn at once: 'If we go further 'north,' he said, 'we shall never come back again.' Hall decided that they might go on, and in spite of Buddington's opposition, they did go on. After a few hours' steaming they came into comparatively open water, and for 150 miles further, till they came into Robeson Channel, saw very little ice; the snow had completely disappeared from the land, and except for the absence of trees, they might have fancied themselves in the temperate zone. Robeson Channel was found to be blocked with ice, some of which was much marked with earth and mixed with stones, a proof that it had floated off land or shoals to the northward; but though at the time densely packed in the channel, it needed only a strong north or north-east wind to break it up. A water-sky to the north told with certainty that the obstacle was of no great magnitude, and Hall, with some of the officers, was anxious to shelter for a few days in the nearest bay, and wait for the channel to clear. Buddington, on the other hand, was bent on returning; his one idea seems to have been that every movement forward would make it more difficult to get back; and whilst they were arguing the point the ship was caught

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in the pack and frozen in. She was thus drifted towards the south for a distance of about fifty miles; and when the prevailing north wind freshened into a violent gale and broke up the ice, they steamed to the eastward and took refuge in a small bend of the coast, which an iceberg, grounded in front of it, had converted into a harbour. This was on September 1st. The gale had nearly cleared Robeson Channel, and nothing prevented a new advance, which Hall was eager to attempt; but Buddington positively refused to stir, and the ship remained for the winter in the anchorage, to which they gave the name of Thank God Harbour.

Hall, whose enthusiasm to some extent compensated for his want of knowledge, died, after a few days' illness, on November 8th, and his death broke up the very feeble bond of discipline which had kept the expedition together. Buddington, an old whaling skipper, without zeal, intelligence, or spirit of enterprise, neither knew nor cared anything about the objects in view; a voyage which carried him so far beyond the routine of his experience was too much for his nerves or his understanding. He attempted nothing during the winter; the provisions and fuel were squandered; and when spring came the adventurers were not in a condition, even had their will been the best in the world, to undertake anything further. The individual members of the crew seem to have considered themselves on a footing of perfect equality; as Admiral Osborn has happily described it, there were amongst them more captains than seamen; and the time passed away in squabbles, which continued after their return to America, and gave rise to a series of reports of the most contradictory nature. Out of all these, however, the main fact stands prominently forward: under circumstances externally most favourable, nothing was done.

During the greater part of the winter the ice immediately round the ship was more or less open; in the end of November a gale from the north-east broke the ship out of her harbour, and owing, it would appear, to the incompetency of the master and the disorderly conduct of the men, drove her against the iceberg, placing her for a time in a position of very great danger. But this same north-east wind drove all the ice to the southward, though of course new ice formed immediately. In February (1872), after a similar storm, all the ice disappeared, and a water-sky was seen to the north. It was not till March that the ice really became firm, and it continued so only for two months; in May it broke up again.

On August 12th they left their anchorage, and being beset in

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latitude 80° 2′, were carried down by the current into Baffin's Bay. On October 15th they were again caught in the ice off Whale Sound, and the ship was nipped so severely that it was not expected she would ever float again. Whilst they were making preparations to abandon her, the ice parted. Although badly crushed, the ship did float, and under the grossest mismanagement, drifted away, leaving the boats and a mob of eighteen, men, women, and children, on the ice. These remained on the ice, and were drifted on it from latitude 77° 53′ to 53° 35′, in the vicinity of Wolf Island, where, on April 30, 1873, they were picked up by the 'Tigress,' an American sealer, after a miserable drift of 1,700 miles, the longest on record. The ship, meantime, in some unexplained way, got back nearly thirty miles to the north, and was run ashore at Lyttelton Island, where the remainder of the crew wintered. On June 4th they left in boats which they had built out of the wreck of the 'Polaris,' and were picked up by a Dundee whaler, not far from Cape York.

The only result of the expedition is thus a partial confirmation of the inferences which had been drawn from the previous voyages by Kane and Hayes. On the land adjoining Polaris Bay twenty-six musk oxen were killed; reindeer abounded; hares, geese, ducks, birds of various sorts were seen in great numbers: these went north in the spring, and as open water and land are necessities of their lives, the necessary conclusion is that they find them where they go to. But the most wonderful account from Polaris Bay is of the vegetation: as compared with all other Arctic records, it seems to have been almost rich; there were many flowers, of different sorts and colours; heath grew in great bushes, to a height of three feet; sorrel was plentiful, grass luxuriant; and though the observations are imperfect, the evidence, such as it is, is that the mean winter temperature was some 20° higher than in Rensselaer Bay. No inhabitants were met with; but the fragments of a sledge, a knife handle, and the clearly marked position of an encampment attested their former presence.

All these indications have an important geographical bearing. It has been often maintained that the climate towards the Pole becomes less rigorous, that, in fact, the neighbourhood of the Pole enjoys a pleasant and temperate warmth, due to the long summer day. Such a view seems to us utterly unfounded; and we know that on the east coast of Greenland, or at Spitzbergen, or towards Franz Joseph Land, nothing has been met with to support the theory, which we would condemn as equally false to geographical observation and mathe-

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matical reasoning. Whatever difference of temperature exists between different places on the same parallel of latitude is due to the special geographical circumstances; thus in the interior of Africa, the line of greatest heat is, in summer, carried far to the north by the influence of the Sahara; and in the North Atlantic, the lines of equal temperature (isotherms) very markedly follow the course of the Gulf Stream from the banks of Newfoundland to the North Cape. In all parts of the world of which we have sufficient knowledge, the temperature is found to depend on local conditions—the nature of the soil, the prevailing winds, the adjacent currents, rather than on the latitude; and any speculations as to the temperature in a region so utterly unknown as the neighbourhood of the North Pole are unworthy of serious attention.

But we have seen that the Gulf Stream, which passes into Barentz Sea as a comparatively warm body of water, and does, to some extent, mitigate the climatic rigour of the parts adjacent, is yet quite unable to clear away the ice a few degrees further north, and, in fact, by packing the ice against the island barrier, prevents navigation and increases the cold. Wherever ice is accumulated in this way the climate must be made more severe; where, on the other hand, the ice is persistently driven away, is prevented from permanently lodging, the climate will be milder. There is another point too, the importance of which has been perhaps underrated, although Wrangell called attention to it some fifty years ago. Water, as it changes into ice, gives out a very considerable quantity of so-called latent heat, and when this change is on a very large scale, the effect of this heat may be appreciable; conversely, when it changes back into water, it absorbs heat, and this also, when on a large scale, may produce a very noticeable climatic effect. If then, from any locality, the ice is continually swept away, so that, during the winter, new ice is continually forming, which, during the summer, thaws elsewhere, the climate is, in both ways, benefited; whilst the place to which that ice is carried, where it accumulates, and where, in its season, it thaws, is comparatively deteriorated. In this way we may partly explain the very great difference which is observed between the west and east coasts of Spitzbergen; for, as we have already explained, the set towards the south-west accumulates the ice against the north and east shores, whilst from the west, the same set carries the ice away, to pack it against the coast of Greenland. And in a similar manner we may conclude that the climate of any Arctic coast will be more or less rigorous

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according as the prevailing winds blow or the current sets to or from it.

It is, for instance, well established that on the east side of Baffin's Bay a feeble current, which sweeps round the south end of Greenland from the east, sets towards the north; this is finally stopped by the great promontory which closes in to form Smith's Sound; it turns to the west, and falls into the main southerly set of Baffin's Bay. But in doing so it tends to form dead water, to carry the ice into Melville Bay, and to leave it there. Melville Bay is thus notorious amongst Arctic voyagers for its persistent pack; the land-ice is unbroken, and bergs of enormous size grounding in 100 fathoms, form a nucleus round which other ice collects. With a southerly wind the condition of this is at its worst, and it was here that Sir Leopold McClintock, in the 'Fox,' was caught in August 1857. On the other hand, the great current of Baffin's Bay runs slowly but steadily to the southward, thus sweeping away the ice from the extreme north of the Bay and the entrance to Smith's Sound, and leaving what is known to whalers as the North Water, open always during the summer, and seldom solidly frozen even in the depth of winter.

A glance at the chart will show that the coast, north of Smith's Sound, from Cape Inglefield to Dallas Bay, is, by its formation, a perfect trap for drifting ice; the current which sets through Kennedy Channel jams against it a great part of the ice which it is carrying south; and whilst further west the stream through Smith's Sound takes it on across the North Water to join the pack of Baffin's Bay, along this southern shore of Kane's Sea it is persistently held. Rensselaer Harbour, in the middle of this coast, may thus well have a severe climate, a climate, independent of the latitude, much more severe than Port Foulkes, only thirty miles distant. When we attempt to examine the conditions further north, we are at once checked by the insufficiency of our topographical knowledge. We can understand that a current, said to run at a rate of from one to two miles an hour, must be an important agent in scouring the ice out of Kennedy Channel and in great measure from Hall's Basin; but the reports from the 'Polaris' seem to show that the greater part of the heavy ice which is swept southwards through Robeson Channel does not come to Kennedy Channel at all; and it is conjectured by Dr. Bessels, the naturalist of the expedition, that this ice is forced to the westward through a large strait, Lady Franklin's Strait, of which as yet we know only the opening, and which was believed by Hayes to be a close bay.

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That the ice in Robeson Channel does occasionally consist of heavy floes is on evidence from the 'Polaris'; but the water-sky constantly seen to the north, and more especially after a northerly gale, would seem to prove that the main polar pack, that heavy impenetrable pack which presses down to the north of Spitzbergen, over which the ice-blink is permanent, has not free access to the yet shadowy Lincoln Basin. This would point to a continuation of the land, in some form or other, far to the north, on the east as well as on the west side of the passage; although Morton, a man of many years' experience in Arctic voyages, says that from the northernmost position of the 'Polaris' no land was visible to the north-east, and that what is marked on the chart as land seen was a bank of cloud. Whether this was the case or not, we do not pretend to say. Morton's genius, perhaps, lies in discovering 'open Polar 'seas;' and the fact of Lincoln Basin being comparatively clear is strong presumptive evidence that it is also comparatively closed, although indubitably not quite so, as is proved by the constant strong current through Robeson Channel. Wherever there is a continual current there must be a continual supply of water; a simple fact which leads directly to one of the great physical problems, the solution of which is eagerly looked for.

Now drift-wood was found carried by the current through Robeson Channel: this is said to have been pine. The Eskimos speak of plenty of such wood being washed up on the shores of Grinnell Land; though the word plenty is probably to be considered as the comparative of none at all. This wood, coming from the north, certainly did not grow there; it must therefore have been first carried there, and that, necessarily, from the great rivers either of Siberia or of North America. These, on each side, bring down an enormous quantity of drift-wood, mostly pine; vast heaps of which have been observed on the north-east coast of Spitzbergen, and on the American coast near Point Barrow.

The water which enters the Polar Basin through Bering's Straits is quite insignificant: Bering's Straits are only fifty miles wide, and their greatest depth is less than thirty fathoms; and even of this small passage only a part is occupied by the ingoing current. On the west side there is an outward drift of cold water, making a curious climatic difference between the two coasts, which is perhaps most marked between Norton Sound on the east and the Gulf of Anadyr on the west. It is impossible to suppose that the very small quantity of water which enters through Bering's Straits can have much effect: it may assist in rendering the passage round Point

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Barrow, and as far as Banks Land, occasionally navigable; but its influence is certainly extremely small; for in fact, the whole sea to the north of Point Barrow and to the west of Banks Land is blocked by the most massive and remarkable ice-field which exists anywhere in the Arctic regions; and which differs in an extreme degree from pack as it is known in Baffin's Bay, or from the much heavier pack on the east coast of Greenland or to the north of Spitzbergen.

Arguing from the permanent existence and position of this 'glacier-like mass,' which no wind drives off shore more than a mile or two, and which never surges down towards the Atlantic, Admiral Osborn, in a masterly and practical paper* on Arctic Geography, has maintained that it must be hemmed in by land to the north, and that Kellett's Land on the west, Grinnell's or Grant's Land on the east, are possibly parts of this barrier. We have already expressed our sense of the little value which can be attached to mere speculative geography; but Admiral Osborn's practical arguments can scarcely be classed as theoretical speculations; and whether the land exists or not, it is quite certain that the mountainous ice-field does. Whatever holds it there, it alone must prevent the drift-wood of the Mackenzie passing to the far north; and the necessary conclusion is that that drift-wood, which has been found in Robeson Channel and on the shores of Grinnell's Land, does not come from the American rivers. It must therefore come from the rivers of Siberia, and argues a distinct connexion with the sea which washes the Siberian coast. According to this view, the water which runs south through Robeson Channel is supplied by the Gulf Stream, a considerable portion of which, passing to the eastward north of Novaya Zemlya, circles across the Polar Basin and returns to the Atlantic by the east and west coasts of Greenland.

It has been often maintained that the water which thus escapes to the south is supplied in great part by a system of under-currents flowing north out of the Atlantic. This is a piece of hypothetical geography which has no sufficient basis of fact to rest on. So far as Baffin's Bay is concerned it may be positively denied. Commander Markham mentions distinctly that in several soundings which he secured, the low bottom temperature in Baffin's Bay showed that the warm under-current had no existence. But it has been said, that the warm salt water meeting with the cold, comparatively fresh

* Proceedings of the R. G. S., vol. xvii. pp. 172, *et seq.*

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water of the Arctic, sinks below it, dives underneath it, flows to the north as a warm under-current, and then coming to the surface, still warm, keeps open the Polar Sea. We have never seen an explanation of its coming to the surface, nor any comparison of saltness which would account for this wonderful dive. Great weight has been laid on the observations reported by Mr. Leigh Smith in his voyage of 1872, which showed a singularly high bottom temperature, ranging indeed up to 64° F., with a surface temperature of 30°. We do not for a moment doubt the perfect good faith of these reports; but we do most distinctly doubt their correctness; we would a great deal rather believe that the thermometers were out of order, or were used without the necessary precautions, than that any such anomaly occurred in nature. We know with fair accuracy and within well-established limits the temperatures of the water at the several points of a section reaching, we may say, from Bergen to Cape Farewell, and throughout this section there is no temperature at all approaching 64°. It is therefore in the highest degree improbable that any such temperature can be at the parallel of 81°, whether at the surface or at the reported depth of 600 fathoms. The same argument does not of course hold against the reported bottom temperature of 40° or thereabouts; on this point we feel much more doubtful; and whilst we are far from implicitly accepting it, we would willingly recognise it as one on which we ought to have more exact information. The right understanding of ocean currents is a branch of science which has yet to be worked out; although appertaining strictly to physical geography, it has too long been handed over to professors of abstract science, who claim to expound its difficulties without even an elementary acquaintance with its facts. The solution of its many interesting and important problems is not to be gained without long-continued and careful observation in different and distant parts of the sea; and towards this solution we may hope for most valuable aid, when, within the next few years, the deep-sea survey of the 'Chal-'lenger' expedition can be fairly collated with that which we may hope to receive from the Polar regions.

Not less interesting and still more important in their bearings on scientific navigation are the meteorological problems on which some light may be thrown by an insight into the geography of the Polar Basin. Several eminent meteorologists have maintained that the south-west and southerly winds which prevail, during the winter, over a large part of Siberia, are a presumptive proof of the existence of an open polar sea,

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of a place where the atmosphere is warmer, moister and less dense, towards which the Siberian air aspires. The argument seems to us to prove too much: if this condition existed in the neighbourhood of the Pole, able to produce the effects attributed to it, the air ought to aspire towards it, not only from Northern Siberia, but from the entire boundary of the Polar area, from the Greenland Sea and from the archipelago north of America —from Smith's Sound on the east to Melville Island on the west. This is, however, not the case. Through 120 degrees of longitude west from the meridian of Greenwich, the winter winds of the Arctic region are very distinctly from the north; they blow *from* the hypothetical centre of aspiration. Are they then connected with the southerly winds of Siberia? The Polar map will correct any confusion which a Mercator's chart may have originated. A southerly wind in Siberia will, if continued in a straight line, appear in the American Archipelago as a northerly wind; and it is difficult to avoid the suggestion that the northerly winds with which, from Parry's voyages to the voyages of Kane, Hayes, Hall, or Koldewey, all records of Arctic exploration make us familiar, are, in some way, the prolongation of the Siberian southerly winds; are, in fact, winds of propulsion, not of aspiration.

To dwell at greater length on these and kindred problems, for which the voice of science calls for a solution, would lead us beyond the scope of this article, or the domain of this Review: we can only mention the bare names of some of the more important of them; such as pendulum experiments for determining the attractive force exercised by the earth; the measurement of an arc of the meridian for determining more exactly the figure, that is, the shape, of the earth; the magnetic observations, which in the neighbourhood of, and in different positions with regard to, the magnetic pole, have a most direct and even mercantile value, as leading to a more certain knowledge of the eccentricities developed by the compass; or the geological researches amongst the deposits of an age when tropical ferns and evergreen shrubs flourished in warmth and genial daylight, where now we have seas and mountains of snow or ice, and a winter's night of many months' duration.

The account which we have here given of the results of recent Arctic voyages, and of the hopes and requirements of future expeditions, has referred almost exclusively to the progress of geographical and general science. It would have been easy to have given, instead, a soul-thrilling record of dangers and hardships which have been dared, endured, and overcome; a record which would speak to the inmost heart of every reader,

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as a record of courage, of duty, and of manly virtue. We have preferred, rather, by a consistent train of argument to lead up to the proposition, which many even now do not appreciate, that it is no thirst for a new sensation which has induced our scientific societies to urge on the Government the advisability of the expedition now fitting out, and that it is no vain panting for glory which has crowded the Admiralty lists with anxious volunteers; but, on the one side, the desire for knowledge, which is the aim and end of these societies; on the other, the outburst of the same energy and zeal which has maintained the honour of England's flag in so many arduous undertakings.

The Report of the Admiralty Arctic Committee has given, in detail, the proposed scheme of this expedition. Two screw steamers, 'Alert' and 'Discovery,' each of about 700 tons and 100 horse power, will leave in the latter part of May or the beginning of June, under the command of Captain George Nares, an officer well known in the service as a scientific surveyor, and who, as a mate, twenty years ago, gained his experience in Arctic navigation under Captain Kellett and Sir Edward Belcher. These ships will proceed through Smith's Sound, with the intention of reaching, if possible, the latitude of 81° or 82°; there one of them will remain as a point of support in case of need; the other will advance as far north as circumstances will permit; but it is not wished that she should winter at a greater distance from her consort than 200 miles: if, during the open season, she should be able to go beyond this distance, she is, if possible, to return within it. It is thus scarcely contemplated that either of the ships will reach the Pole, but it is hoped that, with a moderately favourable season, the advanced ship may attain such a high latitude as to leave the distance to be accomplished by sledges within practicable limits.

A relieving ship will leave England in 1877, so as to arrive at Lyttelton Island by the end of August, and will there await the return of the expedition, or act in accordance with instructions left there by Captain Nares. This, conjoined with a detailed system of depôts, will, it is believed, provide a safe retreat, should circumstances render it necessary to abandon the ships; and, whilst it is now intended that they should return by the autumn of 1877, we may feel a reasonable degree of certainty that the men, at least, will return by the autumn of 1878. The fortune of the expedition is in the womb of futurity; its complete success will depend on circumstances beyond human control; but after all, the Pole is only a sign

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of the end; and where the whole region, east, or west, or north, is so utterly unknown, it is scarcely to be doubted but that important discoveries will be made, discoveries not only in geography or geology, but in the practical and useful though perhaps less popular sciences of meteorology and magnetism.

Of the non-official books, whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, Mr. Blake's Expedition of the 'Polaris' is little more than Mr. Tyson's view of the squabbles of the party, and, though not without interest, has no pretensions to be considered as a scientific record. The History of the German Expedition is most drearily drawn out with accounts of the commonplace details of life on board ship, written in the first instance for an inland German public, and rendered into English by a translator grotesquely ignorant of nautical technicalities. The recent volumes of the proceedings of the Geographical Society, or of Dr. Petermann's 'Mittheilungen,' contain much more satisfactory accounts of what has been done of late years towards Arctic Exploration, not only by Americans or North Germans, but by Swedes, Norwegians, and Austrians; the whole subject has been worked up by Mr. Clements Markham in an interesting and very readable volume, 'The Threshold of the Unknown Region,' which we are glad to see has already reached a third edition; and his cousin, Commander Albert Markham, who will serve in the present expedition under Captain Nares, has given us a very pleasant narrative of his experience of a whaling voyage in the summer of 1873, in a book which has at this time a more distinct value, as showing the extreme change which steam has introduced into Arctic navigation. When we read how this whaler, in the ordinary course of her summer fishing, visited and returned from the positions which Ross, Parry, and Franklin attained only after years of exceptional toil and hardship, we are led to the conclusion which Admiral Osborn has expressed, 'that steam power has robbed the navigation of 'those regions of nearly all its difficulties and much of its 'risk.' It is this conclusion which gives us so much hope in the present expedition; a hope, supported and strengthened by our knowledge of the wisdom and experience of the distinguished committee to whom the equipment has been entrusted, and in no less degree, by our confidence in the ability and skill of the officer who commands it.

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ART. VII.—*Supernatural Religion: an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation.* 3rd edit. In 2 vols. London: 1875.

THIS book is but one indication, among a thousand others, of the uneasiness that prevails—especially among the more educated classes—during a period of religious change. Religious growth, it seems, is not altogether so simple and painless an experience as many people have imagined it to be. It is not merely an external and voluntary act, like the laying down of one article of dress and putting on another. It is rather like the awakening of Nature in the spring; when the fixed forms, attained before the winter's frosts set in, have all to be broken up and altered; when every living tree through all the landscape has to undergo a slight modification of its outline; and when the rending forces of budding and of parturition are, in every quarter, bringing on a change, whose full significance and beauty cannot be estimated till afterwards. It is at such times, especially, that curiosity is directed towards the origin of things—towards the first beginnings both of the doctrines and of the institutions which have religious claims on men's attention. Changes (it is felt) are going on: why, then, should not things be changed much more radically than people in authority seem to think needful? Explanations are being called for: why, then, should not the whole difficulty be explained clean away? Why this timidity, why this loving reluctance to make a breach with the past; when the past is clearly dead, with all its institutions and ideas, and a decent—if somewhat hasty—interment is now all that can possibly be required of us? That such feelings are now in the air, as they were at the time of the Great Rebellion, as they were at the time of the Great Reformation, no one needs to be told. Nor will anyone who knows mankind be surprised to hear that now, as at all such junctures, there are to be found men of rash and superficial natures, who cannot bear to be left behind; who must go over to Rome with the earliest, if that course is likely to be in fashion; or must plunge into extravagant forms of unbelief, if that side promise a greater satisfaction to their restlessness and vanity. But these signs of the times are not the less portentous. There is much in the English literature of the present day to remind us of the literature of France in the last century; and all history tells us that whenever the fever of disbelief has reached its paroxysm, the result has been the overthrow of society.

We propose in the present article to set before our readers,

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and to appraise at their true value, the claims of one of these works which has lately made a great deal of noise in the world by the scope of its argument and by its enormous pretensions to learning. Never before perhaps, in the history of English printing, has a book appeared which bristled on successive pages with such terrible *chevaux-de-frise* of references. They are positively piled upon each other, till they almost crowd out the text, often, strange to say, in support of statements which no moderately educated Englishman would for a moment think of disputing. In fact, we instinctively turn to our shelves of German theology to seek for anything like a parallel method of making books; and there we certainly find without difficulty, not only an illustration, but also a full explanation, of our author's method of composition.* But of this we shall have more to say by and by.

Meanwhile, be it treated as it may, there is no doubt that the period of literary history which this book undertakes to examine is one of surpassing interest, and at the same time of considerable difficulty. That period is the central half of the second century; from about A.D. 125 to A.D. 175. It was a time, for some reason or other, singularly barren of great writers. The golden age of Classical literature was past: the golden age of Christian literature had not yet come. Apuleius and Aulus Gellius, Arrian, Lucian, and Epictetus, are the stars of highest magnitude in that dark sky. And the darkness is but little relieved by the fragments which have come down to us of Montanist or Gnostic controversy, or even by the more extended writings of Justin Martyr,—the first in the long roll of Christian philosophers and literary men. In such hazy moonlight as this, sensible inquirers will tread warily and will not be too rapid in deciding and generalising upon everything they see or imagine. But the writer of 'Supernatural 'Religion' scorns, it would seem, to be restrained by any counsels of prudence or by any suggestions of modesty. He has persuaded himself that he has a gigantic task to fulfil, a Herculean duty to his fellow-creatures to accomplish, a work of benevolence to carry through, which will allow of no parley, and

* It deserves remark that his references are chiefly to the German sceptical critics of the 19th century. With the soundest and most learned theologians and critics of England and America this writer seems to have but a slight acquaintance. The names of Lardner, Lightfoot, Marsh, Jones, Blunt, Norton, and others, are seldom referred to in his notes; but he quotes frequently from Canon Westcott, chiefly to abuse him.

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no delay. It is nothing less than the total overthrow of Christianity, first by a denial of the possibility of any supernatural religion or divine Revelation at all, and secondly by an attempt to discredit the written testimony on which the Christian religion rests.

The book is divided into three unequal parts. The first 250 pages are occupied with a discussion of the subject of MIRACLES: the next five hundred pages are filled with an elaborate attack upon the SYNOPTICAL GOSPELS (Matthew, Mark, and Luke): and the remaining part is devoted to an adverse criticism of the FOURTH GOSPEL (St. John). The purpose of the whole laborious undertaking is not disguised. It is simply this: Christian apologists having nowadays freely admitted the rarity and intrinsic improbability of miracles, but having also appealed to the irrefragable testimony of history for the proof that they really happened,—that history, in its literary aspect, is here subjected to a severe and sifting examination, with the view of showing that the Gospels (which record the Resurrection and other miracles of Jesus Christ) are mere late productions, unworthy of any credit; and that, therefore, all the claims of Christianity to be a 'Supernatural 'Religion' fall with them to the ground. The project is by no means a new one. To attack the Christian Church by literary weapons, and to undermine the popular respect for her teachings, by disputing the text-books of her earliest history, have always been the tactics of unbelievers, from Celsus in the second century down to the present moment. Indeed, there seems no reason to think that, in compiling the present work, our author can have intended to assert any claims to originality. For he has done little more than follow in the footsteps of such well-known German writers as Schwegler and Strauss. On the very first page of his Introduction we meet with the startling question of the latter writer; 'Are we still Christians?' And the subsequent chapters of the book are little more than an expansion of the following remarks of Schwegler, in 1845: 'Hitherto 'people have taken the Canonical Gospels as they stood, and 'have busied themselves over the inner—i.e. the metaphysical, 'pyschological, inherent—possibility of the facts which they 'relate; or else they have contented themselves with attempts 'to harmonise the Gospels and to remove discrepancies between 'the several narratives; but they neglected to submit to a close 'examination the Gospels themselves as literary productions, 'their character as original witnesses, their sources, and the pre-'cise value of their testimony. . . . And yet it is clear that 'here is the field on which the decisive battle must be fought.

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'. . . For if these original sources are found unable to bear 'the fiery trial of criticism, then—in a case where first-rate tes- 'timony is justly required, viz., in the case of an absolutely 'unique and unexampled history, a miraculous history—the 'mere rhetoric of modern Apologists cannot make good the de- 'ficiency.' * Of all this the following remarks of our author are little more than an echo:—

'The reality of miracles is the vital point in the investigation which we have undertaken. If the reality of miracles cannot be established, Christianity loses the only evidence by which its truth can be sufficiently attested. If miracles be incredible, Supernatural Revelation and its miraculous evidence must be rejected' (vol. i. p. 8). 'Every consideration, historical and philosophical, has hitherto discredited the whole theory of miracles, and farther inquiry might be abandoned as unnecessary. In order, however, to render our conclusion complete, it remains for us to see whether, as affirmed, there be any special evidence regarding the alleged facts entitling the Gospel Miracles to exceptional attention. If, instead of being clear, direct, the undoubted testimony of known eye-witnesses free from superstition, and capable, through adequate knowledge, rightly to estimate the alleged phenomena, we find that the actual accounts have none of these qualifications, —the final decision with regard to Miracles and the reality of Divine Revelation will be easy and conclusive. We shall now, therefore, carefully examine the evidence as to the date, authorship, and character of the four Gospels.' (Vol. i. p. 210.)

Into this examination we propose now to follow our author, only reserving the quite separate and profoundly interesting question of the Fourth Gospel for some future occasion. And if it shall appear that, instead of being clear, direct, free from superstition, and capable (through adequate knowledge) rightly to estimate the alleged phenomena, this writer is confused in his purpose, tortuous in his arguments, not free from scientific dogmatism, and unable (through deficient knowledge of the common rules of grammar and the common terms of theology) rightly to estimate the facts which German students have brought before his notice,—the final decision with regard to the work under review, and to the author's high pretensions to have exploded the Gospel, will, we think, be easy and conclusive.

Our author begins his work by laying before us what he calls 'the very *simple* issue: Are miracles antecedently cre- 'dible? Did they ever really take place?' (i. 10.) But we beg leave to point out, *in limine*, that this issue, as he states it, is not a 'simple' one at all. It is very distinctly a double

* Schwegler, 'Das Nachap. Zeitalter,' i. 200.

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one. And it can only be simplified and reduced to unity by the obvious remark, that the real question is, not what *can* happen, but what *has* happened. The former method is the Mediæval, the *à priori*, the deductive method of arguing—which we thought had long ago been abandoned by the advanced thinkers of the present day. The latter is the scientific, the Baconian, the inductive method. It does not profess to know, in advance, all that can or cannot possibly happen. It has too much modesty to say, 'Every-'thing prohibits belief in bodily ascensions' (i. 44); seeing that, before the present century, everything would have prohibited belief in balloons, in the spectroscope, in the electric telegraph. It avoids the assertion, that no testimony 'could, 'under any circumstances, be considered a sufficient testi-'mony for miracles and a direct Divine Revelation' (i. 214); seeing that this was precisely the dogmatic attitude taken up by the Inquisition against Galileo. It shrinks from such imposing statements as that 'the survival only of the fittest in 'the stern decree of Nature: the invariable action of law of 'itself eliminates the unfit' (i. 51); as elevating into a dogma that which is a mere tentative theory, a view denied by many a profound thinker, and directly contradicted by our present experience. In truth the whole of this portion of the work before us may be summed up in the first proposition laid down by Strauss in his 'Life of Jesus,' that the chain of finite 'causes is indissoluble, and that a miracle is impossible.' If that be so, there is an end of the matter; for no amount of evidence can justify belief in the impossible; and as the Gospel narrative is throughout miraculous, it never can command the belief of those who hold the impossibility of miracles. But who does not see that this is the very point in dispute?

We have so recently discussed in these pages, in reviewing the Essays on Theism of Mr. John Stuart Mill, the limits of the Natural and the Supernatural, that we shall not revert to this part of the subject. It is obvious that whoever believes in the existence of God (unless the Creator of the world is, as Mr. Mill argues, a being of limited powers), acknowledges the existence of a Power superior to Nature; and if superior to Nature, then such a Power cannot be bound by what are termed natural laws. That is what we mean by Supernatural Religion. The same arguments used by the author of this book to deny the authority of what he terms Supernatural Religion would reduce him, by an infallible process, to the lowest level of atheism: for if there be no Power superior to Nature, then Nature is the only form of Deity and there is

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no God at all. The whole Christian dispensation, as made known to mankind by the Gospels and by tradition, is essentially supernatural and miraculous. If these words have no meaning, or mean only delusion and imposture, there is no such thing as Divine Revelation, or, we might add, as religion at all. That seems to be the conclusion of the author of this book. But on the other hand, if we believe or admit the existence of God there is nothing contradictory or impossible in the supposition that He has made His will known to man by miraculous and supernatural means, and the question becomes simply one of evidence as to the facts on which this revelation rests. The theory of this writer as to the evidences is, that whereas there is a breach or fault in the chain of direct tradition and literary records, between the death of the last actual contemporaries of our Lord and the first Christian writers of whom we have any certain knowledge, so there is no trustworthy evidence of events confessedly miraculous, and no certain narrative of the actual ministry of Christ; hence he infers that 'the claims of Christianity to be a Divine Revela-'tion must be disallowed.' To this argument we shall oppose in the first place a clear historical explanation of the cause which interrupted the early Christian tradition; and in the second place a demonstration that the Gospels which we possess were well known to the earliest Christian writers, and used in all the primitive Christian Churches.

In studying the history of the second century, no fact emerges with greater certainty than that a singular change came over the mind of the Church about the middle of that period with regard to her literary possessions. The phenomena which had attended the 'canonisation' of the Scriptures of the Old Testament were, naturally enough, now repeated in the case of the New. No one, we presume, imagines that the Books of Samuel and Judges, the glorious poetry of the Psalms, and the shrewd maxims of Ecclesiastes, were consigned immediately on their production to the sacred archives of the Jewish nation, and hailed, at once, with the religious veneration which they acquired in after times. Everyone knows that ages elapsed before their claims to a canonical position were allowed,—nay, before the very idea of a 'sacred canon' came into existence at all. We have now become so much accustomed to the idea of a collection of sacred books, that we unconsciously regard it as an essential constituent in the very notion of a religion or of a church. But it was Ezra who first collected the Canon; in other words, it was not till long after the Captivity that the Jews had

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a 'Canon' at all. Lapse of time, then, and altered surroundings were necessary, before the most certainly ancient and venerable books in the world could assert their pre-eminence; just as the highest ridges of the Himalayas or of the Alps only assert their majestic supremacy when the traveller has reached a considerable distance from their foot. Indeed, while Ezra may have collected, for public use in the synagogues, a Canon of authorised books, it was still reserved (as all scholars know) for a much later period still, to give them an actual *religious* consecration. It was the Maccabean struggle, and the fierce enthusiasms which it enkindled, which caused the Jews to press to their hearts, as positively of divine authority, the utterances of their ancient prophets and religious writers. And even then, in Egypt and other foreign countries, the line, for many a long year, was doubtfully drawn between the relics of ancient inspiration and those later religious works which we now entitle 'the Apocrypha.'

Precisely the same phenomena are observable in the literary history of the Christian Church. There, too, the need of a new Sacred Canon, nay, the very notion of such a thing, did not for a long time dawn upon the brotherhood. They had all that they required in the Jewish Scriptures. These they had received in their integrity from the synagogue. These they read in their own assemblies. On these they commented. From these they drew, by allegory and accommodation and typology, all that they deemed necessary for the instruction of their simple neophytes in the mysteries of religion, and for proving, to all who might need proof, the divine and pre-ordained evolution by which Christianity had grown out of Judaism. That all this was the case during the first few decades of the Church's history, no one affects to entertain any doubt. The evidence is before our eyes in St. Paul's Epistles, in the Acts of the Apostles, and, above all, in the Epistle to the Hebrews. And the later the date at which the composition of any of these documents can be placed, the longer is the period over which the existence of such feelings can be demonstrated to extend. Where then are we to draw a hard and fast line? What precise day, or month, or year, are we to fix upon as the point where a new sacred collection of books was compiled and committed to the undoubting veneration of the faithful? It is obvious, and is perfectly well known to everyone—and therefore, we should have thought, to the author of 'Supernatural Religion'—that no such point can be fixed upon, no such line can be drawn. For many years after the departure of her Founder, the Church was anxiously

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occupied in preparing for and expecting His immediate return. 'Wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?' was, up to the destruction of Jerusalem and far beyond it, the leading question in (at least) every Hebrew Christian's mind. And we can trace quite clearly the gradual evaporation of such confused and earth-born hopes, first into the somewhat less gross and Jewish form of an expected Millennium, and then in the plainly dawning conviction that Christianity had a long future before it, that it was destined to wrest the world's sceptre out of Pagan hands, and to fulfil—in no millennial, but in a tangible and human way—the forecast of the seer of Patmos, that 'the kingdoms of this world should become the 'kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ.'

What then gave occasion to this last remarkable transition of thought? What new force impinged upon the steady development of Hebrew ideas, and gave them this new direction? For aught we can see, Hebrew Christianity (if it had been left alone) might have pursued its own narrow course and have eventually reached some strange and shocking end. It might even have coalesced again with the national Judaism, out of which it sprang. It might easily have been tempted to draw the sword and go after a 'false Christ' or a 'false 'prophet,' announced to have returned to some secret chamber at Bitthera or some Arabian wilderness near Mecca. It might easily have stiffened the beautiful subordination of the Christian Pastorate into a reformed Mosaic hierarchy, with some infallible James 'lording it over God's heritage' at Jerusalem. It might even have continued in its temples, under some form or other, a legitimate priestly caste, with actual sacrifices to represent *ex parte post* the sacrifice of Christ. It might have reduced the glorious law of Christian liberty into some hard Talmudic code, and converted the long future line of free Christian scholars and divines into a text-bound succession of privileged Rabbis. Nay, when we see what mischief a comparatively slight infusion of this Hebraic spirit has actually effected in the Church—how in one quarter it paved the way for the Mahometan and other Monarchian heresies, how in another it assimilated the Christian to the Jewish ritual, how it converted the pastorate into a priesthood, the Eucharist into a *hostia*, the leading bishop of the West into a pope, and the record of Christian customs and fatherly counsel into a massive *Codex Juris Canonici*, with its accompanying Court of Papal Chancery, its inquisition into prohibited thoughts, and its index of prohibited books—we can estimate pretty certainly what its fatal effect would have

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been, had it not been impinged upon and diverted by an inrushing stream of feelings and ideas from another sphere. That new, healthful, life-giving current of freedom, of humanity, of (what we may call) common-sense, was nothing else than Hellenism, Greek thought, Greek methods, Greek sentiment,—whose first fine entrance was secured, with surpassing boldness and skill, by St. Paul.

Looking back, then, to the middle of the second century, what phenomena shall we be prepared to expect? We shall, first of all, be prepared to find these Hellenic and Hebraic elements within the Church in earnest and healthful conflict. Controversy and prolonged effervescence will be the inevitable antecedents to eventual peace and a subsidence into new and more permanent combinations. The bitter strife which began a century before, when St. Paul's views first became sharply defined in opposition to those of James and the twelve, would not yet have spent itself. 'Those of the circumcision' would, very likely, still refuse to recognise the great Apostle of the Gentiles; would rather put forward St. Peter's claim to that title; would refuse to read in their churches St. Paul's or St. Luke's writings; and would never think of quoting them as authorities, much less as 'inspired' or 'canonical' Scriptures. 'The old Jewish spirit of prophecy,' they would say, 'that 'for us is inspiration. The Sacred Books of the Old Testa-'ment,—or if by chance there be any Christian writing which 'thoroughly breathes their spirit (such as the Apocalypse), 'these shall be to us "the Scriptures;" these we will quote; 'and the twelve Jewish Apostles of the Lamb, with any memo-'rials they may have left behind them, shall be to us the twelve 'foundations of God's new Jerusalem, the Church of the 'Jewish Messiah. And as to Ritual questions, the Syna-'gogue, and next (as far as possible) the Temple, shall be the 'models for our worship; and our great Christian festival of 'the Lord's death and resurrection shall synchronise and 'harmonise, as at first, with the Jewish Passover-feast and 'with the Paschal Full-moon.'

On the other hand, the Hellenic Christians, the devoted and loyal disciples of St. Paul—however much at first they might be overborne by the authority of great names and by the universal veneration felt for the ancient Jewish Scriptures—would not fail to make their own apostle's claims heard. At the very least, he would be modestly combined with St. Peter in the great mission to the Gentiles. His letters would be carefully preserved and copied; and in the weekly assemblies of the faithful, especially in churches of his own foundation,

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they would be assiduously brought out and read aloud. The Gospel of his companion, too, St. Luke, would here and there be preserved with similar honours—however little store the Hebrew brethren might set upon his reminiscences, or upon any mere literary works at all; and however content they might be with oral preaching, aided by memoranda of the sayings and doings of the Lord. While in ritual matters, and in speculation (their own peculiar province), these people of free Greek culture would press the claims of the Christian Church to be enthralled no longer to the bondage of the Law; they would insist that Easter should always be kept on a Sunday, without regard to the Jewish Passover; they would urge that theology was a matter for Reason, and not merely for implicit Faith; they would quote St. Paul's words, 'Howbeit we speak 'wisdom among them that are mature Christians;'* and some of them (no doubt) would ultimately push their views into a Quixotic extravagance, emerging into the downright free-thought and un-Christian heresies of Saturninus and Basileides. And all this would go on until some stirring event happened which should give to one side or the other a dangerous preponderance, and should then arouse the great middle party to exert itself and to take measures of security that the vessel of the Church should not be overset. Is not this very conflict and oscillation and self-recovery the law that governs all political action—that of the Ecclesiastical Polity included?

Now all these things, whose likelihood is so manifest *à priori*, actually took place; and their history may be distinctly traced, even upon the scanty and fragmentary annals of the Church in the second century. Those annals are scanty because no one thought of writing history until events should clearly show in what sense the 'immediate' coming of the Son of man must be understood; they are fragmentary because those events when they did occur swept the Hebrew lands with ravage and bloodshed like a tornado, and left men breathless and terrified, with little taste for any literary work on the Hebrew side of the controversy, beyond mere oral preaching and earnest search for a re-adjustment of ideas. For the overthrow of Judaism by Titus had utterly shattered all their preconceived notions; and they looked about eagerly for some means of reconstruction. Accordingly, during the whole period of seventy years between Nero and Hadrian, we have scarcely any extant contributions to Christian literature. Even if the Gospel of St. John is to be placed in this period,

* 1 Cor. ii. 6.

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it is a theological and reflective work, and concerns itself exclusively with our Lord's life. The genuine Epistle of Clement, or rather of the Roman Church, to the Corinthians, is of a purely hortatory cast, and proceeds rather from the Pauline than from the Hebrew school. The Epistles of Ignatius, or whatever recension of them may be authentic, are again wholly practical and personal. No narrative whatever seems to have been composed in those times of the life and labours of any of the Lord's apostles. No interest in monuments, in documents, in sites, in historical relics of any sort or kind, seems to have stirred in a single Christian breast. The first person, so far as we can tell, in whom the historical sense seems to have feebly re-awakened was Papias, the venerable Bishop of Hierapolis in Asia Minor, who died about A.D. 165. And even he scouts literary help. He prefers the tradition of the living voice. To quote a well-known but instructive passage: 'If I met with any who had been a follower of the 'Elders anywhere, I made it a point to inquire about the 'words of the Elders—what Andrew or Peter had said, or 'what Philip, or Thomas, or James, or what John or Matthew, 'or any other of the Lord's disciples; also what Aristion 'and the presbyter John, disciples of the Lord, say. For I did 'not think myself so much helped by what I got from books, as 'by the living and contemporary voice.'* On this passage the author of 'Supernatural Religion' interposes the truly characteristic remark: 'It is clear from this that, even if Papias knew 'any of our Gospels, he attached little or no value to them, 'and that he knew absolutely nothing of the Canonical Scrip-'tures of the New Testament' (i. 445). Leaving that statement, however, to take care of itself, we proceed to quote a few more lines from Papias: 'Matthew composed his history in 'the Hebrew language, and everyone translated it for himself 'as best he could. . . Mark, being the interpreter of St. Peter, 'wrote down memoranda, accurately though not in exact order, 'both of the sayings and actions of Christ. For he was not 'himself a hearer or follower of the Lord, but (as I have said) 'of Peter at a later period; who, as occasion arose, was wont 'to give his instructions, but not with any semblance of making 'a regular collection of the Lord's sayings. So then Mark 'made no mistakes, though he wrote down things as he re-'membered them (*ὡς ἀπεμνημόνευσεν*).'† This last Greek word is important, as our readers will see further on. Eusebius adds: 'The same author made use of testimonies from the First

* Papias, ap. Euseb., iii. 39. † Ibid.

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'Epistle of John, and likewise from that of Peter. He also 'gives another history of a woman who had been accused of 'many sins before the Lord—which is also contained in the '*Gospel according to the Hebrews.*'

What is this 'Gospel according to the Hebrews'? Is it a fifth Gospel, which is here dimly looming into view from amid the mists of a profound antiquity? Or is it a deeply interesting relic of the one Gospel of primæval Christian times: of times when the Church was still Hebrew, when (at Pella or elsewhere) they had the sacred narrative not merely preached, but actually written down, in the native tongue of James and Peter, and of the Lord Himself? And if so, why not by the pen of the 'only penman' by profession among the twelve, that very Matthew whom (we have seen) Papias records to have done this special service for the Church? Everyone, indeed, 'translated 'it as he was able;' and whose translation, whose recension (so to speak), it is which we now possess in the Greek Gospel of St. Matthew, it may be hard to say. But that this earliest and most literally original Gospel—a Gospel so authentic as to be quoted among all circles of Hebrew Christians simply as 'the 'Gospel,' so well known as to be called in Gentile circles τὸ Εὐαγγέλιον καθ' Ἑβραίους, or the 'Gospel of the Hebrew party,' so valued as to be copied over and over again, till it was actually used as their ordinary Gospel by hundreds of Syrian families, even down to the fifth century, to be handled by the Palestinian Justin Martyr and by the Hebrew Hegesippus as thoroughly trustworthy, to be quoted with respect by Clement of Alexandria and Origen, and to be actually examined by the learned Jerome at Cæsarea and translated into both Greek and Latin, with the remark that 'it is called by many the genuine 'Gospel of St. Matthew,'—that this Gospel should have been in any *essential* points different from the subsequent Canonical Matthew, is we think a statement which few would have the hardihood to maintain. Indeed, as the author of 'Supernatural Religion' himself remarks, 'Enough has been said to 'prove that it was one of the most ancient and most valued 'evangelical works. . . . presenting generally [to judge by the 'quotations in Justin Martyr], a greater affinity to the Gospel 'according to Matthew, than to the other two' (i. 426).

Such, then, if we are to give credence to the earliest and most trustworthy—nay, the only—traditions on the subject which we possess, was the literary condition of the Hebrew party in Christendom down to the middle of the second century. And their Ritual proceedings are no less in accordance with

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our previous expectations. For, without entering at length into the curious history of the Paschal controversy, it is clear that conflicting customs had unawares grown up which distinguished the Hebrew from the Gentile hemispheres of the Church; a divergence which first came publicly to light when Polycarp, from Smyrna, visited Rome at Easter-tide, and which gradually disappeared (along with so many other features of primitive Hebrew Christianity), by the preponderating intellectual energy and ever-increasing numbers of the Greek and Latin converts.

On the other hand, it is equally certain that for a long time these Greek and Latin converts were themselves entirely overshadowed and overmastered by the superior *religious* energy of their Semitic teachers, and by the awe they felt at the great names of 'the twelve,' at the authority of the two 'pillar' apostles (Peter and John), and at the widespread celebrity of the active and ascetic ruler of the Hebrew Church James the Just, 'the Lord's brother.' The consequence was that a great many of them, for a long time, submitted tamely to the exclusiveness of the Hebrew party and allowed their own apostle and the Pauline form of Christianity to retire a good deal into the shade. It is true that this was only a temporary eclipse. But so long as it lasted, we must expect to find St. Paul and St. Luke mainly referred to in purely Pauline quarters; while elsewhere we may perhaps see them passed over with a very marked silence. And this is precisely what we do find. If we take all the existing authorities which represent the first half of the second century, the only writers in whom a reference to the Pauline Gospel of St. Luke is to be found are the following: Clement, in writing to the *Corinthians*, Polycarp writing from *Smyrna*, Marcion coming from the country north of *Galatia*, and the Gnostic controversialists against the Hebrew party. In all these we do actually find acquaintance with St. Paul and with St. Luke. We should also, if we had their works, look for similar Pauline quotations in Melito bishop of Sardis, Dionysius bishop of Corinth, and Athenagoras of Athens; but the few brief fragments of these writers which have come down to us offer no means of forming an opinion one way or the other. What the author of 'Super-'natural Religion' says of Dionysius applies equally to them all: 'as testimony for our Gospels, Dionysius is an absolute blank' (ii. 164).

Such then was the state of parties, and such were the literary phenomena, up to that very interesting and critical moment, at which we have in imagination placed ourselves, towards the

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middle of the second century. The relation of the Hebrew and the Gentile hemispheres of Christendom to each other was one of tension and of a very delicate and curious equipoise. The Hebrew party—inferior to their adversaries in intellectual vigour and by a growing disproportion in numbers—redressed the balance by their connexion with the weighty authority of the original Twelve, and their successors, the circumcised and Law-keeping Bishops of Jerusalem. Whatever *prestige* also Judaism, with its learned schools at Tiberias, and its universally venerated sacred books, still enjoyed, the Hebrew believers in the Messiah would in some measure claim to benefit by. While the Gentile and Pauline party might safely afford to bide their time, certain that something would eventually occur to break the flawed and stiffened superstition, which still—by force of habit and imagination—imprisoned the new wine of the Divine Word in Jewish bottles.

That event at length happened; and, like some violent thunderstorm, it cleared the air at once of a thousand brooding mischiefs and opened a new season of hope and reconstruction for the Church. It was the terrible outbreak, and the bloody suppression, of the general Jewish revolt against Hadrian in A.D. 131. Little as is really known about the history of this outbreak, thus much is abundantly clear, that it raged with uncontrollable and almost unaccountable fury throughout the East; that, not merely in Judæa, but over all Palestine (in its largest acceptation), a wave of devastation and ruin swept the country of its inhabitants, its wealth, its works of peace and art and literature; and that, involved though they were in untold sufferings, still the worshippers of Christ held quite aloof from the adherents of Bar-Cochab, and that henceforth in the eyes of all the world the rising fortunes of the Christian Church were distinctly severed from the disgraceful fanaticism and the consummated ruin of the Jewish nation. It seems that, years before, the secret pent-up rage of the Jews had revealed itself. Just as the vast military ebb-tide of 1812, which drew off the French power and Napoleon into the dim perilous East, gave a signal of encouragement to the down-trodden nations of Europe, so the disappearance of the heirless Trajan, with the flower of his Roman legions, into Parthia, in A.D. 115, gave fresh heart to the conquered and scattered Jews throughout the world. It was thought that Trajan would never return, that Parthia would be victorious, and that the Roman Empire might then perchance be broken up. And if it could be broken up, then the impending horror of a heathen re-foundation of Jerusalem and a desecration of the

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holy soil by pagan idolatry might be averted. A second time, then, Rome's calamity seemed to be Judæa's opportunity. The confusions that followed on Nero's death seemed on the point of being repeated. And this time, surely, the Messiah would come, and Jehovah's arm would be made bare. Accordingly, at the distant point of Cyrene the match was first applied; and, like wildfire, a bloody and ferocious insurrection ran all along the African coast, lighted up civil war in Alexandria and the whole of Egypt, flew across to Cyprus, reached Asia Minor, and was ready to create a decisive explosion in Palestine. But at that critical moment Trajan was found to be drawing back his armies westward; and, when he died in Cilicia, instead of breaking up, the Roman Empire peaceably accepted Hadrian for his successor, and the fate of this second Jewish insurrection was virtually sealed. But meanwhile no less than 460,000 Greeks and Romans had fallen a sacrifice to Jewish fury; many of them had been thrown to wild beasts in the amphitheatres, or had been forced to kill each other as gladiators; nay, such frenzy seized the Jews that they smeared themselves with their victims' blood, clothed themselves in their skins, and actually tasted their flesh.

Such excesses could not easily be forgiven; and the contempt of the heathen world was rapidly exchanged for the most deadly hatred. In Cyprus and other places, the Jews were almost totally exterminated; they were prevented from setting foot in Jerusalem; and, worst of all, they were forbidden to practise circumcision. Thus the extirpation of their religion, as well as of their nation, seemed at hand. And when a pretended Messiah, Bar-Cochab, made his appearance, and was heralded by the most popular and learned Rabbi of the time, all Palestine rose as one man. Even the Samaritans were drawn in. The Galilæans unsheathed their secretly prepared swords. Jerusalem was taken, and some fifty other strong places surprised. And it seemed, no doubt, to many a fiery zealot that with a few more efforts and a few more months of gallant warfare, another 'seventy years captivity' would come to an end, and the invincible faith of Abraham's faithful sons would be rewarded by freedom and empire at last. But the magnificent and tenacious faith of Abraham's sons had, for a century past, been irrevocably diverted from its true object, and had been wasted on a mistake. And now, for the second time, amid slaughter and ruin almost beyond conception, they were taught how terrible a thing it is to 'know not the time of one's visitation.' Julius Severus, the best of Hadrian's generals, was hastily summoned from Britain; and by pursuing a Fabian

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policy of delay, by holding his veterans well in hand, and by refusing to meet the infuriated Jews in the open field, he entirely out-manœuvred them. They were slowly, doggedly, inexorably, inevitably crushed by his iron legions. Galilee, Samaria, Judæa were utterly ravaged and laid waste; the blood, with Oriental exaggeration, is said to have flowed till it reached the horses' girths; and even by Roman estimates, 580,000 Hebrews fell by the sword; their false Messiah was slain in battle; and the Rabbi who had heralded him was cruelly flayed alive. Yet, so fearful had been the Roman losses during this war of fury and despair, that Hadrian, in announcing his successes to the Senate, refrained from the usual epistolary formula, 'I and my army are well.'

We have endeavoured to set these fearful scenes in some detail before the minds of our readers, because they have been much overlooked, and because they have an important bearing upon the question which has been raised by the author of 'Supernatural Religion,'—the question of the true literary history of the second century. Remembering what has just been described, and remembering, also, that the Christians from the very first resolutely declined to have anything to do with Bar-Cochab and his cause—suffering the most fearful persecutions from the Jews on that account—every intelligent man will be prepared to understand that, from this time (A.D. 135) onwards, the connexion between Judaism and Christianity was sensibly weakened. The line of circumcised Hebrew bishops at Jerusalem now came abruptly to an end; and henceforth uncircumcised men, Gentiles, men of Hellenic race and culture, took their vacant place. The crushed and scowling Jew was now, everywhere and by all men, clearly distinguished from the hopeful and loving Christian.* Writings in the Hebrew language—such of them, at least, as had escaped from the general ruin in the East—would have far less chance of being preserved and diligently copied than they had before. The taint of Judaism would be, in every possible way, dissembled and avoided. In a word, the equipoise which had reigned so long between the two hemispheres of the Church had now become seriously deranged. A vast preponderance had suddenly accrued to the Gentile and Pauline party, which threatened peril to the tranquillity, and even to the orthodoxy, of Christendom. So that the ablest and soundest Churchmen would look eagerly round for safeguards

* See Lucian's remarkable description of the Christians in his time. *De Morte Peregr.* § 12.

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to secure a continuance of the balanced and moderate traditionalism which had prevailed hitherto; while hotheaded men, on the contrary, would seize the present opportunity for pushing their Gentile free-thought into licentiousness, and would think that nothing had been done until the last disgraceful dregs of Judaism were utterly abolished, and the last traces of that odious connexion were for ever obliterated.

Of this last tendency Marcion of Sinope is by far the most striking representative. He migrated from Pontus, where his father was a bishop, to Rome, about A.D. 140; and remained there some twenty years. He was a man of great ability, and of a pure ascetic character, and his mind was full of the great question of the day—'What was the true relation of Chris-'tianity to Judaism?' To this question he, a man of ultra-Pauline views, gave the most uncompromising answer. No parley, no truce, was henceforth to be thought of with this hateful religion, which had just covered the East with ruins. The Gospel, he averred, had no roots at all in the Jewish dispensation. Its God was not the Jewish God. Its Saviour was not the Jewish Messiah. All that looked otherwise, whether in the Apostolic writings or even in the words of our Lord Himself, must needs be a mistake or an interpolation, and must be remedied by unshrinking excision. And if the authorities of the Church should countenance what seemed to him so patent an error as the sanction of any Jewish leanings, he was prepared to break with them at once and to establish (as he actually did) a schism with vitality enough to spread over half the Christian world, and to last through half-a-dozen centuries. Such violence, too, naturally begot a similar violence on the other side; and the extreme Judaizers now rapidly pushed their views into monstrous forms of Ebionite extravagance, and assumed the Protean shapes and uncouth names which astonish us in the pages of Irenæus and Hippolytus.

Amid such dangers, what course would the wise leaders of the Church pursue? On either side the great names of Paul and Peter were being loudly invoked and inscribed on the opposite banners of party warfare. They surely would naturally reply—'not Paul alone, nor Peter alone; but Peter 'and Paul.' They would find in the hands of one side Pauline writings exclusively; and on the other side, writings of the Hebraic stamp, and a good many forged and adulterated pieces, claiming to be by Clement, James the Just, Peter, and others; and they would be compelled, by this very novelty of a literary appeal to antiquity on either side, to gather together whatever they could find of a *real* Apostolic antiquity, and so

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to commence the art of documentary criticism, and to take the first great practical step towards providing the Clergy with a list (*κάνων*) of the books which were sanctioned for public reading in the Church.

That all this was the case we have clear testimony even in the scanty writings of the time. Justin Martyr, a Palestinian by birth but a Greek by race and by education, composed long works at Rome about the middle of this century; and among them are imaginary conversations with a Jew, displaying the attention now drawn to Judaism, and a treatise against Marcion, displaying the natural hostility of a Palestinian against the excesses of the Pauline party. Moreover, from the beginning to the end of his extant works, there is no quotation whatever either from St. Luke or from the Epistles of St. Paul; nor is St. Paul's name so much as once mentioned. But, on the other hand, the Old Testament is largely and repeatedly quoted—as being the only 'Holy Scripture' thus far recognised by the Church; the Apocalypse of St. John—as breathing the true spirit of Old Testament prophecy—is treated with the greatest respect; and for records of the words and acts of the highest of all Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself, reference is made to the 'memoranda,' the *mémoires pour servir*, the *ἀπομνημονεύματα*, of the Apostles,—those memoranda being in three passages expressly called by their well-known title *εὐαγγέλια*, or *εὐαγγέλιον*, and in one passage described (precisely as we should describe our present Gospels) as being 'composed by the Apostles and their followers [*παρακολουθησάντων ἐκείνοις*].'* Now remembering that Papias—his contemporary, and, like himself, a Hebrew-Christian and visitor at Rome—expressly described the records used by him as (1) The original Hebrew *Matthew*, which everyone translated as best he could; (2) the Greek *Mark*, which was not by an Apostle but by a follower of Peter [*παρηκολούθησεν Πέτρῳ*], we are at a loss to understand how any candid man can fail to see that two, at least, of our Canonical Gospels were in common use at this time among the Hebrew section of the Church; nay, not merely in common but in public use,—for Justin expressly informs us that 'on Sundays the Records '[*ἀπομνημονεύματα*] of the Apostles were read aloud' in the Christian assemblies. And here comes in yet another important testimony, that of Hegesippus. He, too, was a Hebrew-Christian, born in Palestine, and a man of Jewish blood, a contemporary of Justin Martyr and of Papias; and he

* Justin Mart. *Trypho*, p. 103.

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too, like them, came to Rome and wrote there (after travelling widely for the express purpose of inspecting the various churches of the Levant) some 'materials' ['ὑπομνήματα'] for Church history. The work is unfortunately lost. But in a fragment quoted by Eusebius, this writer expressly attests that wherever he had travelled and with whatever line of tradition he had had communication, he everywhere found unanimity in the Church, and perfect 'accord with the teaching 'of the Law and the Prophets and the Lord.'* There speaks out, of course, the Hebrew-Christian. St. Paul is not mentioned; nor as yet does any (so-called) 'Canon of the New 'Testament' come into view. Such a thing was, in his time, simply not yet wanted and therefore non-existent. But can any reasonable man doubt that Hegesippus found everywhere the same 'Gospel' being used, the same facts being taught, the same story read—the matter, not the form, being for him the main question, as it is for us—and that, when he came to Rome and attended, with Justin and Papias, the assemblies to hear the ἀπομνημονεύματα of Matthew and Mark read aloud, he heard nothing essentially different from what he had heard in all the churches of the East, among whom he had travelled before?

We transfer our thoughts, then, to the other great division of primitive Christendom, to the Gentile or Pauline party, where we ought to find St. Luke in honour, and St. Paul's Epistles quoted. And on examining with care the whole of the extant literature of this time which has to do with Churches of St. Paul's foundation, we reach the following results: Clement of *Rome* writing to *Corinth* quotes two long passages, which no candid reader can possibly doubt are citations by memory from St. Luke; and his references to St. Paul's Epistles are numberless. Polycarp of *Smyrna*, writing to *Philippi*, undoubtedly quotes St. Luke in the same way (as even the author of 'Supernatural Religion' is almost forced to confess: i. 280), and his references to St. Paul's Epistles are equally incessant. Marcion of Sinope, in the neighbourhood of *Galatia*, coming to *Rome*, brings with him the Gospel of St. Luke, which he there adapts to suit his own peculiar doctrines; and his main authorities for those doctrines are citations from the Epistles of St. Paul. And when we add to this the testimony of Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, some years later on, that down to his time the above-mentioned Epistle of

* Hegesippus, ap. Euseb., iv. 22.

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the Pauline Clement was read publicly in church on Sundays,* —we are in a position to sum up all that has been here brought together relating to the literary condition of the Church at the middle of the second century.

Those results are as follows. The three Synoptical Gospels —with the Fourth Gospel we do not at present concern ourselves—were not only extant, but in public use in different sections of the Church at that time. They were, however, all considered as only one history, one 'Gospel' under various aspects; the name given to them was simply 'memoirs,' materials for history, as we should say, and they were not regarded as orderly and regular Biographies or 'Lives of Christ.' St. MATTHEW was the Palestinian version of that narrative; it was written in the current tongue of the East, Syro-Chaldee; and was attributed to this obscure apostle, the ex-taxgatherer, because (no doubt) he really wrote it, and thus applied for the Church's benefit his previously acquired skill with paper and ink. The many private translations of the work seem to have slightly varied in detail. But this 'Gospel as used by the 'Hebrews' was, in all the Eastern Churches, so far identical and trustworthy that travellers like Papias, Hegesippus, and Justin Martyr heard nothing anywhere to find fault with; and as to that particular recension of it that has come down to us, it is stamped with the unanimous approval of the Church only twenty-five years later on, and we have no reason whatever to think that it is, in any of its essential features, an unfaithful representative of the original work. ST. MARK is the Roman form of the same story. It has, accordingly, very much in common with St. Matthew; is very full of Latinisms; and was, apparently, one of the two 'Gospels' read publicly in the churches at Rome in Justin Martyr's time. ST. LUKE was the Pauline version of the same fundamental narrative. It was current only in churches where St. Paul's name was held in honour; and it was, no doubt, the work of that otherwise obscure follower and medical attendant on St. Paul, to whom it has always been attributed. It belonged therefore especially to the Greek Christians, and was read (no doubt with slight variations) in the churches of Achaia, Macedonia, and Asia Minor. Its preface is couched in the pure Greek style of a man accustomed to literature; and the Pauline Christian, and even the man of medical training, show unmistakeable traces here and there. But the mass of the composition betrays its

* Dion. Cor. ap. Euseb. ii. 25.

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Hebrew foundation and its varied materials at every page, and there is little doubt that here too we have the Hebrew Gospel of Pella and Cæsarea, worked up by a masterly and lettered hand, with the addition of numerous episodes, parables, and wonderful deeds of Christ, such as an intelligent man with great opportunities of information would not be slow to collect and to incorporate in his work. And so this Gospel too would find its honoured place, at last, on the Church's list, so soon as St. Paul's name received its universal recognition, and the needs of the day demanded that a clear distinction should be drawn by the Catholic authorities between heretical truncated adulterated versions of Christ's 'Gospel' (which the Marcionites and others had set afloat), and the genuine primitive relics of Apostolic men and Apostolic times, which the concurrent traditions of many and diverse Churches had guaranteed as authentic.

That time came, as we have seen, when Marcion and other zealots began to push into extravagance the sudden advantage given to their party by the collapse of Bar-Cochab's revolt, and the scorn and loathing which henceforth attached to everything Jewish. For though, in Marcion's opinion, the Christian Church ought to break with Judaism altogether, to renounce its God, to banish its Scriptures, to disown its schooling for Christ, to repudiate its prophecies, and to deny any connexion whatever between its history and that of the Church, such was not the judgment, or the ultimate decision, of the leading ecclesiastics of that day. Such doctrine seemed to them as monstrous, and the feeling which gave it birth as passionate, as those of the Puritans in the sixteenth century, in their wild repudiation of the Church of their forefathers, seemed to Parker and Bancroft. And just as, at that later period, calm and farseeing men in places of responsibility refused to be borne away by the torrent of partisan violence and clamour on either side, so, in the second century, neither borne away by Marcion's fiery protests, nor scared by all that the *Clementines* could allege of the awful authority of James 'the Lord's 'brother,' and of the Hebrew Mother-Church, the wise Catholic bishops set themselves to combat these opposite errors by presenting the Petrine and Pauline truths in combination. And they effected this, mainly, by bringing forward into prominence the true Apostolic relics that were stored in the various churches' archives, and by supplying an accredited list (such as all men might see and know)—in other words, by gradually forming a 'Canon'—from which, as a rule, the public instructions of the Christian assemblies might be taken. And so, by

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patient discrimination to the best of their ability, the 'New 'Testament' was during the first three centuries collected and sanctioned; and it only needed the shock of the Diocletian persecution, with its especial attack on the sacred books, and the lifelong stigma that the Church attached to a *traditor*, or betrayer of them, to enkindle a veneration and enthusiasm for this collection such as the Maccabean struggle had enkindled for the Jewish Scriptures. And thenceforward, with happy and fruitful results, 'the Gospel and the Apostle,' the New Testament, the Bibliotheca, the Canon, was borne down the stream of time as the standing lesson-book of the Christian Church, as the reliquary containing all that could then be recovered of Apostolic authorship, as the treasury of sound and wholesome doctrine, the final appeal in controversies, the best rule for a Christian man to live by, and best comfort in death.

We believe that nothing which has been here advanced will seem either strange or unsatisfactory to anyone who, having some slight acquaintance with the facts of the case, has also faith enough in the divine stability of the Church to fear no new light which can be thrown, from any possible quarter, upon the true nature and origin of any of her instruments or *media* of edification. And the Holy Scriptures are simply one among such 'instruments.' They are her Lectionary, the priceless casket of her most ancient, her most inspired, and most inspiring thoughts. But the Christian Church is no more *founded* upon the Scriptures, and no more answerable for them with her life, than Athens was 'founded' upon the Platonic dialogues, or the ancient Jewish kingdom was 'founded' upon the sublime poetry of David and Isaiah.

But we are not at all sure that the description we have given of the early history of the Gospels will satisfy the much narrower and more exacting requirements of the author of 'Supernatural Religion.' He has made up his mind—on what grounds it is impossible to say—that the Christian religion shall stand or fall, not merely with the four Gospels, but with the very crudest and most popular notions about the origin of these Gospels. And he thereupon—with the industry of an ant or a beaver—gathers together every possible thing, wise or foolish, that has been said, or can be said, in derogation of this crude popular theory. He has attained, in his own estimation, the celebrated wish of Caracalla. All the evidences of Christianity have, to him, at least, one neck; and at that neck, with a trenchant two-handled weapon, he now essays a fatal and finishing blow. We are not surprised to find, then,

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that the book is ushered into public notice with no small amount of self-confidence; that its preface, if brief, is imposing; that every succeeding page swells with growing pretensions to original research; that its foot-notes are crowded with learning; that it lays claim to an extraordinary acquaintance with languages—Latin, Greek, French, German, Hebrew, and Dutch works being frequently cited as authorities; and that a great impatience and contempt are expressed for the more orthodox opinions of other people. Thus when Archbishop Trench urges the subtle distinction between marvels that are un-natural and marvels that are super-natural, this fine detection of an ambiguity lurking in the word 'Nature'—well known to St. Augustine and to Bishop Butler—is dismissed with ignorant scorn: 'the whole argument is a mere quibble of words to 'evade a palpable dilemma' (i. 31). When Dr. Mozley bases his plea for the reasonableness of a Divine Revelation on the grand moral axiom that this wicked and cruel world falls far short even of our ideal; how much more of God's! this writer reveals the width and depth of his own moral sympathies by the curt remark: 'incredible assumptions cannot 'give probability to incredible evidence' (i. 49). When Canon Westcott, after arguing through 200 pages about the numerous traces of New Testament usage before A.D. 170, caps his discussion with a fragment from Dionysius at the very close of the period, this writer with rude impertinence turns upon him as if all his own arguments had been accepted by the whole world, and those of Canon Westcott stood convicted of absolute worthlessness.

'"It is not surprising," says Dionysius of Corinth, "if some have reck-"lessly ventured to adulterate the Scriptures of the Lord, when they "have corrupted these which are not of such importance." Regarding this passage, Canon Westcott, with his usual boldness, says: "It is evi-"dent that *the Scriptures of the Lord*—the writings of the New Testament "—were at this time collected, that they were distinguished from "other books, that they were jealously guarded, that they had been "corrupted for heretical purposes." Canon Westcott's imagination runs away with him. We have seen that there has not been a trace of any New Testament Canon in the writings of the Fathers before and during this age, and it is really discreditable that any critic, even though an "apologist," acquainted with the history of the Canon, should make a statement like this. . . . The idea of our New Testament being referred to is simply preposterous.' (II. 165.)

These are brave words. They apply to a passage of Dionysius which, as our author himself informs us, 'could not have 'been written until after he became Bishop of Corinth in A.D. '170, and it was probably written some years after' (ii. 163).

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And yet, will it be believed that our author had himself confessed, only one hundred pages farther back, that 'at the end 'of the century the writings of the New Testament had 'acquired consideration and authority'? (ii. p. 59). A lapse then of some twenty or twenty-five years is enough to make all the difference—and that in such a question as the general acceptance of a Canon of Scriptures throughout Christendom —between an unquestionable truth and a 'discreditable' and 'preposterous' absurdity!

Such a discovery naturally leads us to look a little farther; and we soon find out that our author's scholarship is as little to be depended on as his courtesy, that his learning consists in great measure of borrowed plumes, and that the ponderous artillery of his logic labours under the radical defect of arguing one thing and proving another. What are we to say, when we find that a critic of this severe and commanding demeanour proves unequal to the task of construing correctly the simplest Greek and Latin sentences; that he converts *oratio obliqua* into a direct statement without a twinge of his scholarly conscience; that he is innocent of the difference between an aorist and a perfect; that he has never heard of the peculiar sense of διὰ in composition, but with a charming ingenuousness throws himself upon the reader's assistance, ['διῆλθε? prevailed over']; that he seems ignorant of the difference between *αὐτὸν* and *ἑαυτὸν*; that his Latin is as untrustworthy as his Greek; that he cannot translate 'ut nec Evangelium quidem sit apud eos 'sine blasphemia,' calls 'commentator' a commentator, and (in short) reduces his pretensions to critical scholarship, by his own showing, *ad absurdum*—or, as he would say himself, 'ad absur- 'das'?* What are we to say, again, to the learning and research of a writer who borrows wholesale vast piles of references from his German masters, without one word of acknowledgment, and is detected at last by referring to R. Cook (an English clergyman) as 'Cocus,' and to Reuss's 'Histoire du Canon' as 'Reuss, Gesch. h. Schr. N. T.;' who occupies half a page and accumulates an army of no less than thirty imposing witnesses, in support of the platitude that Clement's Second Epistle is not genuine,—a statement which no mortal doubts, and which is despatched by one of his own witnesses as 'allgemein aner- 'kannt' and not worth talking about?† What are we to think of a student who, learnedly examining in text and footnotes the critical phenomena of Marcion's Gospel, occupying

* See, among other passages, ii. 31, 46, 77, 99, 125, 232.

† I. 216: cf. Scholten, *Aelteste Zeugnisse*, p. 4.

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more than five pages with an apparent condensation of the most profound and exhausting researches, and strewing his very text with the names of no less than twenty-six elaborate theological works, may be found out by anyone who will take the trouble to look as having (with half a dozen exceptions) borrowed everyone of those statements and everyone of those references—down to the minutest details of page and edition—from Bleek's 'Einleitung in das Neue Testament' §§ 52–54.* Nor is this all. Our author, when he has appropriated his references, does not always make them speak correctly. But this charge has been brought home to him, in a late Number of the 'Contemporary Review,' with such crushing effect by Canon Lightfoot, that we shall content ourselves with referring our readers to his pages. We merely take notice that Dr. Lightfoot, too, in examining another passage crammed with twenty-five learned references, observes that almost every one of them is given at length in Cureton's 'Vindiciæ Ignatianæ,' so that two-'thirds of this elaborate note might have been compiled in ten 'minutes,' while 'several of the writers mentioned express 'opinions directly opposed to that for which they are quoted.'†

We might here gladly release both our readers and ourselves from any farther inquest into so gross a piece of literary charlatanism. The Preface, with its quiet assertion that 'the 'present work is the result of many years of earnest and 'serious investigation,' and its unpardonable omission of all acknowledgments for any aid whatever, can no longer mislead even the most enthusiastic journalist. Nor can the vulgar scorn with which the most venerable names of ancient and modern times are condemned off-hand for ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, be any longer mistaken for true critical prowess. We need not be alarmed, when the writer, after entangling afresh, with malicious glee, the intricacies of the Ignatian problem, throws overboard the whole damaging evidence of that Father 'as a mass of falsification, interpolation, 'and fraud.'‡ We need not greatly wonder when those to whose fidelity and care we owe the safe transmission of the Christian Scriptures are contemptuously vilified as the silliest of mankind.

'The whole history of the Canon and of Christian literature in the second and third centuries displays the most deplorable carelessness and want of critical judgment on the part of the Fathers. Whatever was conducive to Christian edification was blindly adopted by them,

* II. 82 ff. See also i. 260, 283.
† Contemporary Review, Feb. 1875. ‡ I. 266.

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and a vast number of works were launched into circulation and falsely ascribed to Apostles and others likely to secure for them greater consideration. Such pious fraud was rarely suspected, still more rarely detected, in the early ages of Christianity, and several of such pseudographs have secured a place in our New Testament.' (II. 169.)

'The formation of a Christian Canon at a period when such ignorance was not only possible but generally prevailed, and when the zeal of believers led to the composition of such a mass of pseudonymic and other literature, in which every consideration of correctness and truth was subordinated to a childish desire for edification, must have been slow and uncertain; and in such an age fortuitous circumstances must have mainly led to the canonisation or actual loss of many a work. So far from affording any evidence of the existence of a New Testament Canon, the fragment of Melito only shows the ignorance of the Bishop of Sardis as to the Canon even of the Old Testament. We have not yet finished with Melito.' (II. 179.)

Nor have we finished with our author. The whole subject, which is handled by him in these two volumes in such a trenchant style, is of far too serious importance, is far too dear to the best and noblest of mankind, is far too closely bound up with the beliefs that give men stability and energy in their life and hope in their death, to be lightly handed over to the rashness and ignorance of foolish men. The author's argument as a *whole* needs exposure, as well as his mistakes in detail; and the issue to which he desires to bring us needs to be dragged into clear light, that we may know, not merely by what devious paths, but, if possible, whither, we are being led.

The argument of the book, then, as a whole, may be briefly stated, thus: 'A Supernatural Religion is an essentially incredible and impossible thing; for it involves the idea of a Personal God interfering with the established order of the world—an idea which "science" forbids us to entertain. But inasmuch as it is often attempted to prop up the truth of the alleged interference, by direct historical testimony to the actual appearance on the world's stage of a Personage displaying such power, wisdom, and goodness as belong to our conception of God, it is here undertaken to prove, in the most elaborate and exhaustive way, that the four Gospels were not compiled till the second century.' Our readers will at once feel the anti-climax of the whole argument. But that such is really our author's meaning will appear from his own words.

'When we consider the vast importance of the interests involved, it must be apparent that there can be no more urgent problem for humanity to solve than the question: Is Christianity a supernatural Divine Revelation or not? To this we may demand a clear and deci-

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sive answer. The evidence must be of no uncertain character which can warrant our abandoning the guidance of reason, and blindly accepting doctrines which, if not supernatural truths, must be rejected by the human intellect as monstrous delusions. We propose in this work to seek a conclusive answer to this momentous question' (i. xv.). 'It is admitted that the evidence requisite to establish the reality of a supernatural Divine Revelation of doctrines beyond human reason, and comprising in its very essence such stupendous miracles as the Incarnation, Resurrection, and Ascension, must be miraculous. . . . Let us now, however, proceed to examine the evidence for the reality of miracles, and to inquire whether they are supported by such an amount of testimony as can in any degree outweigh the reasons which, antecedently, seem to render them incredible' (i. 94). 'Every consideration, historical and philosophical, has hitherto discredited the whole theory of miracles, and farther inquiry might be abandoned as unnecessary. In order, however, to render our conclusion complete, it remains for us to se whether, as affirmed, there be any special evidence regarding the alleged facts entitling the Gospel Miracles to exceptional attention. . . . We shall now, therefore, carefully examine the evidence as to the date, authorship, and character of the four Gospels' (i. 210). 'We meet with the characteristics which might have been expected. We do not find any real trace even of the existence of our Gospels for a century and a half after the events they record. They are anonymous narratives, and there is no evidence of any value connecting these works with the writers to whom they are popularly attributed. . . . The miraculous evidence upon which alone, it is admitted, we could be justified in believing its astounding doctrines being thus nugatory, the claims of Christianity to be considered a Divine Revelation must necessarily be disallowed.' (II. 480.)

In these statements—which, we believe, fairly represent the purpose and the conclusion of the whole book—the reader will doubtless observe more than one fallacy. In the first place, Christianity makes *no* such pretensions as are here supposed. It does *not* appeal to the bare intellect of any man, *τοῦ τυχόντος*, taken at haphazard, and without regard to his moral condition. In the second place, we may ask upon what grounds this writer leaves it to be understood that the historical testimonies he professes to be in search of, must be all contained in the four Gospels; so that, if these should in any way become discredited, there is nothing else to depend upon, and all belief in the supernatural claims of Christianity must at once be given up. That so gross a misrepresentation of the true state of the case could have been purposely made, is almost inconceivable. And we are, therefore, willing to believe that the writer, interested in his work, omitted to observe whole classes of other facts, which (so to speak) rake his hostile position and render all his elaborate criticisms—even were they ten times more successful than they are—entirely unavailing

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to effect the destructive purpose he had in view. This will appear more fully by and by.

But are his criticisms successful? And if they are, what is the alternative? What does he wish us to believe as to the real origin of the Synoptical Gospels? For they must have had some origin. They could not have sprung up like mushrooms in a night. Directly we emerge from the darkness of lost records and fragmentary information into the blaze of literary daylight, in the last quarter of the century, there stand our Gospels universally accepted. And they present every appearance of having been there all the time. They are spoken of by the first authors whose works are preserved—by Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria—with the highest possible honour and without a shadow of misgiving. Where could they have come from? For these Fathers were not men that lived in a corner; nor do they represent any one country or section of the Church. Irenæus was born about A.D. 140, and spent the first part of his life (as he himself tells us) in Asia Minor, in company with Polycarp, the disciple of St. John. He was also contemporary, for a quarter of a century, with Justin Martyr, Papias, and Hegesippus. He, like them, travelled far and wide; lived for some years at Rome; and was Bishop of Lyons in Southern Gaul. Why is the testimony of such a man as this to be slurred over with a silence which is far more damaging than any words? Why is his clear witness to the length of time and breadth of area, over which the knowledge and acceptance of the four Gospels had spread, to be sedulously placed out of sight? He testifies that 'MATTHEW among the Hebrews published a Gospel in their 'own language . . . and MARK, the disciple and interpreter of 'Peter, himself delivered to us in writing what Peter preached; 'and LUKE, the companion of Paul, recorded the Gospel 'preached by him; afterwards JOHN, the disciple of the Lord, 'who leaned upon his breast, likewise published a Gospel while 'he dwelt at Ephesus in Asia.'* And again in another place: 'The Logos, the framer of all things, who sits upon the cherubim and holds all things together, having manifested himself 'unto men, gave us the Gospel, four-fold in form but held 'together by one spirit.'† And once more, 'The entire Scrip-'tures, both Prophecies and Gospels, openly and without am-'biguity, and in identical manner, may be heard by all men; 'though all do not believe.'‡ It is really pitiable to see a writer of so much vigour and diligence as the author of 'Super-

* Iren. iii. 1. † Ibid. iii. 11. ‡ Ibid. ii. 27.

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'natural Religion,' shrink from facing passages like these, and abruptly attempt to close the trial before a witness of such first-rate credibility and importance has had time to mount the witness-box. All that our author attempts to do is to thrust back the great work of Irenæus to as late a date as possible. He says—in the only place where Irenæus is discussed at all—'It must be remembered that at that period the multiplication 'and dissemination of books was a very slow process. A [here-'tical] work published about 184 or 185 could scarcely have 'come into the possession of Irenæus in Gaul till some years 'later; and we are, therefore, brought towards the end of the 'Episcopate of Eleutherus [A.D. 177—190] as the earliest 'date at which the first three books of his work against Here-'sies can well have been written.' (ii. 213). We gladly make our author a present of all his facts here alleged; and we think that they damage his cause very considerably.

Space forbids us to lay before our readers any further testimonies to the general acceptance of our four Gospels during the last quarter of the second century. They are, to any mind which is not beclouded with the necessity of proving a favourite paradox, absolutely convincing, but they may be found at great length in any of the well-known English writers who have treated the subject;* and we leave it with our author to show how the most consummate ingenuity and special pleading can make it conceivable that four Books, appealed to as sacred and authoritative by bishops, presbyters, and public teachers—writing works for general circulation, and expressing the customary and settled views of such distant places as Asia Minor, North Africa, Italy, and Gaul—can possibly have come into existence† and been first heard of within the short space of twenty-five, or even fifty, years immediately preceding. To us, we confess, it is absolutely inconceivable; and we think it will appear so to our readers.

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* None better than the 'Evidences of the Genuineness of the 'Gospels,' by Professor Andrews Norton, of Harvard University, America, republished in London in 1847. Mr. Norton seems to us to have anticipated and answered all the literary and historical arguments of 'Supernatural Religion,' and to have demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt that the four Gospels, as we now possess them, were received as genuine and sacred books by all the Christian Churches in the last quarter of the second century. We earnestly recommend those of our readers who would master the subject to refer to Professor Norton's truthful and unassuming book. See, too, 'Blunt on the 'Early Fathers,' Lecture VIII., Second Series, p. 428.

† Cf. S. R. i. 214, 230, 249, 253, 280, 281, 282, 283, 368, 427.

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We proceed, therefore, to examine on what grounds the allegation is made, that no traces of the existence of our Gospels are to be found in any writer belonging to the previous part of the century. And here we must again call attention to two or three fallacies which, on reflection, will be seen to deprive our author's arguments of almost all their weight. The first is this: that amidst the acknowledged darkness and scantiness of extant writings, which forms the peculiar characteristic of the period in question, the argument *e silentio*—so boldly and unflinchingly used, as to constitute a full half of the logical forces here directed against the Gospels—is far too rashly and eagerly employed. It is an argument well known to geological controversy, in which objections raised from 'gaps in the record' have been advanced and refuted hundreds of times. It is to this hour the stock argument against the Darwinian theory, which nevertheless flourishes and holds its own, with great vigour, in spite of repeated attacks of this kind. And, in fact, just as in Geology, false issues raised from gaps in one country are easily disposed of by referring to other countries, where the means of better information are at hand; so in the present case, false inferences drawn from some early writer's *silence* may often be exploded by the simple observation of analogous instances elsewhere, in which he *speaks*; and so the adverse argument may be turned into a positively favourable one, by reducing it under the well-known category of 'exceptio probat 'regulam.' In particular, our author's misuse of Eusebius's silence is such as to deserve the severest reprobation; and no one will regret the vigorous chastisement with which this error has been visited upon him by the pen of Professor Lightfoot.*

But another and a far more childish fallacy seems to lurk in the *naif* expectation, which is ever present to the mind of this writer, that the Ancient Fathers—with their ponderous rolls of parchment, requiring two hands and much manipulation, their uncial characters, and their puzzling practice of writing without stops and without even any spaces between the words—should have always quoted with the minute accuracy of a modern critic, with well-bound books, clear print, indices, and stores of German references at his command. The supposition is perfectly preposterous. And yet our author bases a good part of his argument on the occurrence of such variations in the passages cited by the Fathers, as prove—to our mind that the good man was quoting from memory—to our author's mind, on the contrary, that he was quoting from some

* Contemporary Review, Jan. 1875.

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other book altogether. On this matter, however, as in the former case, there lies happily an appeal to analogous instances; and therefore to common sense. And without following our author step by step through the whole fragmentary literature of the second century, it will suffice if we select a few telling and important specimens, and use them as stepping-stones across the dark gulf which parts Irenæus and his contemporaries from the Apostolic age. There can be no doubt what those stepping-stones should be. JUSTIN MARTYR touches with the one hand Irenæus, whose contemporary he was for more than twenty years, and with the other the Christians of the second generation, the sons and disciples of men who were converts of the Apostles themselves. CLEMENT OF ROME touches the childhood of Justin on the one hand, and on the other, he (in all probability) saw St. Paul, and perhaps St. Peter, in the flesh. Moreover, these two men form excellent specimens of (what we have ventured to call) the two great hemispheres of the early Church; Justin Martyr belonging to the Hebrew section and to the original Church of the Twelve; Clement belonging to the Gentile section taking St. Paul for his master. They have both left to us not merely fragments, but complete and consecutive works. By examining their writings, then, we may hope to arrive at some definite conclusions as to the truth or falsehood of our author's allegations; and may be able to make our choice, with some considerable degree of certainty, between the three views that are now offered to us: (1) that of 'Supernatural Religion'—that the Synoptical Gospels were not then used at all and were probably not in existence; (2) the ordinary and popular view—that they were not only in existence, but were quoted precisely as we might quote them now; (3) the view maintained in these pages—that they were certainly in existence, though not without 'various readings' of a much larger kind than the more disciplined Church of later times allowed to remain; and that, though used with great respect, they were not yet bound up with the Old Testament or regarded as 'Holy Scripture.'

We begin, then, with Justin Martyr. And, remembering, *first*, that he himself informs us that he used certain 'Gospels' (Εὐαγγέλια), and those of two distinct kinds, viz., by Apostles and by their followers; *secondly*, that Papias—his contemporary and fellow Hebrew-Christian at Rome—gives us the very names of two Gospels that he used, viz. those of MATTHEW and MARK; *thirdly*, that Hegesippus, another contemporary Hebrew-Christian, also at Rome, is expressly stated to have used a certain Gospel, labelled afterwards 'the Gospel of the

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'Hebrews;' and *fourthly*, that this very 'Gospel of the 'Hebrews' was, in much later times, actually found by St. Jerome at Cæsarea, translated into Greek by him, and—in spite of large various readings noticed by him—still, without any surprise or denial, stated to be 'considered by some the 'original Gospel of St. Matthew;' remembering these four established and acknowledged facts, we shall expect to find that Justin Martyr will probably use, as Papias did, Matthew and Mark,—but the former will probably exist in his Palestinian hands in its original and Hebrew form, 'the Gospel of 'the Hebrews,' which everyone in those days (says Papias) translated for himself as best he could; and the latter will, very likely, be called by him sometimes the Gospel or 'Memoirs' of Peter, to whom (says Papias) it was notorious that Mark's narrative was due. Now all this is exactly what we do find. The Gospel of the Hebrews, it is true, has come down to us in such a fragmentary form that we can only judge of Justin's quotations by their consonance with the small patches of it that are left, and again by the numerous citations made by him from some work which, if not St. Matthew, bears so close a resemblance to it that we too (like Jerome) may say without surprise: 'it is considered by some to be the 'original Gospel of Matthew.' Indeed our author himself confesses the high probability that Justin quoted from the Gospel of the Hebrews,—'a probability,' he says, 'greatly strengthened 'by the fact that many of his quotations agree with passages 'which we know to have been contained in it; whilst, on the 'other hand, almost all differ from our Gospels, presenting 'generally, however, a greater affinity to the Gospel according 'to Matthew, as we might expect, than to the other two.' (I. 426.)

These last words, we must take the liberty to remark, are an enormous understatement of the truth. The works of Justin teem with quotations which bear the very closest affinity, and in many cases a positive verbal identity, with our present *Matthew*. While our author, with all his industry, has not been able to accumulate more than five instances which any man, of candour and sense, would allow to indicate a text seriously divergent from our own. They are these: (1) a passage about Cyrenius being procurator of Judæa; in *Try.* 78 and 1 *Apol.* 34: (2) a passing allusion to the birth of Jesus in a cave; *Try.* 88: (3) The tradition that He made yokes and ploughs; *ibid.*; (4) The appearance of a fiery splendour on Jordan at the time of His baptism; *ibid.*; and (5) the report of His saying on the cross [now preserved for us only

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by St. Luke], 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit;' *Try.* 105. Now, if it be allowed that these few and unimportant additions to our present text of St. Matthew may have been derived by Justin from the 'various readings' found by him in his copy of the original Hebrew *Matthew*, we state without fear of contradiction that all his remaining citations may be referred to his use of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and that too in 'texts' not materially different from those which (with many thousand various readings) have come down to our own day. Let anyone compare, for instance, in Bishop Marsh's or Professor Norton's works—or in our author's reproduction of their labours, borrowed without the slightest acknowledgment of any kind—the long passages given by Justin from the 'Sermon on the Mount' with the same passages in our present St. Matthew. He will find the variations so trivial, and the verbal identities so striking, that—unless he have some favourite thesis to defend—it will be perfectly impossible for him to escape the conclusion that the one is only a slightly varied form of the other. We need only adduce here a few of the more telling instances of similarity and a few of the most remarkable instances of divergence. The words we shall print in Greek are in both Justin and St. Matthew identical: 'Whoso looketh on a woman *πρὸς* 'τὸ *ἐπιθυμῆσαι αὐτῆς, ἤδη ἐμοίχευσε* with her in *τῇ καρδίᾳ.*' 'And *εἰ ὁ ὀφθαλμός σου ὁ δεξιὸς σκανδαλίζει σε,* cut it out. Pray '*ὑπερ τῶν ἐπηρεαζόντων ὑμᾶς*; give to everyone *τῷ αἰτοῦντι,* 'and from him that desireth *δανείσασθαι μὴ ἀποστραφῇς* '[in Justin, —*ἦτε.*] 'In heaven, *ὅπου οὔτε σὴς οὔτε βρῶσις* 'ἀφανίζει.' These parallels might be multiplied tenfold. On the other hand, the only divergences of the very slightest importance are two, each of which is to be found in St. Luke almost precisely as it stands in Justin. They are these: (1). Where St. Matthew has, 'If ye love them that love you, what 'reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?' Justin and St. Luke have, 'If ye lend to them of whom ye 'hope to receive, do not publicans ["sinners," Luke] the 'same?' (2.) Where St. Matthew has, 'Be ye therefore 'perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect,' Justin and St. Luke have, 'Be ye therefore merciful [kind and merciful: 'Justin], as your Father is [kind and] merciful.' On which, one would think, it was almost too obvious to need remark, either that Justin at Rome had occasionally heard, among Pauline quarters, St. Luke's Gospel read; or else, that St. Luke, at Cæsarea, in gathering materials for his Gospel, had made use of a 'Hebrew' variety of St. Matthew, such as Jus-

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tin Martyr also was in the habit of using. But meantime the shifts and struggles of our author to escape from these obvious inferences of unbiassed common sense, in order to support his favourite theory that our Gospels had no existence in Justin's time, are really pitiable to behold. We present our readers with one specimen. Justin had, it appears,—not very unnaturally—*repeated* the words 'Lay up treasure in heaven, 'where' &c.; and on this our author builds the following argument:—

'It is impossible that Justin should, through defect of memory, quote a second time in so short a passage the same injunction, if the passage were not thus appropriately terminated in his Gospel. The common sense of his reader must at once perceive that it is impossible that Justin, professedly quoting words of Jesus, should thus deliberately fabricate a discourse rounded off by the repetition of one of its opening admonitions, with the addition of an argumentative "therefore." He must have found it so in his Gospel from which he quotes. Nothing indeed but the difficulty of explaining the marked variations presented by this passage, on the supposition that Justin quoted from our Gospels, could lead apologists to insinuate such a process of compilation, or question the consecutive character of this passage. . . . Moreover, the expression: "What new thing do ye?"—[Justin has simply, Τί καινὸν ποιεῖτε; while St. Matthew has, Τί περισσὸν ποιεῖτε;—] is quite peculiar to Justin. We have already met with it in the preceding section. . . . It is evident, both from its repetition and its distinct dogmatic view of Christianity as a new teaching in contrast to the old, that this variation cannot have been the result of defective memory, but must have been the reading of the Memoirs, and in all probability it was the original form of the teaching.' (I. 371.)

Whether καινὸν or περισσὸν were the original form of the teaching, or not, seems to us of the very smallest possible importance; and to argue in this preposterous way is nothing less than to trifle with the reader's patience. To a man of sane and candid mind such logic proves absolutely nothing at all. But to our author it seems to prove his whole case. 'We 'have shown,' he sums up, 'that there is no evidence that 'Justin made use of any of our Gospels; and he cannot, 'therefore, be cited even to prove their existence' (i. 427).

We spare our readers any farther discussion of this wearisome subject, simply remarking that Justin displays also, as we might expect, to candid eyes, some acquaintance with the Petrine Gospel of *St. Mark*, and in four passages of his works quotes from the verses—extremely few in number—which this Gospel contains of new and original matter.* We

* Just. Mart., *Trypho*, §§ 76, 88, 93, 106.

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will add, too, that anyone, who chooses to take the trouble, may very easily convince himself as to Justin's *habits of quotation*, by simply noticing in what way he quotes innumerable passages from the Old Testament,—a work which was certainly 'in existence' in his time, and was as certainly regarded by him with the very highest veneration and appealed to as 'Holy Scripture.' And this the reader may do, entirely to his satisfaction, in ten minutes, by turning to so well-known a book as Norton's 'Genuineness of the Gospels,' vol. i. p. 319 (2nd edit. 1842).

It only remains that we open Clemens Romanus, and—in the very briefest manner—point out the curious and interesting fact, that here we find ourselves, not only at a far earlier date, but among the Gentile or Pauline party, who may be supposed to show acquaintance with St. Paul's Epistles and St. Luke's Gospel. In order to inform ourselves as to Clement's habits of quotation, we only need (as in Justin's case) to see how he quotes the Old Testament. In his 1 Epist. § 3, then, we find a *short* citation from Deut. xxxiii. 15. Evidently it is from memory; the words are altered, the order is inverted, the passage is truncated,—every single liberty is taken with this confessedly most sacred volume, which has so much shocked the reverence of our author in studying the Patristic quotations from the Gospels and has led him to believe that no such books were 'in existence.' But when we turn to Clement's pages at §§ 4 and 13, we there find *long* passages taken, and this time almost accurately, word for word, from Genesis iv. and Isaiah lxvi. It is clear that here the good Father took the trouble to unroll his unwieldy MS., and to search out the chapters, before he quoted at length from them. Now we will only add that anyone may see for himself that precisely in the same manner Clement—in his short and practical letter—has two distinct quotations from St. Luke (§§ 13 and 46), and four distinct quotations from Pauline Epistles (§§ 2, 17, 21, 35). It is in vain for our author to argue 'this quotation is clearly 'not from our Gospels, but is derived from a different written 'source' (i. 228). We have now seen enough of his methods, we now understand sufficiently well what seem to him 'clear' arguments, to trust our own independent judgment on these matters. And the result is, that having exercised that judgment to the best of our skill and power, and having patiently followed —as a naturalist might follow some dancing *ignis fatuus*—the strange and capricious leading of this book across the dim and fragmentary uncertainties of the second century, we have come to a clear conviction as to its merits and its claims upon our

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attention. We think the industry displayed in it is surprising; we acknowledge that the style is good; we are willing to believe that the intention is upright, and the search for truth honest. But we also judge—and we have endeavoured in these pages to give our reasons for that judgment—that its arguments are sophistical, its ostentation of learning a delusion, and its sweeping conclusions entirely unwarranted by its premisses—premisses which compel, indeed, the scarcely needed inference that Puritan views about the New Testament are hopelessly irrational and obsolete, but which do not touch the Churchman in any way, do not throw a shade of disrepute upon the wisdom or the honour of the Fathers, do not discredit in the slightest degree the literary history of the Canon, and in no degree abridge or invalidate, to any morally sane and honest mind, the claims of Christ and of his 'Supernatural Religion' to universal homage and acceptance.

Homage, indeed, it appears that this writer—like so many other modern sceptics—cannot choose but give. Veneration for Christ's character, admiration for His noble life, even acceptance of His unique and elevating moral precepts,—all this is freely accorded. It is not Himself, but the teaching of the Church *about* Him, which seems to be rejected. And, therefore, when the question is asked by these men, 'Are we yet 'Christians?' the answer must be given, by all who breathe the Spirit of Christ, in the affirmative. 'He that is not against 'us is on our part.' But has it ever been fairly considered by this writer, and by others like him, that, after all, the speculative evolution of the Church's thoughts about Christ is—without claiming for them any mechanical and irrational infallibility—just as natural and legitimate as the evolution of geological or chemical thought; that, the Church being essentially a 'teaching' society, dogmas, creeds, catechisms, and the like are an absolute necessity to the fulfilment of her functions; and that, were all the arguments of the book before us as strong and unassailable as their author supposes them to be, and were the four Gospels proved beyond question to be mere compilations of the second century,—even then nothing whatever would have been accomplished, and the labour spent upon the subject would still have been—as it is now—utterly thrown away?

For the proof of Christ's Resurrection—which carries with it, at least, the possibility of every other recorded miracle—does not depend exclusively upon the four Gospels. Were every one of these Gospels discredited and swept away to-morrow, there would still remain St. Paul's absolutely unimpeach-

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able, and unimpeached, Epistles, testifying to the truth of Christ's Resurrection. Shall we say that such a man as this, who, in the first ten verses of his chapter on the hope of our own resurrection, appeals to evidence and testimony, precisely as a Paley or a Grotius might do, did not know or care about proofs? Do we imagine that he—who was in labours and sufferings more abundant than they all, who was (but for his Christian hopes) of all men most miserable, and who plainly taught 'if Christ be not raised your faith is vain'—had taken no pains to assure himself that 'he had not run in vain neither 'laboured in vain'? If we do say this and believe it, we believe in a more astounding miracle by far than any medically-unaccountable healing of the sick or of demoniacs could be; we give our adhesion to a theory of human action which is flatly contradicted by all human experience. Not only is St. Paul thus unscientifically dealt with, by a 'science falsely 'so-called,' but half a dozen generations of men must be made out to be fools and knaves, and all their literature branded with the charge of recklessness and imposture, because (forsooth) they all with one accord bear witness to an inconvenient and detested fact. 'Inaccuracy,' 'want of critical 'judgment,' 'loose manner,' 'carelessness,' 'pious fraud,' 'ignorance,' 'mass of pseudonymic literature,' 'mass of falsification, 'interpolation, and fraud,'—these are the courtesies to which the Fathers of the whole subapostolic period are exposed. And it is not obscurely intimated that the Apostles themselves lived in an age, when

'gross ignorance and superstition prevailed, and nowhere more so than among the Jews where those miracles occurred. Almost every operation of nature was inexplicable, and everything which was inexplicable was considered supernatural. Miracles seemed as credible to the mind of that age as deviations from the order of nature seem incredible to ours. It is a suggestive fact that miracles are limited to periods when almost every common incident was readily ascribed to supernatural agency. There is, however, one remarkable circumstance which casts some light upon the origin of narratives of miracles. Throughout the New Testament, patristic literature, and the records of ecclesiastical miracles, although we have narratives of countless wonderful works performed by others than the writers, and abundant assertion of the possession of miraculous powers by the Church, there is no instance whatever, that we can remember, in which a writer claims to have himself performed a miracle. . . . Pious men were perfectly ready to believe the supposed miracles of others, who were too veracious to imagine any of their own. Even if Apostles and Saints had chronicled their own miraculous deeds, the argument for their reality would not have been much advanced; but the uniform absence of such personal

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prétension enables us more clearly to trace such narratives to pious credulity or superstition.' (I. 200.)

Our writer's impetuous scorn here surely outruns his judgment. If there be one person to whose fertile pen more than a fourth part of the whole New Testament is due, that person we may assert without contradiction to be St. Paul. And that person, in three of his absolutely unquestioned Epistles, distinctly lays claim to the performance of miracles.* But even could all that this writer advances be sustained, were the age in which the Apostles lived as grossly ignorant, superstitious, and degraded as he represents, and were Palestine the hotbed of all the incredible extravagances that he delights to paint—does he not see how this, too, militates against the very inference that he desires to deduce from it? Who, then, is this amazing figure of purity, of wisdom, of dignity, of calm and balanced courage, that amid the rank growths of contemporary unwisdom and superstition stands up in such immeasurable superiority above his generation—nay, not above his generation only, but above all generations? Who is this that, in the incredibly short space of three years, regenerated and redeemed a rapidly dying-out and corrupting race? Who is this that—not from a throne, or a war-horse, or from some literary pedestal of honour—but from a gibbet, has ruled over eighteen centuries, has transformed a world decaying under Roman Cæsarism into the fresh youth and vigorous life that characterises modern Christendom, and has even forced from the lips of the most advanced critics and philosophers of our own day such confessions as these, almost identical with the language of Mr. John Stuart Mill quoted by us in our last number?—

'The teaching of Jesus carried morality to the sublimest point attained, or even attainable, by humanity. The influence of his spiritual religion has been rendered doubly great by the unparalleled purity and elevation of his own character. Surpassing in his sublime simplicity and earnestness the moral grandeur of Châkyamouni, and putting to the blush the sometimes sullied, though generally admirable teaching of Socrates and Plato, and the whole round of Greek philosophers, he presented the rare spectacle of a life, so far as we can estimate it, uniformly noble and consistent with his own lofty principles, so that the "imitation of Christ" has become almost the final word in the preaching of his religion, and must continue to be one of the most powerful elements of its permanence.' (II. 487.)

Such acknowledgments appear to us to concede almost all that we could desire; and we feel strongly inclined to ask

* Rom. xv. 19; 1 Cor. xiv. 18; 2 Cor. xii. 12.

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pardon of our author for every hard word we have said of him. After all, 'Thou, O Galilæan, hast conquered!' If this much can be said, if this absolutely amazing moral and historical miracle can be honestly allowed, we feel the most entire confidence that a little farther reflection will not permit our author to stop where he now is. Jesus of Nazareth is, assuredly, either a great deal more or a great deal less than the words just quoted claim for Him. His pretensions were clear. He did not aim merely to found a new moral philosophy, or to add one new link to the ever-lengthening chain of ethical speculation. He claimed to found a Religion—a thing which alone can bring the highest morals home to the poor, to the slaves, to the vast uneducated and uncivilised masses of mankind. Now the beauty and power of Christ's *example* having been fully conceded, it only remains to point out that one thing, and one alone, has given *authority* to His teaching and has transformed it from a 'philosophy' into a 'religion,' seizing with a divine force upon the imagination of mankind. And that one thing is His Resurrection from the dead. If that be not true, Christianity at once shrivels up into a disputable system of ethics. But if it be true, then Christianity lays its hand upon us and thrills us, as though it were with the hand of God. All other miracles may then be freely canvassed; Gospels may then be keenly criticised; Old Testament authorship may be thoroughly sifted; various readings and other literary phenomena learnedly descanted upon; history cleared of legends and falsehood; Church mechanisms reformed and improved. All these things, to one who has accepted Christ's Resurrection, are as welcome and as free as air. For the key to the whole battle-field has been mastered, the clue to the vast labyrinth of human problems has been gained, the question of questions has been answered, the mystery of mysteries has been solved. And when books such as this treatise on 'Supernatural Religion' come henceforth across our path, we can enter with the most unruffled calmness on the important problems that they raise; and can pursue with pleasure any fair and temperate discussions on the literary history of the Church; knowing that the truth of Christ's Resurrection remains totally unshaken by any such discussions, but reposes on other co-ordinate grounds of belief which are strengthened, and not impaired, at every step of the investigation.

Whenever, indeed, it shall be shown, either by this or any other writer, that St. Paul—the great Apostle of reason and intelligence—did not believe in our Lord's Resurrection;

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whenever it shall be proved that the author of the 'Apocalypse,'—acknowledged in the present work to be no other than the Apostle St. John—knew nothing of 'the first-begotten of the dead;'* whenever it can be made clear, or so much as rationally intelligible, why—the Resurrection not having happened—the depressed and panic-stricken disciples of One, whom His enemies had just finally crushed and who had cruelly disappointed all their hopes, should have started from His tomb's door, with a lie in their mouths, to elevate with a sublime morality the whole Roman Empire; whenever it can be demonstrated that the 'Gospel of the Hebrews'—did not say a word about that Resurrection in which Justin and Hegesippus firmly believed; when the 'Gospel of Marcion' can be credibly shown not to contain that account of the Resurrection,† which both Tertullian and Epiphanius quote *totidem verbis* from it; and whenever, lastly, the Synoptical Gospels themselves can fairly be shown, on internal evidence, to be falsely attributed to their authors; then, and not till then, shall we withdraw our faith, from the greatest cardinal fact in the annals of the world.

Meanwhile, we commend to the serious consideration of the writer of 'Supernatural Religion' the following passage, in which the learned and pious Neander sums up the character of Marcion: 'His desire to adopt only the earliest records of 'pure original Christianity, led him into historical and critical 'investigations. But here he affords a warning example of 'the facility with which such investigations, when overruled 'by preconceived dogmatic opinions (in which the understanding has entangled itself), lead to disastrous results; and of 'the ease with which, in opposing a careless credulity, an 'arbitrary temper of hypercriticism may be formed; whereby, 'while combating one class of doctrinal prejudices, we may 'fall into another.'‡

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* Rev. i. 5, 18, &c.

† Thilo. *Codex Apocr.* p. 481.

‡ Neander, *Ch. Hist.*, vol. iii.

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ART. VIII.—*Invasion of the Crimea, its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By A. W. KINGLAKE. Vol. V. *Battle of Inkerman.* London: 1875.

AMID the multitude of battles recorded in history some are specially notable as involving in their results the issue of great enterprises and the fate of dynasties or of nations. On few of these have depended possibilities more momentous than those which hung so long in the balance on November 5, 1854. For had the scanty cordon of English troops, extended on the Inkerman ridge, given way before the onset of forces so disproportionately formidable as those which attacked them, the loss of a few thousand men would have been the least part of the disasters which the Allied Powers would have suffered. Their armies, taken at an irretrievable disadvantage, would have been crowded back on the sea-cliffs, and on those small harbours, all insufficient for their re-embarkation, on which they depended for supply; few would have regained the ships; the siege material, camps, and horses would have been abandoned to the enemy; the French Empire (how dependent on success in arms we have since learnt) might have collapsed sixteen years sooner than it did; England would have looked in vain for another trained army with which to renew the attempt; and, amid the many dark contingencies in which speculation may lose itself, no very keen insight is necessary to discern that one, at least, of the two chief Powers in alliance would have been shaken to its base, while Russia, confronted on land by Turkey alone, might be expected presently to appear triumphant not only on the shores of the Black Sea, but on those of the Bosphorus. The importance of the battle was therefore altogether beyond the proportion of the numbers engaged, and supplies a good reason why the struggle should be recorded, in minute detail, in an English history of the war—while the chronicle must needs be lengthy, and Homeric in its discrimination of the parts played by individuals, seeing that the battle on the side of the defence depended, not on great manœuvres, but on the sustained energy with which the different parts of the field were held by the small numbers that at first occupied them, and by the instalments that, at marked intervals, arrived in support.

When the allied armies were cast on shore in the Crimea, the contingency of a protracted siege, or a winter's sojourn there, had never entered the mind of any of the projectors of

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the enterprise. Some siege operations had, indeed, been contemplated, and provision was made for them, but the character of the operations was to be short and decisive. A battle, a bombardment, an assault and a re-embarkation—such was the too-complacent programme. The first part of it had indeed been successfully performed; the second had been somewhat disappointing, for the cannonade begun on October 17th, as the needful preparation for storming the works, had proved worse than ineffectual, since it left the French more damaged than the enemy, while the Russians had further marred the plan by the not altogether satisfactory episode of Balaklava. Still this might be repaired; but now the winter was so close that we felt his breath; and the allied generals, hard pressed by the season and the expectations of the public at home, had appointed, for the concerting of their final preparations for the assault, the very day when they were destined to stand so desperately on their defence.

The ancient Chersonese, on which they were now encamped, is a plateau of triangular form, lifted high on cliffs not only on the side of the sea, but also on that of the land, as if the great harbour which bathes its northern edge had once run round the Inkerman corner and down the green valley to Balaklava, forming a tall rocky island till some later upheaval had borne the neck of the promontory clear of the sea and united it with the Crimea. With one side of the triangle we need concern ourselves at present no further than to say that from Balaklava running north-west eleven miles to Cape Chersonese it formed the high inaccessible border of the Black Sea. Turning sharply at the Cape, the northern edge is nine miles long to the embouchure of the Tchernaya, which flows into the head of the harbour. More than half of this northern face is also bounded by the open sea, the rest by the roadstead at the entrance of which stands the city, occupying with its fortifications a space that may be defined as a semicircle nearly two miles in diameter. Three French divisions, resting their left on the sea between the city and the cape, and drawing their supplies from an inlet near the point of the promontory, were encamped behind the trenches with which they sought to surround the western half of the city. Also behind their trenches, investing the eastern portion, were our Third and Fourth Divisions and a brigade of the Light. Aligned with these, but isolated by a deep ravine on each side of it, was the other brigade, Codrington's, of the Light Division. To the right of and in advance of this, detached altogether from the siege works, was the Second Division, watching with its pickets the Inkerman

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corner of the plateau, with the Guards' brigade a mile behind it, both resting their right on the eastern and inland cliffs of the Chersonese. And had there been no enemy but the garrison, the rest of the French and English and Turks might have also been posted as supports to this their first line. But into the valley below the eastern cliffs Liprandi had made his incursion on October 25th, and was now threatening both the rear of the investing line and the British harbour of supply at Balaklava with 20,000 troops. Therefore, next the Guards and along the edge of these eastern slopes Bosquet's division was watching him, having its back almost turned to the investing line. Close to his right at two miles from Balaklava, there is a deep indentation in the heights, in which lies the path from that harbour to the plateau; and on the opposite side of this gorge looking up the valley of Balaklava and flanking Bosquet's force was Vinoy's brigade, on whose right in the low ground across the head of the harbour, our Highland brigade of the First Division barred the further progress of Liprandi upon Balaklava, and would, with Vinoy's, take him in flank if he should assail Bosquet on the heights.

Now, from the French left before Sebastopol, to the right of the English before Balaklava, the Allied line occupied an extent of thirteen miles, and, seeing how extreme was the tenuity occasioned by this extension, it may be asked why the line was not contracted. As Mr. Kinglake well puts it:—

'It was evident that with Liprandi close by, at the head of some 24,000 men, the continued occupation of Balaklava would necessitate a formidable deduction from the strength of the Allied forces disposed in front of Sebastopol; and no soldier who had glanced at the map could well fail to see that, if the English, as well as the French, could draw all the supplies they required through the bays of Kamiesch or Kazatch, they might add largely to their military power by abandoning a town and port which lay altogether detached from the main position, and concentrating the whole of their strength on the ridges of the Chersonese upland.'

The advantage of this change was so obvious that it had already been decided on, when, as Mr. Kinglake tells us, the Commissary-General declared that without the post of Balaklava he could not undertake to supply the army. But, again, why did not the Allies abandon the Inkerman corner, and carry their line across the plain from Buller's camp to the left of Bosquet, a distance of only a mile? It was because the nature of the terrain rendered this a greater evil than the extreme extension. To abandon the hills at that corner to the

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enemy would be to give him the means both of checking our siege operations against the Malakoff and of attacking that side of our line in overwhelming force. For the configuration of the ground would enable him not only to assemble great forces unperceived in the valley of the Tchernaya and on the shore of the harbour, but to bring them by the ravines quite on to the plain. These ravines give a singular character to this part of the plateau. Beginning in its midst, they channel the surface, which is not unlike that of our South Downs, as if a giant plough had driven its furrows sheer to the basin that contains the mouth of the Tchernaya and the harbour; to which they descend, ghastly of aspect, deepening and widening as they go. Entering these dismal glens at his leisure and following them to their upper extremity, the enemy would when he pleased have brought overwhelming forces, ready for battle on to the plateau. In such a case we should have been rather the assailed than the assailants, nay, rather the besieged than the besiegers; and therefore we held that ground at all hazards where our outposts might at least give us time to prepare for the encounter.

Although the battle ground of Inkerman was less than a mile in width, yet it is necessary to keep in view the whole position of the Allies in order to arrive at a right understanding of the motives of the Russians in selecting that quarter for attack. Of course it was their object not merely to interrupt and retard the siege, but to drive us out of the Crimea. To this end they had, by bringing a corps from Odessa, and marching again towards the fortress the army under Menschikoff that had lately quitted it, assembled a force which, including the garrison, had increased by November 4th to 120,000. The Allies had 76,000 men, part engaged in the siege (including Codrington's brigade which sents its quota to the trenches); 4,300 men (the Second Division and the Guards) watched the Inkerman corner; Bosquet looked down on Liprandi with three brigades; the Turks, Vinoy, and Colin Campbell guarded Balaklava. The Russians had to determine how they could best take advantage of their preponderance of more than a third. To have issued from the town against the trenches would have exposed them during the advance to the fire of our siege batteries, and in a repulse we might have entered the place along with them. It was their cue therefore to fight in the open field. Nor could there ever have been much doubt on their side about the proper point of attack. We believe, with Todleben, that an attack on Balaklava would have been exceedingly perilous. We believe with

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Todleben and Kinglake that the eastern heights were impregnable, and nobody would seriously suppose that they would select the Allied left where they would fight with the sea-cliffs and the hostile fleets in their rear. Therefore the only alternative was the space between the fortress and the eastern heights, namely the Inkerman corner. There they could assemble and manœuvre undiscovered; there they would find an accessible front weakly guarded; there, a successful advance would sunder the Allied line, and roll the fragments apart. Nor was there much doubt about the matter, probably, in the Allied councils. De Lacy Evans had for long directed anxious looks into that corner. He had made no secret of his apprehensions—had asked for some artificial defences against the unseen danger—had even begun to make them himself, achieving what was not so much a field work as the trace of one—an insignificant bank, perhaps three feet high, traversing the crest on each side of the post road in front of his camp, of little use as an obstacle or a shelter, but serviceable nevertheless on the day of battle as marking the line of the position. But it is one thing to recognise danger and another thing to be prepared for it; and we give here in his own words Mr. Kinglake's notions of the error made by the Allies in their method of occupying the position, and of the proper way of doing it, excellent in judgment and expression:—

'Of course, the alarming predicament in which the Allies had thus placed themselves was one which mainly resulted from the disproportion long existing, and now immensely increased, between their huge task and their numbers; but in part it was owing to a faulty disposition of their troops. By causing an undue determination of strength towards the circumference of the position, General Canrobert exposed both the French and the English forces to the contingency of being thus heavily overmatched in numbers, and of being overmatched, not merely for a brief period, but during a long succession of hours, which might include the crisis of a battle, and the fate of the invaders. Enamoured of the commanding position afforded by the Sapounè Heights, he seemed to forget that the stronger the ground the less was there need for loading it with troops; and instead of merely watching and guarding this part of his extended border-land by the ordinary means, he strove to hold it fast by the bodily presence of so many thousands of men as to leave himself without any reserve of infantry with which to act from a centre.'

Nothing can be truer than this. The almost inaccessible heights overlooking the wide valley should have been occupied with a line of observation instead of a line of defence; the Guards should have been moved closer to the Second Division, and Bosquet's troops should have been concentrated in the

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triangle, shown in Mr. Kinglake's map as made by the post road to Inkerman, the Woronzoff road, and the road from the valley through the Guards' camp. There they would have been at hand for all emergencies; and it must be noted, that in the improbable case of an attack on Balaklava, the best mode of protecting it was, not by directly interposing, but by striking at the assailant's flank and rear down the Woronzoff road; for which purpose the best possible position would have been that which we have indicated.

On October 26th, the day after the action of Balaklava, the Russians were kind enough to indicate to us very clearly our vulnerable point by indulging in what might pass for an outline of the great drama of November 5th. Six battalions with four light guns issued from Sebastopol, ascended the heights near the harbour, formed order of battle behind the crests, and moving on to Shell Hill, placed their guns there, while three of their battalions maintained against our pickets (which they had pushed thus far back), and the slender reinforcements sent down to them, a desultory combat in the hollow. A seventh battalion moved on the flank of the others in the Careenage Ravine. Meanwhile the commander of the Second Division, Sir De Lacy Evans, had drawn up his regiments on the reverse slope of the ridge above his camp and placed on it his own twelve guns joined presently by a battery of the First Division from the Guards' camp. These three batteries first sent the Russian light guns scampering off the field; then, turning on the battalions which came in column down the slope, disordered and drove them back, upon which the whole force retreated into Sebastopol. Mr. Kinglake draws attention to the striking difference between the tactics of Evans on this occasion, who awaited the enemy on the ground most favourable to defence, and those of Pennefather on November 5th, when the successive reinforcements to the English were sent down to meet the enemy in the hollow; on which matter we shall have a word to say by-and-bye.

Kinglake, following Todleben, thinks that the Russians undertook this enterprise in order to divert attention from Liprandi. We, on the other hand, having acquired from a perusal of Todleben's account of the war a deep distrust of his facts and his opinions, have arrived at the opposite conclusion. We believe that all the operations in the Valley of Balaklava had for their chief object to divert our attention from the intended point of attack at Inkerman. Possessing himself of the most commanding heights in the valley, and holding the high ground at Kamara behind them, Liprandi secured his left,

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which would otherwise have been dangerously exposed; and by seeming to threaten Balaklava and the road to the plateau by the Col, he had induced the Allies to confront him with a strong defensive line of troops. Thus not only had he aided the destined attack by drawing off the troops that would have opposed it, but when that attack should have effected its purpose, he would have been in the very position which gave him the readiest means of joining the Russians on the plateau for a combined advance. The enterprise of October 26th was intended to effect an important preparation for the coming battle, and the day selected for it was that when the action of Balaklava might be expected to have reduced our power of resistance to its lowest ebb. On the other hand, to have provoked a great battle would have been premature; and therefore the Russians limited the force employed to the numbers which they judged sufficient for their purpose. The importance of that enterprise is rendered obvious when we consider the circumstances under which the Russians must attack. A great part of their army was beyond the Tchernaya, and must pass that stream by a long causeway, during which operation they would be exposed to great peril. But a force established on the heights of the Inkerman corner would render the passage completely secure. Our people had observed that parties of the Russians were provided on the 26th with intrenching tools. The design, doubtless, was to drive our troops from the crest above the Second Division Camp, and to hold it while the working parties in rear should intrench Shell Hill, which would then have been garrisoned and armed with artillery. Thus they would have been able, with absolute certainty, to assemble and array their forces close to the point of attack at any time that might be chosen. By the failure of the attempt they were forced to make other and more precarious provision for covering the passage of the Tchernaya before the battle of Inkerman; and to this cause may also be due the confusion in the orders for the battle, and the final adoption of an immature plan of attack.

The Russians had several reasons for fixing on November 5th for their attack. An assault of the French upon the Flagstaff Bastion before the city was believed to be imminent, and was by all means to be prevented. All the reinforcements expected at that time had joined the army. The force in the Valley of Balaklava had produced all the effect by way of diversion that could be expected from it; and on the 4th, the young Grand Dukes, sent to exalt by their presence the enthusiasm of the troops, and to witness the triumph of their

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arms, had arrived in Sebastopol. The expectation of victory was well founded. Mr. Kinglake estimates the army which attacked us at 40,000 men, and that which co-operated with it in the valley at 22,000. But he arrives at these totals by counting artillerymen as effective men. This is in accordance with the practice of some military writers; but we should like to see it become obsolete. Artillerymen count for nothing in a battle apart from their guns, and to add them as a separate item in a relative estimate of opposing armies must lend, to that which is superior in artillery, a preponderance which has no existence in fact. We will therefore take Todleben's estimate of the Russians at Inkerman without Mr. Kinglake's correction. But the superiority of force in men was great, and in artillery far greater, on the side of the enemy; their plans were well laid, they were about to bring enormous odds to bear on the weak point of our position. By an unfortunate perversity which it would be wronging Fortune to lay at her door, while a line of intrenchment, studded with strong enclosed works, had been carried round the face of the landward cliffs which were by nature almost inaccessible, this vital point of Inkerman had been left unfortified, except for the trace a hundred yards long before mentioned as existing on the crest, and the Sandbag Battery, which was never intended as a defensive work, and was worse than unsuited to the purpose. The deciphered paper attributed to Menschikoff, which Mr. Kinglake prints, anticipating a speedy and complete overthrow of the Allies, seems now absurdly presumptuous, yet at the time when it was written the circumstances gave it sufficient warrant.

As Mr. Kinglake most justly says, by constructing and arming some field works on the Home Ridge, we should have greatly lightened the task of our Second Division in holding it, and might have felt comparatively easy. In the case of an army combined under a single commander, no doubt such works would have been made before November 5th. But our men were already grievously overtasked with the simultaneous tasks of constructing and of guarding the trenches before the enemy's works; the French covering forces were busily continuing their intrenchments along heights not only very difficult to climb, but commanding a full view of the Russian movements, and therefore already doubly guaranteed against surprise; while the critical corner where the enemy could approach unseen, and without being opposed by natural obstacles, was left to be occupied by unsheltered troops. It is the more necessary to dwell on this matter of fortification, because the Russian official account and map give a totally false

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version of it. The Sandbag Battery is represented as a regular defensive work facing northwards (that is towards the Russian batteries in the action) instead of towards the Tchernaya, and is equipped with two imaginary flanks; while between the Home Ridge and the eastern cliffs a considerable field work of regular form is placed, no vestige of which existed except in the mind of the inventor. These ideal constructions, together with the trace of intrenchment before mentioned, are then numbered in the official narrative, 'No. 1 Battery,' 'No. 2 'Battery,' and so on, as if they had been parts of a regular system of defensive works. When we remember that this official account, with its map, was prepared under the direction of Todleben, who, besides other sources of authentic information, had access to the ground at the close of the war, and might have seen for himself what works were there, and have satisfied himself beyond doubt as to those which existed on the day of the battle, it may be thought indulgent to charge him only with very singular carelessness. Two years ago the Sandbag Battery was still standing in its original form. It had been thrown up by Evans, who, observing one day that the Russians had begun to erect a small gabion battery on the nearest height beyond the Tchernaya, which boded no good to our troops on Mount Inkerman and their camp, resolved to oppose it. He therefore caused the battery to be made, placed in it two guns from the siege train, and put a stop to the enemy's design. The guns were then withdrawn, but the work remained. As a defensive obstacle it had not the slightest worth; but it was doubtless believed by our troops in the battle to possess some importance, and they made the maintenance of it a point of honour, while the enemy attached to its capture an equally fictitious value; and thus the meaningless mound became the hottest point of conflict till the dead heaped around it would have sufficed to bury it out of view ten times over.

Going northward from the Guards' camp, that of the Second Division was seen standing on the upper slope of a ridge which, nearly level for most of its width, sloped down on the right to the top of the cliffs above the Tchernaya, on the left to the Careenage Ravine, the space from the one boundary to the other being about 1,400 yards. On reaching the ridge, the ground beyond was seen bending downward, and again rising to a hill opposite which, with its sloping shoulders, bounded the view in that direction to about 1,200 yards. This opposite summit was Shell Hill, the post of the Russian artillery in the battle. The sides of the opposing slopes and the hollow between were thickly clad with low coppice, strown

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throughout with fragments of crag and boulders. So far, the field was simple in its aspect; but on the observer's right the crest, instead of sloping down to the front as elsewhere, shot forward some five hundred yards in what Mr. Kinglake calls the Fore Ridge. From the spine of this eminence the ground was seen falling rapidly on the right, still covered thickly with stones and coppice, to the edge of the cliffs, where, at a point abreast of the northern end of the Fore Ridge, was the famous Sandbag Battery. The Fore Ridge and the slope on its right occupied together about a third of the English position. Below the point of the ridge a small ravine began, plunging north-east to the valley, and thus isolating the Sandbag Battery. There are still two features wanting to complete the general character of the field. Half way between our crest and Shell Hill, at the bottom of the dip, two ravines shot out right and left, or rather north-east and north-west, narrowing the plateau between them to half its width, till it expanded again as they receded from it at the base of Shell Hill. That on the right was the Quarry Ravine, along the further side of which the post road, after traversing the Second Division camp and the crest of our position, wound its way to the causeway over the marsh of the Tchernaya. That on the left was a smaller and shallower branch of the gloomy glen, known as the Careenage Ravine, which bounded our position on that side. And while the edge of the cliffs forming our eastern boundary ran northward, the ravine ploughed its way north-west to the harbour, so that the plateau widened as it went. Thus, behind the northern edge of the plateau as it sloped downward to the harbour, the Russians might manœuvre and deploy large forces unseen, but they could not reach the ground either from the fortress on the one side, or from the heights beyond the Tchernaya on the other, by daylight, without exposing their columns to our view.

So much of topographical description is necessary for the understanding of the battle as it was fought. But there is one other feature to be noted for the appreciation of the battle as it might have been fought. Beyond the Careenage Ravine, between it and a parallel cleft in the plain, was a long plateau of an average width of half a mile extending down to the harbour. On this plateau (known by us as the Victoria Ridge), on a level with our Guards' camp, was the camp of Codrington's brigade. The other extremity of the strip of plateau was traversed by the eastern face of the fortifications of Sebastopol, the Malakoff standing high in the midst, as they curved back to the harbour at the edge of the Careenage Ravine.

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Half way between Codrington's camp and the Malakoff, the Lancaster battery had been placed to fire on that stronghold of the enemy; but its armament was now reduced to one Lancaster gun. The troops issuing from the Malakoff would, by marching straight along this strip of plateau, after passing by our siege batteries on their right, have reached Codrington's camp.

Menschikoff having decided to make the attack on the 5th, issued his orders for it on the 4th, and, regarding the whole extent of the opposing lines, from Sebastopol to Balaklava as one continuous front of battle, he gave directions for the co-operation of the forces whose part in the action was to be secondary and contingent. For the main battle two bodies were to join and act in unison; one of 19,000 infantry and 38 guns, drawn from the garrison, was to assemble under Soimonoff, within the works, and issue from them; the other of 16,000 infantry and 96 guns, now encamped on the heights beyond the Tchernaya, under the command of Pauloff, was to cross that stream, simultaneously with the advance of the other body, and 'push on vigorously to meet and join the 'corps of Lieut.-Gen. Soimonoff.' In another paragraph of the orders the object of the operation is stated to be to attack the English 'in their position, in order that we may seize and 'occupy the heights on which they are established.' The forces in the valley formerly under Liprandi, now commanded by Gortschakoff, were 'to support the general attack by 'drawing the enemy's forces towards them, and to endeavour 'to seize one of the heights of the plateau.' The garrison of Sebastopol was to cover with its artillery-fire the right flank of the attacking force, and, in case of confusion showing itself in the enemy's batteries, was to storm them. These general directions given, the mode of providing for their execution was specially left to the different commanders, namely, Soimonoff, Pauloff, Gortschakoff, and the commandant of Sebastopol.

Now, when we consider how little or how much the term 'position' of the English, and 'the heights on which they are 'established' might mean, so vague an order on so important an occasion is only to be excused on the supposition that the commander who issues it will either himself superintend the execution of it, or will give to the different commanders such supplementary instructions, verbally or otherwise, as will preclude the possibility of mistake. Instead of this, however, Menschikoff introduced into the arrangements another element of confusion and misdirection. Regarding himself apparently

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as above the office of directing in person a part of those forces of the whole of which he was commander, he appointed General Dannenberg to take command of both bodies of the attacking army 'as soon as they shall have effected their 'junction.' This general received the aforesaid orders at five in the evening of the 4th, and when we say that he thereupon proceeded to issue orders on the supposition that Soimonoff was to move to the attack on one side of the Careenage Ravine, and Pauloff on the other, while both these generals were at the same time submitting to Menschikoff their orders in detail for the junction of their separate corps on the same (the east) side of that ravine, we have obviously the elements of 'a concatenation accordingly.' That the possibility of two interpretations should have existed on so important a point of itself discredits Menschikoff as a commander. Even now, with the orders of the several generals before us, and a knowledge of what occurred, we are unable to determine on which side of the ravine he intended Soimonoff to advance. His order, respecting Soimonoff, prescribes that he 'will march, start-'ing from the Careenage Ravine, at six o'clock in the morning.' Now the fortifications of Sebastopol stop short of that ravine, their eastern extremity touching its western bank close to its mouth; and within that part of the works Soimonoff was to assemble his forces. A road, after passing for a short distance up the ravine from its mouth, ascends the Victoria Ridge and goes on to Codrington's camp. It may have been that Soimonoff could only quit the works for the plateau, at any rate could only march his artillery, by first entering the ravine, in which case that part of the order would apply equally to either case. A knowledge of his actual route from behind Bastion No. 2 (known to us as the Little Redan) to the outside of the works might throw light on this point, but Todleben leaves it in doubt. In the same orders Menschikoff directs the commandant of Sebastopol to cover with his batteries 'the right flank of the attacking troops.' Now if Soimonoff were to move along the Victoria Ridge his flank would, for part of his march, be exposed to the batteries of our right attack; but if he were to move on the Inkerman ridge he would be beyond their influence, and would therefore not need to be covered by the guns of the fortress. Thus Dannenberg's interpretation of the design of his chief was not without support from Menschikoff's own phraseology.

General Dannenberg, thus appointed at dusk one evening to take command of two corps, then some miles apart, and separated by a river, for a combined attack at daylight, might

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well be anxious to come to an explicit understanding with his subordinates. First it seems to have occurred to him that to carry Pauloff's column (with which he was himself encamped) across the long causeway over the marshes of the Tchernaya, restoring at the same time the broken bridge, was an operation which an enterprising enemy might very easily disturb and foil. An English battery on the heights commanding the bridge might disconcert the whole operation. Therefore, assuming at once a command which, according to orders, was only to devolve on him after the combination next morning, he directed Soimonoff to send one of his divisions, the 10th, which was to quit the works at two o'clock in the morning, to that point of the Tchernaya where it could best cover Pauloff's passage, and there to form it into order of battle. 'These 'troops,' he goes on to say, 'will be followed by those of the 'column of General Soimonoff, which will range itself in order 'of battle on the right of the 10th division.' Then Pauloff's column was to cross 'and dispose itself in order of reserve 'behind the interval left free between the 10th and the 16th 'divisions of General Soimonoff.' But Dannenberg must have known that there was not room along the front of the position of our Second Division on Mount Inkerman for Soimonoff's troops to form order of battle, far less to leave an interval for Pauloff between them. Very confusing this, and rendered still more perplexed by Dannenberg's subsequent arrangements; before touching on which we will hazard a conjecture. It is that neither Menschikoff nor Dannenberg had, up to that time, been aware of the importance of the Careenage Ravine as an obstacle; that they considered it as offering no serious impediment to the junction of Soimonoff and Pauloff; and that they therefore regarded the Victoria and Inkerman Ridges as practically one battle-field. This would imply that neither of the superior generals had personally examined the ground over which the troops were to advance. Nevertheless, this supposition is strengthened by Dannenberg's next utterance on the subject. Having apparently learnt that the Careenage Ravine was a much more formidable obstacle than he had supposed, he hastens to impart the fact to Menschikoff, and we call the reader's attention to the air of discovery which his announcement wears.

'I hasten,' he says, 'to submit to your Highness some changes which I have found it urgent to make in the dispositions which General Pauloff has made me acquainted with, by the following considerations:—A ravine, deep and very long, known under the name of the Careenage Ravine, separates General Soimonoff and myself at the commencement

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of the attack. This ravine may be crossed by following a road recently constructed, but which leads only in the direction in which the right column ought to act; we should thus be deprived of the possibility of acting on both sides of the Careenage Ravine, and this double action appears to me indispensable.'

So far, then, dubious as his language may be, we should conjecture it to mean that being now aware of the ravine on the other side of which Soimonoff would move, he might, it is true, join him on that side of it by a road already existing, but as that road lay afterwards entirely on the Victoria ridge, they would be unable to act on both sides of the ravine, which he thought it indispensable they should do, and had proceeded to make arrangements accordingly. If remarks, thus interpreted, seem not so sensible as they might have been on such an occasion, it is, at any rate, the only meaning we have succeeded in extracting from them. We must remember that there was much in the circumstances to perplex him; and if Menschikoff had puzzled him, he was now giving him a Rowland for his Oliver. But having thus oracularly delivered himself, he proceeds to make very clear dispositions for his own movements. Abandoning the design of bringing part of Soimonoff's force to cover the passage of Pauloff's, he directs Pauloff to cover it himself, and, in case of opposition, relies on the fire of the ships (two men-of-war stationed close to the shore at the head of the harbour) to clear the heights looking on the bridge. The passage secured, the first battalions that cross are to follow the road to the Careenage Ravine till they reach its edge; the central columns are to move straight up smaller ravines in front of the bridge; the last one, which was to become the left, turning to its left, is to gain the Inkerman plateau by the road up the Quarry Ravine; and thus Pauloff's force will be assembled on a front entirely traversing the plateau. He had previously sent fresh instructions to Soimonoff, desiring him as his columns during their march along the Victoria Ridge might fall under the fire of the siege batteries before he had got past them, to start an hour earlier, so as to get over the dangerous ground before daylight; suggesting also that he had better keep his reserves behind his right, as his left would be perfectly covered by the ravine and by Pauloff.

Thus Dannenberg had done what in him lay to give effect to the project of extending his front of attack over both the ridges. Whatever warrant for it he may be thought to have derived from Menschikoff's vague orders, the facts of the case prove that his plan was the right one. Thus and thus alone could the Russians bring their great superiority of force fully

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to bear in the attack; and, on gaining the plateau after a first success, it would be an immense advantage to find themselves already extended in order of battle instead of having to deploy while engaged with the enemy or during a disordered advance. But Soimonoff looked at the question in the spirit of a subordinate who is chiefly anxious to divest himself of the responsibility of independent action, and to seek the shelter of authority. He had, or believed he had, the Commander-in-Chief's orders to cross to the east side of the Careenage Ravine; he had framed his own detailed orders on that plan, and had submitted them to Menschikoff; the orders received from Dannenberg had been contradictory of each other as well as of the first; Menschikoff appears to have made no attempt to indicate which of the views that he must have known to be gravely conflicting was the right one; and Soimonoff thus left to choose, probably only a very short time before he must act, what course he would follow, or perhaps having, for want of time to effect a change, no choice, adhered to that for which he had already provided, and 35,000 men with 134 guns were thereby crowded into a space which was an insufficient field of action for half their numbers. Whether this determination was communicated to Dannenberg, or whether that unfortunate commander was left to learn on the field this wide departure from his design, in either case the effect of being forced to conduct an enterprise the plan of which he could not approve, must have made sad work with his capacity as a leader.

Soimonoff so far followed his own conception of the plan as to issue from the works with his troops before dawn, to cross the Careenage Ravine and to ascend the heights, where, at six o'clock, he began to form order of battle. But here his conformity to any prescribed design ended. Instead of awaiting the arrival of Pauloff's troops, he made his dispositions for an independent attack. Possibly the dawn had shown him, as he looked down on the Tchernaya, the columns of his colleague already near the bridge and preparing to pass. But, the junction effected, Dannenberg was to take the command. Soimonoff's disregard of this important fact is nowhere explained; possibly more might have been heard of it, especially as an excuse for failure, but for his fall in the battle. Without waiting either for the junction of Pauloff's corps or the arrival of Dannenberg, he at once prepared to engage. Spreading 300 riflemen in skirmishing order along his front, he placed eight battalions, numbering 6,000 men, in his first line, and four battalions, 3,300 men, in immediate support. The advance of these would cover the formation of his heavy batteries, com-

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prising 22 guns, greatly superior in calibre to those of our field artillery, which were destined to begin by battering our position from Shell Hill and the slopes (East and West Juts Mr. Kinglake calls them) which form its sides. Upon these he relied to shake the defensive line, while his columns of attack should still be on their way to close with it. Following the artillery came sixteen other battalions in close columns as a general reserve, and the sixteen light field guns which completed his portion of the forces.

It was about 7 o'clock when, all being ready for the advance, the Russian heavy batteries opened fire, and their lines of columns descended the hill. The alarm had already been spread in our camp, for our outposts had perceived the march of columns, and the troops which marched along the margin of the Careenage Ravine had captured one of our pickets, which, says Mr. Kinglake, slyly, in a note, 'I believe had been placed 'with great care under the personal direction of Sir George 'Brown;' a commander who, as we perceive from various signs, had not been so fortunate as to conciliate the regard of our historian. What Russian spectators on Shell Hill then saw, so far as the mist permitted, was the opposing slope clad in coppice, down which bodies of our troops, looking few and scattered, were hurrying to the encounter; while on the ridge beyond, on which Soimonoff's artillery was pouring its fire, twelve English guns were attempting inadequately to reply. As their columns, pressing our pickets before them, reached the hollow of the plain between the opposing hills, they closed in, because of the two glens which, springing from each side there channel the plateau, contracting the unbroken space to a quarter of a mile; the columns on the right passed first, producing an echelonned form of attack; and thus it happened that while the right columns were already engaged with our troops, those on the left were so far in rear that two of Pauloff's regiments, the first which passed the stream, pushing straight up the heights, pressed on, and were in time to form the left of the attacking line by advancing across the head of the Quarry Ravine. Thus 15,000 men were crowding on to the attack of our position, which, barely 3,000, pickets and all, were present to defend; 9,000 other Russian infantry were in reserve on Shell Hill; and behind them the rest of Pauloff's corps, 10,000 infantry with an immense force of artillery, were approaching from the valley. Most of our people who fought at Inkerman have always been under the impression that, besides the troops on the plateau, the Russians brought a considerable column up the Careenage Ravine, which

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debouched on the field through one of its branches. No such column is mentioned in the Russian official record; nevertheless, Mr. Kinglake affirms that it existed, and that it was composed of naval forces, thus accounting for its omission from the despatches of the generals.

The successive phases of the battle are marked by the successive onsets of the Russians, for on their side alone large bodies were wielded with a distinct purpose, and with them rested the initiative. On our side the reinforcements as they straggled in were directed (often in fractions, split by the pressing exigencies of the moment) to those points where the need of stopping some gap against the enemy was most urgent. Those who passed through the tents of the Second Division, now shattered by the Russian shot, saw on the hillside against which they bent their steps few signs of a great engagement. The line of battle, the solid ranks that usually hold an assailed position, the masses behind them in reserve, had no existence here where the only business of the reserves was to plunge at once into the fight. Sometimes a few companies might be seen lying down behind the small intrenchment on each side of the road, sometimes fresh detachments would hurry over the ridge, which occasionally was recrossed too by some wounded, or scattered, or exhausted men, straggling back; but, for the most part, it was bare of infantry. Our batteries stood ranged in a line so far withdrawn from the crest that only the muzzles were visible to the enemy. Into and over them shot came bounding, and the air was thick with bursting shells and their fragments.

'The main weight of the cannonade,' says Mr. Kinglake, 'from Shell Hill was made to swoop over the heads of our troops on Home Ridge: the aim, it seems, being to send destruction among those English reserves which the enemy thought must be gathered about the camp of the Second Division and along the ground in its rear. Round shot tearing their way through the lines, and shells bursting in the midst of them, soon turned the camp into a scene of havoc; for tents were thrown, or up-whirled as though by a hurricane, and draught horses that had been picketed in rows were turned into slaughter heaps, or turned loose and sent wandering piteously with mangled limbs. But the plan of destroying, by this persistent fire, a great portion of Pennefather's reserves was baffled by the circumstance of his having no reserves to destroy. Except sentries pacing the lines, and men busied in striking the tents, hardly anyone had been left in camp.'

This description is quite correct, but we do not attribute the effect of the Russian fire to design. At that range, 1,200 yards, the guns were necessarily elevated to attain their object, and the shot descended in such a curve that all which cleared the ridge passed on, in a line parallel to it, for a considerable dis-

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tance before striking the ground, and hence ensued the ravages made amidst the tents. Standing on the ridge itself, amidst our artillery, the turmoil of the struggle was dimly seen and confusedly heard in the coppice below; a desultory but incessant crackle of musketry, here advancing, there receding, always fluctuating, while from time to time a sudden burst of firing marked where a fresh onset was made and resisted; the fight going on, as it were, under the canopy of the screaming projectiles which filled the air with their rush from the guns on the opposing ridges. The density of the mist has, we think, been exaggerated, and probably also its influence on the battle; in the early morning it wrapt the ground, and Shell Hill sometimes throughout the day loomed dim and menacing, the presence of the guns there being revealed only by the red flashes that pierced the veil; but often the individual guns would be visible, and often the whole field might be descried, the grey columns coming down the hillsides, and in advance of our left across the Careenage Ravine, the troops of Codrington were also apparent, assuring us that we were so far secure on that flank. It was chiefly in the hollow that the mist, floating across from time to time, blotted out the combatants, helped to deprive our people of a common impulse and control, and imparted to the conflict that character of an aggregate of individual combats which makes it resemble a battle before Troy.

If the reader will for a moment place before his mental view a hundred yards of lateral space, and consider that for every hundred yards of front of the battle-field there were now at hand a thousand Russians (not counting the nine thousand still in reserve on the slopes of Shell Hill, and the ten thousand more coming up from the valley), he will have some idea both of the confined front on which they were combating, and of the conditions under which the ground must be contested by the English, now increased by the arrival of some troops of the Light Division to 3,600 infantry, and by the addition of a field battery to 18 guns. These reinforcements as they came on the field at once met with a mishap. An infantry regiment, sidling against a Russian column in the mist, fell back, and some of the guns near it were left in the hands of the enemy; while the Russian column coming up the Careenage Ravine close by, passing by the mouth of the Miriakoff Glen, struck into the next branch (the Well Way Mr. Kinglake calls it), which issues in rear of the position, and close to the Second Division camp. The most uninstructed reader, who has realised this state of affairs, will see that the attack was prospering, that the Russians were within a stride of success, and that nothing was to be

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expected but that, driving before them the relics of the Second Division, they would overthrow the successive reinforcements as they came up. It was at this unpromising crisis of our affairs that the advance against our left was checked by such acts of hardihood as are called Quixotic when they fail, heroic when they succeed. We will not take from their setting in Mr. Kinglake's volume some of its most brilliant ornaments by extracting the accounts of these achievements; we will only say that, while the description of the repulse of the Russian right reads like a page from one of the books of knight-errantry which were burnt as false and misleading in the Knight of La Mancha's courtyard, it needs nothing more to uphold it than the official records of the opposing forces—hundreds, sometimes only scores, on the one side, against thousands on the other—coupled with the known result. Nor was the attack of Pauloff's regiments upon our right less effectually repelled, though, the odds being less, there is a little less of the marvellous in our success on that side. But the term repulse very inadequately renders what happened to the Russians in the encounter. All their twenty battalions, after a conflict more or less sustained, not only fell back, but left the field, wrecked and disorganised; Soimonoff's (with the loss of their leader) for Sebastopol, Pauloff's for the Tchernaya valley; nor were any of these troops brought again into the fight. This is established by Todleben:—'It was only as yet eight o'clock in the morning,' he says, 'and already the heads of our two columns had fallen back. 'Thus, in the first phase of the combat, of all the battalions 'which were to attack the English, twenty had already left the 'field.'

It is natural that a Russian chronicler should seek to extenuate this defeat, and we will not greatly blame Todleben for increasing the strength of the English in this phase of the conflict to 11,585 (more than trebling their actual force), for laying great stress on the 'field works' which strengthened the position, and for claiming successes which, in some mysterious way that he does not elucidate, were turned into disasters. But no sophistries can veil the fact that these great bodies once launched on their career should, by their mere impetus, have everywhere penetrated our line; and that had even a few been well led, and animated by such a spirit as all nations desire to attribute to their fighting men, they would never have suffered themselves to be stopped and turned by the imaginary enemies which the mist might hide, or which the intrepid, gallant, audacious, bearing of our single line caused them to believe might be following in support of it.

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Fifteen thousand men, then, had been drained off the field through the ravines to right and left, almost unnoticed by the rest. But the formidable reserve which Soimonoff had placed on Shell Hill was still intact there; Dannenberg had come on the ground and taken the command; Pauloff's troops had all crossed the Tchernaya and were ranged on the heights in order of attack; and his guns, making with Soimonoff's a great battery of ninety pieces, were extending their line all across the ridge of which Shell Hill is the centre and apex. Presently ten thousand fresh infantry were launched against the position, but this time they massed for the attack chiefly in and about the Quarry Ravine, and, neglecting our left, bore against the centre and right. The reasons might be (though we only guess at them) that a greater number of guns than in the first attack were now bearing on those parts of the field, and that by a success there Dannenberg might best lend a hand to Gortschakoff.

The conflicts of the first stage of the battle had been child's play compared with the bloody struggle of which the spurs of the Fore Ridge, and the edge of the cliffs east of it, were now the scene. That ridge running out from our main crest, and rising to a higher level, as it pushed forward, isolated the right from the centre and gave to the conflict there an aspect of independence. On the edge of the cliff stood the Sandbag Battery. Useless for defence to either side, it may be regarded as a sort of symbol of victory conventionally adopted by both, leading our troops to do battle on the edge of the steeps, and the enemy to choose the broken and difficult ground, on which this arbitrary standard reared itself to view, for a main field of combat. Although the disparity of numbers was now diminished, 1,200 Guards and 2,000 of the Light Division having reached the position, while the Russians brought fewer troops into action than at first, the spirit displayed by the assailants was incomparably fiercer and more resolute. Instead of shrinking from difficulties which their own imaginations rendered insurmountable, or accepting a repulse as final, they swarmed again and again to the encounter, engaging by groups and individuals in the closest and most obstinate combats, till between the hostile lines rose a rampart of the fallen men of both sides. For a long time the part played by the defenders was strictly defensive; with each repulse the victors halted on the edge of the steeps, preserving some continuity of front with which to meet the next assault, while the recoiling crowds, unmolested by pursuit, and secured from fire by the abruptness of the edge, paused at a short

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distance below to gather fresh coherence and impetus for a renewal of the struggle. It was with the arrival of Cathcart, conducting part of the Fourth Division, that the combat assumed a new phase. Possessed with the idea of the decisive effect which an attack on their flank must exercise on troops that, however strong they might still be in numbers, had already suffered so many rebuffs, he descended the slope beyond the right of our line. The greater part of his division had already been allotted elsewhere, but about four hundred men remained to him with which to make the attempt. And at first it was eminently effective, insomuch that Cathcart congratulated his brigadier Torrens, then lying wounded, on the success of this endeavour to take the offensive. But that success was now to be turned into disaster by an event which it was altogether beyond Cathcart's province or power to foresee. While advancing in the belief that he was in full co-operation with our troops on the cliff, he was suddenly assailed by a body of the enemy from the heights he had just quitted, and which had either turned or broken through that part of our front which he was endeavouring to relieve from the stress of numbers. Thus taken in reverse, his troops, scattered on the rugged hillside, suffered heavily, only regaining the position in small broken bodies, and with the loss of their commander, who was shot dead.* With this effort of Cathcart's the restrained character of the defence was changed by frequent desultory advances which left the troops engaged in them far in advance and broke the continuity of the line. For the downward movement had spread from right to left along the front: the heights, left bare of the defenders were occupied by Russians ascending the ravine beyond their left; our people, thus intercepted, had to edge past the enemy or to cut their way through; the right of our position seemed absolutely without defence, when a French regiment lately arrived and thus far posted at the English end of the Fore Ridge advanced, took the disordered Russians in flank as they faced eastward in seeking to enclose our fragments, and drove them back into the gorges from whence they had issued.

* It is but bare justice to Cathcart's memory to say that we have been quite unable to follow Mr. Kinglake in the connexion which he has inferred between that general's conduct in the battle and his imputed dissatisfaction at the circumstances, previously described in the history, concerning his possible succession to the command of the army; circumstances, we may add, which were certainly trying, and in which he showed an uncommonly good temper.

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The next attack was made by the Russians with the same troops, diminished by their losses, as Mr. Kinglake estimates, to 6,000 men; while the Allies numbered 5,000. The disparity in infantry for the actual encounter (for the Russian reserve of 9,000 was still untouched) was thus rapidly diminishing, but the enemy preserved his great predominance in artillery. Again the hundred guns which by this time they had in action, swept our crest throughout its extent. The right of our position, from the head of the Quarry Ravine to the spur on which stood the Sandbag Battery, was now held by some of our Rifles and by a French battalion. Leaving these on their left the enemy's columns issued from the Quarry Ravine, and pushed along the post road against our centre and left. Their main column was composed of the four battalions of one regiment, and was covered in front and on the flanks by the eight battalions of the other two regiments extended in a line of smaller columns. This advance was more thoroughly pushed home, and with greater success. than any other which they attempted throughout the day. This time they again made their right the head of the attack, and with it penetrated our line on the side of the Careenage Ravine, drove back the troops there and took, and spiked, some of our guns. The other parts of their front line coming up successively to the Home Ridge, held it for a brief interval, while the main column, driving our troops from the Barrier (wall of loose stone) at the top of the Quarry Ravine, passed on. But meanwhile, before it reached the ridge, the troops covering it had been driven off by a simultaneous advance of French and English, and after suffering great loss, it also retired. It was followed by the Allied troops, part of whom re-established themselves across the head of the Quarry Ravine, while the French regiment which had defended the centre, moving to its right, took up, with the other already there, the defence of the ground where the Guards had fought. Here the French had yet another struggle to maintain, and with varying fortunes, for, once, they entirely lost the advanced ground they had held; but their last reinforcements arriving they finally drove the Russians immediately opposed to them, not only off that part of our front, but off the field.

It was now eleven o'clock, and the battle though not ended was already decided. For not only had we now 13,000 infantry, French and English, on the position, against the broken battalions, and the 9,000 unused infantry of the reserve; but the balance of artillery power, hitherto so largely against us, was now in our favour. At half-past nine the two famous 18-pounders had appeared on the field, and had at once made

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themselves felt; while two French batteries of horse artillery, boldly passing over the crest on the right of our two guns, had established themselves on the bare slope fronting the enemy, and had there gallantly maintained themselves under a shattering fire, earning at least as much acknowledgment from us as they have ever received. For long this combat of artillery was maintained on both sides, while our skirmishers, pressing forward on the centre and left, made such way that they galled the Russian batteries with their bullets.

That Bosquet should have found himself free to bring up reinforcements so large was due to his perception of the fact that Gortschakoff's advance and cannonade in the valley was a transparent feint. A commander can hardly be set on a more difficult task than to execute a feigned attack in open ground against a commanding position. All the Russian movements in the valley were as clear to view from the plateau as if performed on a map. Either his share of the action fell short of the orders given him, or those orders ought to have directed him to make a real attack. About this Mr. Kinglake says:—'With respect to Gortschakoff's instructions, the general order 'was worded as though it meant to direct against Bosquet's 'position an actual, unfeigned attack; but on authority which 'I regard as indisputable, I have satisfied myself that the 'orders really given to Gortschakoff were of the kind stated in 'the text,' that is, he was 'to menace Bosquet by feints.' In actually assaulting the heights he would no doubt have lost many men; but they would have been the price of that victory which could scarcely be bought too dear. A real attack would undoubtedly have detained the French; Dannenberg, in their absence, would have penetrated our line, and opened the road to the valley, when Gortschakoff would have joined him on the plateau. It was in expectation of such an effort on Gortschakoff's part that Dannenberg remained in the field long after he had abandoned the intention of resuming his independent attacks. He held his ground, though suffering heavy losses, trusting that the storming of the heights lately held by the French, but now comparatively bare of troops, would open a road for him, and straining his ear for the sound of his colleague's guns on the plateau. At last the decline of the autumn day forced him to begin that retreat which the declivities in his rear must render so tedious and so perilous, encumbered as he was by a numerous and disorganised artillery. Mr. Kinglake blames Canrobert for not attacking him with the 8,000 troops he had assembled on the field, the greater part still unused; and, doubtless had the French general

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taken a bold offensive, the enemy's defeat would have become a signal disaster. But if Dannenberg was looking towards Gortschakoff, so no doubt was Canrobert. He could not but remember that the 20,000 troops whom he had watched so anxiously in the morning were still close at hand in order of battle; the policy he had declared at Balaklava of restricting himself to covering the siege, no matter what successes a bold aggression might promise, governed him now; and this seems, in the case of a bold, quick-spirited man like Canrobert—one, too, whom we always found so loyal an ally—a more plausible explanation of his almost passive attitude at the close of the battle, than either a defect of resolution, or a disinclination to aid his colleague.

This extraordinary battle closed with no final charge or victorious advance on the one side, no desperate stand or tumultuous flight on the other. The Russians, when hopeless of success, seemed to melt from the lost field; the English were too few and too exhausted, the French too little confident in the advantage gained, to convert the repulse into rout. Nor was there among the victors the exaltation of spirit which usually follows the gain of a great battle, for the stress of the conflict had been too prolonged and heavy to allow of quick reaction. The gloom of the November evening seemed to overspread with its influence not only the broken battalions which sought the shelter of the fortress, but the wearied occupants of the hardly-contested ground, and descended on a field so laden with carnage that no aspect of the sky could deepen its horrors. Especially round the Kitspur and its slopes had death been busy; men lay in swathes there, as if mown down, insomuch that it was often impossible to ride through the lines and mounds of the slain. Of these, notwithstanding that the Allies, especially the English, had lost heavily in proportion to their numbers, an immense and almost unaccountable proportion were Russians; so that of no battle in which our nation has been engaged since Agincourt could it be more truly said—

> 'When, without stratagem,
> But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
> Was ever known so great and little loss,
> On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,
> For it is only thine!'

In a battle so desultory, so full of individual and independent action, and passing through so many phases that our author has divided it into seven distinct periods, it is inevitable that there should exist, concerning many of its episodes, versions more or

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less hard to reconcile. From this it arises that the record of it must ultimately be constructed in the narrator's mind partly of facts, partly of compromises between conflicting facts. In such a case it may well happen that the theory which is the most ingenious and plausible, and therefore the most acceptable to the chronicler, is not always the right one. The industry and ingenuity of Mr. Kinglake in following each body of troops on either side through its part in the action, and accounting for its actions throughout, are very remarkable; and we know of nobody else who would have bestowed on this tumultuous battle-piece the extraordinary pains and skill necessary to make of it a coherent and intelligible picture. If there are some passages of the correctness of which we are not fully satisfied, we mention them in the hope that by comparing views it may be possible to get still nearer to that perfect reproduction of fact which Mr. Kinglake has evidently proposed to himself as his ideal.

The account given of the first appearance of the Guards on the field, at page 197, represents them as formed already in battalions, and in line, before advancing to take part in the fight. But we believe that, at first at any rate, they arrived by companies as they could be assembled, and came up in succession. And we do not feel certain that they fought only against those regiments of Pauloff's which attacked in Mr. Kinglake's second period, thinking it quite possible that the first instalments reached Adams before the Taroutine and Borodino regiments were defeated. Then 'the Guards,' he says, 'moved under a fire of artillery from the first.' Yet we doubt if the Russians had then any guns in action which looked on the eastern slopes of the Fore Ridge, along which the Guards were moving; nor can we perceive what objects the guns on Shell Hill could be aiming at in order to include the Guards, unknowingly, in their line of fire.

Describing Cathcart's flank attack, he says his men 'began 'to move down the steep, incurring after a while heavy fire 'from artillery,' and he quotes Todleben as saying that their red jackets drew fire from sixteen guns on East Jut. But Todleben only says that Dannenberg caused sixteen guns to take position there; and though describing particularly what Cathcart's people suffered from, he does not mention the fire of artillery as forming part of the ordeal. In fact we do not see how guns on East Jut could look on the sides of the slopes below the ledgeway, and the map alone suffices to show this.

But what has caused us most difficulty is the attempt to follow Mr. Kinglake in his identification of the body of troops

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that took Cathcart in reverse, by appearing on the heights he had just quitted. After describing very clearly how a Russian battalion reached the Fore Ridge by coming up unseen from the Quarry Ravine, he represents it as moving down the eastern slope and firing upon Cathcart's people who had gone over the edge of that slope. That this is in itself plausible we do not dispute. A column did appear in Cathcart's rear, and a column did form up on the Fore Ridge. But Mr. Kinglake, telling us that it was one and the same, tells us also something else about it:—

'Adhering to the crest they had been suffered to occupy, the troops of this Iäkoutsk battalion kept watch on what still could be seen of their late assailants [Cathcart's people], and the other small bevies of red-coats dispersed lower down in the brushwood; but some of their men pointed northward, and these spreading out on the north-eastern slopes of Mount Head, looked down into the rear and right flank of the Sandbag Battery. There, surrounding the colours of a regiment, they saw, besides some led horses, a few score of tall foot soldiers, distinguished by their black, lofty head-gear. This Iäkoutsk battalion had not before met the Guards. . . . . Without as yet knowing their peril, the Duke of Cambridge and the hundred men near him were thus cut off by a force interposed in their rear.'

Thus, after having the battalion that gained the ridge identified as that which first assailed Cathcart, whose troops, intercepted by it, endeavoured to cut their way through its ranks, we find it, in the foregoing extract, subsequently appearing in rear of the few men that were with the Duke of Cambridge. But we are very confident that when the Duke first saw and got past this battalion, it was in the act of making its first appearance on the Fore Ridge. It came up the western slope, forming as it came a line of considerable extent, apparently from column of companies, each successive company as it moved into line extending farther towards the crest of our main position. At that time there were certainly no other Russian troops anywhere between it and the eastern edge of our position. The battalion on the ridge could not fire on Cathcart's men down the cliff side, because it could not see them. It could not even have reached them with its fire had they been above the ledge way, the distance to it being beyond the range of their muskets. Cathcart's men would not have been forced to cut their way through, because there was plenty of room to go by untouched, as many others did who were much nearer to the enemy. Therefore we feel pretty certain that the troops on the ridge were not the troops, nor any part of them, which intercepted Cathcart. What troops the latter were, and how

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they got there, we do not pretend to determine. Todleben says they had made their way up by the left shoulder of the Sandbag Battery, had overthrown whatever stood in their path, and had so got into Cathcart's rear; and, supposing they so advanced after our heights had been denuded of troops by the general rush down the slopes, this seems possible enough. But what became of them afterwards is another mystery. We think that Mr. Kinglake accounts very satisfactorily for the disappearance of the Russian battalion on the Fore Ridge. It stood offering its right flank to that part of the crest where the French regiment was posted, and the latter by advancing straight to its front, must have come upon it and rolled it up. We knew that having got so far, and with an absolutely naked gap in our line just before it, it failed to push on, but we did not know before the precise means by which its departure was accelerated. This, however, still leaves the retreat of Cathcart's assailants unaccounted for, supposing them to be, as we have maintained, a different body.

Another difficulty Mr. Kinglake solves, as we think, by a very happy conjecture. Todleben describes two of the battalions which first advanced under Soimonoff as crossing the upper parts of the Careenage Ravine, and throwing themselves on Codrington's brigade 'with the most complete success, capturing and spiking four pieces of artillery.' No such attack was made on Codrington, and no guns were for a moment in the hands of the enemy on that side of the ravine, and many readers will have been puzzled to guess how such a statement could ever have found its way into the official record. Mr. Kinglake points out that Todleben's informants had evidently mistaken the Mikriakoff Glen, which the battalions on Soimonoff's right crossed in their advance against our left, for the Careenage Ravine, and had mistaken the troops which gave way, and the guns which were captured in that part of our position, for Codrington's.

In his visit to the field of Inkerman in 1869, Mr. Kinglake found the Sandbag Battery, of which so much mention has been made in all accounts of the battle, still standing, and his detailed account of it is sufficiently exact. But he, as well as other chroniclers, advert to it, when describing the combats of which the area around it was the scene, in terms which seems to us to convey to those who have never seen it, an altogether exaggerated idea of its importance, and even of its size. For instance, he says:—

'All this while, the fight at the Sandbag Battery continued to rage; and, indeed, after the failure of his last attack on the work, General

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Dannenberg seems to have determined that his next one should be more resolute, more weighty, and better combined.' 'The nine battalions which were now to concentrate their power by attacking the Sandbag Battery from both the north and the east, had a strength of 6,000.' 'Whilst the Okhotsk battalions still continued to move up in gross numbers against the left shoulder of the work, the Selinghinsk troops made a rush at its face.' 'The remains of the two battalions of Guards had quitted the paralysing shelter of the Sandbag Battery':—

and Todleben not only describes the Okhotsk regiment 3,000 strong as fighting desperately with our Coldstreams for the possession of it, but on capturing nine pieces of artillery 'as 'the prize of this brilliant feat of arms,'—some of which that imaginative chronicler tells us were carried off by the victors, and the rest spiked. It is true that some hours later in the day one French gun was carried off from this part of the field, and was afterwards recovered in a ravine, so the Russian historian can at least plead that his version in this case is not, as it is in some others, absolutely without foundation. But all this gives to the battery an importance which is quite fictitious. It was simply a wall of earth several feet thick and twelve paces long, with two embrasures cut in it, the parapet, elsewhere considerably taller than a man's head, sloping rapidly for a few feet at each end. Behind it might have stood, in two ranks, thirty-six men in all, of whom twenty, ten of each rank, might have been able to fire through the embrasures and over the ends, while the other sixteen would have been better employed elsewhere. It was conspicuous from its height and position, and the enemy seeing it from below might easily have imagined it more formidable than it was; but how could 6,000 men be employed in attacking it, or a battalion, such as the Coldstreams, in defending it? Sixty men would have been an ample number wherewith to assail it. As for the intrenchment on each side of the road, a common bank and ditch, such as those which generally border our fields, would have been incomparably stronger for defence. Yet Todleben speaks of this useless mound and these insignificant banks as the 'enemy's 'works,' and another Russian writer says, 'in spite of the 'accumulated forces of the enemy, our columns succeeded in 'occupying his batteries and fortifications.' The truth is that few battlefields have been so devoid of obstacles of this kind as that of Inkerman, for it is rare to find any without buildings, walls, hedges, or agricultural enclosures, of which there were here absolutely none; and the difficulties for the attack lay in the hindrance which the coppice and crags opposed to regulated advances and deployments, though on the other hand these

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objects afforded to the enemy the not inconsiderable advantage of sheltering his skirmishers.

We have already said that we think Dannenberg's plan of attack, by both sides of the ravine, the right one. Towards the end of the volume Mr. Kinglake discusses this question, and disputes this view, alleging that to divide attacking troops by an obstacle is a great disadvantage. This is true—and it is also true that 'the camps of the Allies were so placed on the 'Chersonese that, to meet perils threatening from the western 'side of the Careenage Ravine, they could effect a rapid con-'centration.' But they could only effect it by robbing the eastern side of what was indispensable for its defence. If, instead of one corps attacking while the other was coming up in its rear, and therefore exercising no effect upon the battle, both had attacked simultaneously, it is hardly credible that one (and if one, both) would not have broken through. And if it is a disadvantage that the front of attack should be divided by an obstacle, it is a still greater evil to restrict the attack, especially against very inferior numbers, to too confined a space. By crowding on to the eastern plateau only, in numbers amply sufficient to have attacked both, the Russians were choosing the ground which best suited our numbers and our circumstances, and which least suited their own.

Throughout his narrative Mr. Kinglake frequently compares Evans's mode of defending the ground on October 26th, with Pennefather's in the greater battle, and evidently with a leaning to Evans's. Now there were several circumstances to render the cases dissimilar. On the 26th the forces on each side were small, so that, while ours only occupied the crest for a space on each side of the post road, the enemy could make no attempt to outflank us. The difficulty of dealing with the Fore Ridge, the awkward feature of the position of the 5th November, was therefore not an element in the dispositions for the earlier battle, in which there could be no doubt of the policy of occupying the ground which afforded a position of vantage. But with the necessity of extending the position came also the necessity of deciding how to occupy the ridge. When from the crest of a position a ridge shoots forward towards the enemy of equal or perhaps (as in this case) of greater height than the crest itself, the question occurs, Shall we carry our line across the base of the ridge, level with the remainder of the crest, or shall we throw it forward, keeping the high ground as far as the end of the ridge, making that its salient point? This is a question not always easy of solution. In the one case a vantage ground is left to the enemy, who, col-

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lecting at the foot of the ridge, will advance along it on an equal or better footing than the defenders. In the other the salient part of the line is more or less isolated, and the troops there are liable to be cut off if the line is forced elsewhere, or if the ridge itself is gained by the enemy near its inner extremity. These alternatives were obviated by the plan actually executed of pushing the line forward everywhere so as to include the ridge in its general level. Therefore if other objections did not exist, this was so far an advantage. Next comes the circumstance that the superiority in artillery lay very decidedly on the 26th with us, on the 5th with the Russians. We did right, then, in the first case in leaving their columns to cross as much of the intervening ground as possible under artillery fire before they could close with us—and the result of that policy was that they were driven off the field by artillery fire alone. But on the 5th nearly half of our narrow position was occupied by the line of batteries. Where, then, were the infantry to be posted? Were they to be close in rear of the batteries? Then the tremendous fire of the enemy would sweep the ridge with double effect ravaging both guns and infantry. If posted in front of the guns the result would be the same, with the additional disadvantage that our guns would be firing over the heads of our infantry. By pushing the troops down the slope they met the enemy before their columns could issue from the ravines and deploy; and even on the Kitspur we are by no means certain that to encounter them on the ledge was not the best way of dealing with the ground. For by leaving the space between it and the Fore Ridge unoccupied, the Russians would have been able to take breath under shelter of the ledge before gaining the plateau—and when there they would have found the opportunity of achieving that which was one of their great difficulties throughout the day, namely, finding open space to deploy on at a certain distance from our front. As it was they came up rugged steeps in disorder and under fire to close with us, still up-hill, while yet breathless from the ascent. On the whole therefore we think the manner in which our troops fought the battle to have been very fortunately adapted to the topography of the field, and to the proportions of the opposing forces.

'The results of the strife between huge Russian masses on one side, and our thin English lines on the other, have,' says Mr. Kinglake, 'at first sight a look of the marvellous; yet were owing in the main, after all, to the union of four well-known conditions:—

'1. The nature of the ground.

'2. The mist.'

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'3. The enemy's gross way of fighting in masses.
'4. The quality of our officers and men.'

In which we mainly concur; thinking however that No. 3 would have been as well stated as 'the English habit of 'fighting in line.' The enemy's columns, which did not materially differ from what those of any other continental army would have been in the same circumstances, at that epoch, found themselves, long before they had arrived within what they would have considered deploying distance, under a destructive fire from our long-ranging rifles, the effects of which, and the rough ground, prevented them from deploying at all, till, their losses increasing and their officers shot down, they first ceased to advance, and then retreated.

To the last item of the conditions, 'the quality of our officers 'and men,' no one has ever borne warmer testimony than Mr. Kinglake. There is a kind of affectionate solicitude permeating his narrative of the exploits of each and all, as if he were recounting the deeds of his own kindred, and this is equally the case whether his theme be those of the private soldier or those of the general; he does not treat the Myrmidons as an aggregate for the sake of exalting Achilles. Warlike feats whether of skill or daring, but especially of daring, arouse in him a sympathy which his most unwearied celebrations of them cannot exhaust. He deals with them less in the spirit of a modern historian than of an ancient bard, who has looked on battle and loves it, and seeks in his stirring strains to maintain an ardour for achievement amidst the languors of peace. Quite in this style is his account of the singular advent of a French officer, still nameless in history, at a critical moment. 'There all at once rushed to his' (Pennefather's) 'side a young officer of Zouaves, a man of so fiery a spirit, 'and so kindling with the joy of battle, that he seemed to be 'invested—so Pennefather said—with a singular radiance.' It might almost be fancied that the enthusiastic narrator saw in the incident something more than natural, and half believed the radiant Zouave to be a celestial warrior, come to lead his countrymen in the fight, as the Great Twin Brethren once rode before the array of Rome. It is partly because of this eager sympathy, partly because of his intense nationality, partly, too, because of his original and vigorous style of narration, that he carries his reader with him through all his episodes, all his digressions, all his philippics, held by a spell of interest as potent as ever chronicler weaved.

Those who were children at the time of the Crimean War can scarcely realise how ardent, how anxious, how absorbing, was the interest which the nation felt for the actors in that

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distant field, insomuch that Mr. Bright, who was not then any more than now a warlike enthusiast, publicly said he believed there were thousands in England who only laid their heads on their pillows at night to dream of their brethren in the Crimea. This feeling reached its climax with the news of Inkerman, and it was not, nor, indeed, could it be, in excess of the magnitude of the stake which depended on the issue of that battle. The defeat of that slender division on its ridge would have carried with it consequences absolutely tremendous. The Russians, arriving on the plateau where the ground was bare, and the slopes no longer against them, would have interposed an army in order of battle between our trenches and the French lines looking on the valley. As they moved on, disposing by their mere impetus of any disjointed attempts to oppose them, they would have reached a hand to Gortschakoff on the one side, to the garrison of Sebastopol on the other, till the re-united Russian army, extended across the Chersonese, would have found on those wide plains a fair field for its great masses of cavalry and artillery. To the Allies, having behind them only the sea-cliffs, or the declivities leading to their narrow harbours, defeat would have been absolute and ruinous; and behind such defeat stood national degradation. On the other hand, when the long crisis of the day was past, the fate of Sebastopol was already decided. It is true that our misfortunes grew darker and darker, that six weeks afterwards most of the horses that charged at Balaklava were rotting in a sea of mud, most of the men who fought at Inkerman filling hospitals at Scutari or graves on the plateau, while our seaport and point of supply became a scene from which Dante might have derived fresh horrors for his picture of Malebolge. Any history of the war would be incomplete that failed to record, as a main and characteristic feature of it, the extraordinary misery which the besieging armies endured. Nevertheless when Inkerman had proved that the Russians could not beat us in battle, we were sure to win, because it was impossible for us to embark in presence of the enemy. We could do nothing else but keep our hold; and, keeping it, it was matter of demonstration that the Powers which held command of the sea must prevail over the Power whose theatre of war was separated from its resources by roadless deserts. Such were the consequences which hung in the balance each time that the Russian columns came crowding on while their long lines of artillery swept the ridge; and it is not amiss that a narrator so enthusiastic, so copious, and so eloquent as Mr. Kinglake should remind the nation how much it owed that day to the steadfast men of Inkerman.

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ART. IX.—1. *The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance. A Political Expostulation.* By the Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. London: 1874.

2. *Vaticanism: an Answer to Replies and Reproofs.* By the Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. London: 1875.

3. *The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance.* By HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster. London: 1875.

4. *A Letter addressed to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, on occasion of Mr. Gladstone's recent Expostulation.* By J. H. NEWMAN, D.D., of the Oratory. London: 1875.

5. *Il Grande Errore dei Moderni Farisei.* Per ANDREA MORETTI. Bergamo: 1866.

6. *Catholic Reform.* By Father HYACINTHE. Translated by Madame HYACINTHE-LOYSON; with a Preface by ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, Dean of Westminster. London: 1874.

7. *Der dritte Altkatholiken-Congress in Constanz im Jahre* 1873. *Hirtenbrief vom* 14 *Dec.* 1873, *gegen die Encyclica Pius IX.* Bonn.

'THE Catholic Church,' says her great apologist, Joseph de Maistre, 'was created to believe and to love; and 'it is only with regret that she disputes.' Her regrets notwithstanding, it must be confessed that the Church of Rome is at this moment not only opposed to the autonomy of Italy and of Germany, but that she is at war with modern society in all its interests, spiritual as well as temporal. She may regret this 'dispute,' but it threatens to be both bitter and long, and in the meantime she curses rather than blesses the nations and individuals whom, by reason of an assumed right divine, she claims as her children.

'I speak with frankness,' wrote Pius IX. to the German Emperor, 'even to those who are not Catholics; for *everyone* 'who has been baptised, *belongs* in some way or other (which 'to define more precisely would here be out of place), *belongs*, 'I say, to the Pope.' The eloquence of the Supreme Pontiff is generally so copious, and so little influenced by the facts of history or the fetters of logic, that we wish that in his letter to the new German Emperor His Holiness had not considered it '*out of place*' to explain to a heretical monarch and his people, the manner or manners in which all baptised persons 'belong'

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to him as the head of the Church. His reasoning would probably have produced no effect upon the German Chancellor, but it might have been a factor in the sum of the arguments now produced for and against the Papal Supremacy in Christendom, and as such might have helped us to a quotient. It might have explained why in his Syllabus of Errors the Pope thinks it necessary to take so sweeping a view of modern society; according to which, if we read its meaning from the text, nine out of ten of all 'baptised persons' are anathema. Nothing short of the personal recantation of each of them, according to his view of the case, can alter their position as reprobates, and his own as the anathematiser of the round world and all that it contains, in a century of perversity and progress.

More than this, had his Holiness not felt an explanation to be '*out of place*,' we might have been in possession of an *ex-cathedra* opinion on the points at issue between Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Newman, between Lords Acton and Camoys, and Monsignore Capel and Cardinal Manning. A windy war of words is raging just now, not only as to whether the position of all Catholics towards the Pope is altered by the decrees of the Vatican Council, but whether, supposing an infallible Pontiff to wish to exercise the deposing power on a non-Catholic sovereign, her Catholic subjects would be bound to acknowledge his claims on their loyalty rather than those of their Queen.

For the last four months the English press has more than reflected the prevailing ecclesiasticism in politics. Falck laws in Germany, secularisation of conventual property in Italy, 'Old Catholic' conferences at Bonn, and popular elections of *curés* in Geneva, like anti-ritualist bills in the House of Commons, have paled in interest before an English controversy more eager than any that has been seen since the Ecclesiastical Titles difficulty raised a panic in this country. Even religious criticism holds its breath to listen. We question whether any pamphlet ever before obtained so vast and rapid a sale as this tract of seventy pages, in which the late leader of the Liberal party in England confronts English Roman Catholics with the dilemma in which he conceives the decision of the Vatican Council to have placed them. It will be remembered that his first address purported to be confined to the bearing of the Vatican Decrees on the Civil Allegiance of Catholics—a narrow point after all; but in his rejoinder entitled Vaticanism, which is by far the abler production of the two, both in style and substance, he went to the root of the matter, and attacked, with a merciless hand and in language of extreme bitterness, the very foundations of the

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Romish Church. These productions have astonished alike Mr. Gladstone's friends and his antagonists.

Early in 1870, and before either Prussian cannon or Vatican decrees had altered the face of European countries and disturbed their dioceses, England was taken by surprise by a literary production of Mr. Disraeli's bearing on the Romanising spirit of our age. 'Lothair,' along with 'ropes of 'pearls,' a metaphysical Syrian, the divine Theodora, and much marvellous matter served up in a still more marvellous manner, contained an exposition of Romish intrigues, and pointed to a future of increasing Romish pretensions. Mr. Disraeli showed us, with wonderful skill and appreciation, the personal piety, the personal purity, and the political obliquity of a party which assumes to be the only possessor of truth, the only bulwark against errors in faith, against communism, infidelity, and general disorder, against the absence of order, and that universal spiritual chaos which Pius IX. discerns in the world. The arguments used by the Romish party in 'Lothair' are no exaggeration of the way in which they seek to enlist, and do enlist, generous souls in the mighty contest for righteousness. But for Rome, they say, disorder and Atheism, like a second Noachian deluge, would cover the earth, and thick darkness the people. Truth only can regenerate the world, and that truth which they assumed till lately to be the property of the Church, is now ascertained to be the sole property of its Vicar. 'The Pope,' says Archbishop (now Cardinal) Manning, 'is infallible solely, and apart from the Episcopal body.' 'The Pope,' echoes Louis Veuillot, 'is more essential than any 'fruit of the earth, and than any benediction from Heaven.' These are words with which we are now unluckily only too familiar, but writing as he did before the event, the author of 'Lothair' has hardly obtained sufficient credit for the sagacity and the truth of his sketches. People read 'Lothair,' and amused themselves by identifying its heroes and heroines with this member of society or with that; and it is no offence to Mr. Disraeli to say that some of the absurdities of his book are better remembered now than its notes of warning about either Vatican politics or International societies. But subsequent experience has shown that these passages were prophetic. Mr. Disraeli's great rival has also just written a book. Why Mr. Gladstone has required four years to perceive the difficulties of those of his fellow-subjects who are Roman Catholics, or at least to see them so clearly as to wish to expostulate with them, it is difficult to understand. Perhaps he felt that it would be unfair or useless to remonstrate with

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them till they should have had a four years' acquaintance with their (as he thinks) altered position, and leisure to see how far it was likely to suit them. Perhaps the attitude of the Catholics towards his Educational Measures for Ireland rankles in his mind, and that from the leisure to which they helped to consign him, he has shot an arrow at what he thinks the weakest part in their harness. Perhaps he acts upon the opinion, expressed in his speech on the Irish University Bill, that the time may come when the whole relation of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects to the State must be reconsidered. At all events, English Roman Catholics have not required long to answer him.

To us Mr. Gladstone's assumption of a new political difficulty in the civil allegiance of Catholics to their sovereign and their country certainly appears to be entirely erroneous. English Roman Catholics are quite as loyal now as they were in the days of Lord Howard of Effingham and the Spanish Armada; and he knows it. What is more, if any daylight can be seen through the conflicting statements, casuistry, arguments, contradictions, blasts, and counterblasts to which the questions of Papal supremacy and Papal infallibility have recently given rise, it does *not* appear that the position of Catholic subjects has been altered by the Vatican Council, to the extent which Mr. Gladstone supposes, or indeed to any extent that is historically appreciable. That Roman Catholics all the world over, and more especially Roman Catholic bishops, have a grievance against the Roman Curia is true. That ever since the decrees of a Council, which, as the Père Gratry said, 'began with a '*coup d'état* and finished with a *guet-apens*,' the bishops have been in a false position, is another question. It is one which it will be our business to speak of presently with great interest and at some length; but that proves nothing as to the subject of this famous Expostulation. All men hold in some degree a divided allegiance to conscience and to law. A Quaker who refuses to take an oath or to serve in the militia alleges a moral obligation in opposition to a legal one. A Non-conformist who refuses to pay a school rate, because he hates the 25th clause of the Education Act, does the same; indeed the entire history of dissent is but an illustration of the same principle. The High Church party in England are continually setting the law at defiance. We think these conscientious persons are mistaken, but we do not accuse them of throwing off their civil allegiance.

The claims of the popes have always been *nominally* such as to threaten the peace, discipline, and loyalty of kingdoms. On

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the other hand the Church in England, ever since the days of Edward the Confessor, has always been placed between the national and the Petrine claims. But fortunately the question of the Papal Supremacy in our realms has ever been more a legal than a theological one, and the legal rulings of our courts and statute-books have always been in opposition to the varied developments of the 'Privilege of Peter.' As the nation grew in wisdom and strength such a struggle necessarily intensified itself. Hence the decisive separation which the English were at last compelled to make between themselves and Rome. That separation was not only made for the sake of those doctrinal differences which we identify with the Reformation, but it was a national defence, and as such had to be gallantly prolonged through the struggle with France which gave William of Orange his value for us, and it again found a national expression in the transfer of our crown to the Princes of the House of Hanover. The Pope has always had claims and a way of looking at the rights of nations and national churches which we object to, and from him we have therefore cut ourselves adrift, leaving the Petrine claims a dead letter so far as our liberties were concerned. It is true that when the Catholic disabilities were removed, English Catholic subjects specifically rejected and refuted any such admission of Infallibility on his part as would interfere with their duties as subjects. This is probably what Dr. Newman alludes to when he says that the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland had become Gallican in its spirit. Its catechisms were then certainly guiltless of the Ultramontane doctrines which now disfigure their pages. But looking back over English history we cannot fail to perceive that the Petrine claims have ever existed and ever been practically resisted by Englishmen. So much is this the case, that anyone who chooses to consult Isaac Barrow's Treatise on the Papal Supremacy will find there all the arguments used by Mr. Gladstone. They were self-evident two hundred years ago, and were the Vatican Council Œcumenical, which it is not, or were its sittings closed, which they are not, and were the Pope declared infallible in every diocese in Europe, which he has not been, the position of English Catholics would be, as far as we can perceive, neither better nor worse than it was before.

To prove that Pius IX. has become through the new dogma such a very dangerous and disagreeable neighbour as Mr. Gladstone supposes, it would be necessary first to prove that he had previously been a harmless or an agreeable one; and that we deny. He has not been directly harmful to Eng-

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land because, as Lord Acton half scornfully shows, there is and can be a wonderful difference between Roman Catholic theory and Roman Catholic practice, and because Catholics do and can give their consciences the benefit of the great '*never-theless*.' That they will always continue to do so we are convinced. The Petrine claims may continue to sound in their ears, but these Catholic gentlemen will continue to be, as far as their loyalty is concerned, like 'the children in the market-place.' Her Majesty has no more faithful subjects than the Catholic peers, and if the Irish members have been a troublesome and uncertain quantity in the House of Commons, it has been because of the numerical importance of their most sweet voices on a party division, and because of certain manipulations of their votes, with which the whips of the House are familiar in practice, and of which the late leader of the Liberal party can hardly be entirely ignorant.

We think that the political-allegiance aspect of the Infallibility question does not deserve the zeal which Mr. Gladstone shows about it, and the polemical bitterness which he has tried to excite. That his anxiety about it is genuine we do not disbelieve, though we are rather disposed to attribute the inopportune appearance of this famous Expostulation to a growing sympathy in his mind with the Liberal Catholic party in Europe. His remonstrance is, we suspect, only the first-fruit of a harvest of thoughts, sympathies, opinions, and manifestos which we may look from his pen. Perceiving as he does in the politics of Lord Acton, and in the theology of Dr. Döllinger, a hope for Catholic Christendom, it does seem unlucky that his mind should have fastened on this the least striking aspect of the Infallibility difficulty. But if he has written, as we suspect, less to warn than to sound the Catholic party in England, he must have been struck by the many and dissimilar answers he has received since the appearance of his pamphlet.

These answers have been extraordinarily interesting. They may be classed in three orders of merit. Of these we will take first the replies of Capel and of Manning, which prove nothing. They are zealous rather than sincere; shallow and voluble, there is a specious facility about them in spite of the sub-soil of arrogance in their authors. Cardinal Manning is also wilful in his attempt to evade the difficulty about the 'deposing power' of the Pope. He says that Pius IX. claims no such authoritative interference with Queen Victoria 'because she is not a Catholic.' Now the personal opinion of His Holiness as recently expressed, *di proprio pugno*, to

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the German Emperor is 'that every baptised person belongs, 'I say, to the Pope.' Boniface VIII. also declared and left on record that 'he who receives baptism even *from a heretic* 'becomes by virtue thereof a member of the Catholic Church.' These declarations may be ridiculous and false, illogical and troublesome, or they may be held to be the reverse; but they exist, and they cannot be explained away. Even if we admit with Dr. Newman (p. 92) that 'theology is a science, and that 'a scientific education is required in order to understand the 'value of propositions,' these statements are on record; and unless language, besides being given us to conceal thoughts, is given us to declare the exact opposite of what is uttered, *by* these statements Cardinal Manning, at least, is bound to abide. Such Essays as his, intended to make plain people believe that the pea is under some other thimble than the one which covers it, are extremely unprofitable reading. As to what the writing of such disingenuous controversy may be for those who profess it, we need not inquire.

It is pleasant to turn to a very different sort of work:* we mean the Letter of Dr. Newman to the Duke of Norfolk, which is really a touching and perhaps a half-reluctant reply to the Expostulation. Seldom has a paper appeared so characteristic of the writer, so interesting from its spirit and its aim. There is in it neither violence nor bitterness. The passage about the disabilities of Catholics in England compared with the liberties enjoyed by English Protestants in many Catholic countries, is not intentionally overstrained; the allusions to the Church of England are in good taste, and the admission of faults and follies in his own Communion is frank and pathetic. This 'old man eloquent' clings to a principle which satisfies if it does not cheer or edify him, and he vindicates a position which he cannot logically defend. To him the Church of Rome, which if not his first love is his last, seems blameless. Faults from evil counsels, or from the reactionary pressure of an evil time, he is willing to admit. For him wars and massacres, and the temporal arm, have no charms, while he sees in Rome the nurse of early civilisation, the bulwark of faith in later days, the mother of kings, the judge and the arbiter among princes. Between all this and the apostolic

* The reader who cares to compare this piece of modern controversy with a work on the same subject published in 1660, should consult Lord Castlemaine's 'Apology for Catholics,' which was also in its day a '*political expostulation.*' A resemblance to the defence entered by the Catholic peers of to-day may be traced in Mr. Burke's celebrated speech at the Guildhall of Bristol, 1780.

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simplicity of faith and practice in the first centuries Dr. Newman can behold no incongruity. The Pope of the Triple Crown is to him the logical counterpart of the Pope with the Keys. That the chair of the Fisherman should have been exchanged for a temporal throne, he thinks natural, the result of an internal necessity. Here he quotes a fine passage from Ranke, which says that the 'rise of Christianity involved the liberation of 'religion from all political elements.' Let us grant that it did so, and that one stage of the education of the world was to be necessarily so conducted. But has the temporal power ultimately tended to liberate religion from 'all political elements'? On the contrary; and in England we have more than once felt to our cost that the victory of Popery in this country would have been the victory of 'political elements' which would be fatal both to our liberties and to our national development.

The cruel policy, the vaulting ambition, the grinding tyranny of his Church, Dr. Newman cannot perceive. The prerogatives of Rome are holy in his eyes, most so when he perceives under them some latent doctrinal truth.

'However,' he says, '*I do not call upon another* to believe all that I believe on the subject myself. I declare it, as my own judgment, that the prerogatives such as, *and in the way in which I have described* them in substance, which the Church had under the Roman *power*; these she claims now, and never, never will relinquish; claims them, not as having received them from a dead Empire, but *partly* as a *direct endowment* of her Divine Master, and partly by being a *legitimate outcome* from that endowment; claims them, but *not except from Catholic* populations, not as *accounting the more sublime of them to be of every-day use*, but holding them as a protection or remedy in great emergencies, or on supreme occasions when *nothing else will serve*, as extraordinary and solemn acts of her *religious sovereignty*.'

The italics in this passage are our own. We quote it, and we call attention to it as the most remarkable thing that has yet been penned. Notice the unwillingness to call on others to believe as the writer believes; a strange instance of private opinion in a member of a Church which professes to lay all minds on the one Procrustean bed, which is *semper eadem*. Notice the double derivation of the Papal claims; then the proviso that these are binding on Catholic populations *only*; then a declaration that they are also weapons or stores (what Mr. Gladstone calls 'rusty tools'), not only to be used when *nothing else* will serve, but solemn tokens at the same time of a 'religious sovereignty' in which Dr. Newman believes. In this sentence we have a key to his mind. It belongs to the order of spirits which needs, which recognises, and which hails a religious sovereignty. To many minds such a thing not merely is

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an anomaly, and an anachronism, but it is a moral offence. Not so to Dr. Newman. His Church may fail, may suffer, may err, but with her Spiritual Head she is the object of his moral and spiritual allegiance. To him she is that friend who is 'past, present, and to be,' and to her, thus 'deeplier loved, 'and darklier understood,' he can well apply the context of the Laureate's lines:—

> 'Behold I dream a dream of good,
> And mingle all the world with thee.'

Towards the end of his letter there is a perceptible flagging in his powers, and the arguments grow painfully weaker. We miss the eloquence of pages 31–32, where he reviews the services rendered by the Papacy to the world's history, between the reigns of Gregory I. and Innocent III., a period of 600 years, 'by which all nations and their governors, all statesmen 'and legislatures, were the gainers.' We miss, too, the sarcastic reasoning, when he shows that if instead of one such centre as the Sovereign Pontiff, Europe were provided with many religious centres, Chaos would be come again. We miss the beautiful (if intensely idiopathic) view of conscience, and the many forcible and pathetic passages with which this remarkable apology abounds. But towards the end of the work Dr. Newman gets among the shifting sands of theological statements and confessions. As long as he really spoke out of his heart, his *Credo* had a ring of earnestness, and a sad sweet music accompanied it; out of his heart and with his whole soul he spoke it. But when we come to what we may call his *Confiteor* clauses, they ring hollow. He accounts for this by saying that none but a *schola theologorum* is competent to determine the force of Papal and Synodal utterances, and that their exact interpretation is a work of time. To this we can only reply that theology, like every other science, must have its experts; but, on the other hand, if wayfaring men are to find their way through the world of dogmas, there must be some tangible facts presented for their guidance. If doctrines are necessary for salvation, they ought to be honestly stated; and if Papal utterances are of importance at all, it is hard that they should be wrapped up in words which are unintelligible to all but experts, or in such dark sayings that they can be explained away. A process very like explaining away is that which Dr. Newman proceeds to apply to the Syllabus of Errors. It is not, and never was, he says, the work of the Pope's hand, though its meaning has been collected from his allocutions. That meaning has been oddly rendered if passages which, as Dr. Newman tells us, were originally intended to apply only

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to Spain, or to New Granada, are now amplified so as to extend, or appear to extend, themselves over the whole of civilised Europe. This 'apparent breadth' has misled many more readers than Mr. Gladstone, and we think that the passages which treat of the Syllabus (pages 78–91) are the least worthy of those in which Dr. Newman records his own faith or meets the accusations of his opponent.

We now come to the third and last class of answers which have been made to the Expostulation. We mean to the letters of those Catholic gentlemen in England who do not feel themselves in harmony with the Vatican dogma. A great scholar treats it as more historically curious than binding, or dangerous, and reminds us how often and how harmlessly such thunders have growled about our horizon.* Another peer complains that dogmas wholly unknown to his youth should now be made *de fide* by the cabals and impatient action of the extreme party in his Church. Mr. Petre is so wholly out of sympathy with the dogma, that his bishop in taking measures against him professes an anxiety about his soul's safety in a future life, which the owner of the soul not only does not share, but resents, while he declares the conduct of the Ultramontane party to be reckless and irrational. These letters are symptomatic of 'something rotten in the state of Denmark;' of a split within the camp caused by the extravagances of a party which the R. P. Theiner stigmatises as dishonest and impossible to work with,† and of whom Dr. Newman himself avers that 'their wild and overbearing deeds have 'stretched principles till they are close on snapping.' The position of these dissidents from the Vatican is intensely interesting, and the books whose names stand at the head of this article show that they are by no means singular. It appears that the Church of Rome, in this hour of her great effort, has, 'because nothing else would serve,' rashly wielded one of those prerogatives which are to be, says Dr. Newman, her resort in emergencies. At this hour of her spiritual infatuation she has helped to develope within her pale a school of Liberal Catholics. That in France, England, Ireland, and Belgium the number of such thinkers may as yet be small we

* 'I affirmed that apprehension of civil danger from the Vatican Council overlooks the infinite subtlety and inconsistency with which men practically elude the yoke of official uniformity in matters of opinion.' (*Letter of Lord Acton.*)

† Letters of the R. P. Theiner to Professor Friederichs, contributed to the *Kölner Zeitung*, and to the *Deutsche Merkür*, the organ of the 'Old Catholic' party, republished in Munich, Dec. 1874.

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admit, but in Switzerland, Germany, and Upper Italy their numbers are already to be counted not by hundreds, or by thousands, but by tens of thousands.*

Liberal Catholicism! The very word has an odd sound in English ears. Can a fountain, then, pour forth both sweet waters and bitter? Is there a Catholicism that is not afraid to be liberal, a liberalism that is not ashamed to be Catholic? Is there any such parity between the two elements that we should find them thus wedded in one name? What has Liberalism, with its cry of 'Excelsior,' its red flag, and its eager steps, to do with a religion that embodies the beliefs and the usages of nineteen centuries? Liberalism points to the future, Catholicism has her eye fixed on the past; and is there really a movement so Janus-faced as to look both ways?

The books and periodicals that cover our table at this moment prove that it exists; that such thinkers suffer and protest, and that many eager eyes now scan the sky, and question the watchman not only of the night but of the coming morning. Less sympathy is felt with them in England than there ought to be, and far less is known or heard of them than of the pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial or to Pontigny. But as this school is independent of fashion, and very little dependent on time and opportunity, its converts are all the more sincere, and it is all the more likely to keep the ground it has gained. Fortunately for the interests of Christianity and of common sense, prelates like Strossmayer and Schwarzenberg, theologians like Döllinger and Reinkens, laymen like Acton, Morette, and Schulte, priests like Hyacinthe Loyson, Michaud, and Deramay, are not new in the Roman Church. There have been always found within her pale men who were not afraid of the truth, who refused to place the utterances and threats of an angry *Camarilla* on a par with the belief of the Universal Church, and who never drove the doctrines of tradition and of authority to their extreme logical conclusions.

It is the fashion for modern Ultramontanes to ignore this

* Statistics are still very imperfect, even in Germany. In Prussia there are twenty-two congregations, with a total of 14,000 souls. In Bavaria thirty-three, with a total of 14,000 souls. In Baden twenty-seven congregations, 9,200 souls. There are congregations in Hesse, and on the whole there must be not less than 200,000 adherents. Luther, in three years after his thesis of 1517, made much slower progress. At present the Old Catholics are excluded from all endowments; but it is doubtful whether any unemployed or ill-paid clergy exist among them, and bursaries in the universities are open to their students.

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fact, and the part which such thinkers have played in history. They would fain have us believe that every dissident is a '*Maudit*,'* that intellectual doubts are synonymous with infamous lives; and when some Catholics have through the English press expressed their grief, dissent, and surprise at the new Vatican dogma, these gentlemen are spoken of as melancholy and extraordinary accidents. So far from their being the monstrous births of this century, these are but the legitimate descendants of learned, patriotic, and good men, who in all ages have made a stand against preposterous developments of doctrine and arrogant and political claims. They descend in the direct line from Gregory the Great,† from Hinckmar, from the Chancellor Gerson, from Jansenius, from Bossuet, from Clement XIV., from Gioberti, Rosmini, Gratry, Montalembert, and Theiner. They have both laymen and churchmen for their sponsors; for sometimes the voices which, with more or less holy anger or of zeal, protested against error and tyranny, came from the laity. The parliaments of France, especially that of Paris,‡ were always opposed to the encroachments of a foreign and spiritual power, opposed to the party of whom Fénelon said, 'Nothing is so 'extreme but what they will defend it, and I dread this for 'the Church far more than all the sects of the heretics.' These Liberal thinkers have formed, so to speak, an almost apostolical succession in the Church of wise and candid men. They were sometimes giants of moral and intellectual strength like Pascal, who judged the Romanism of the Jesuits and said

* 'Mais voici le vrai infâme près de qui les autres sont innocents. Voici le monstre *plus rédoutable* que le païen, c'est le prêtre ennemi de l'Église.. Il existe. Je l'ai vu, je l'ai entendu. Quelle que soit la misère de ton esprit, infâme, le crime est dans ton cœur. Sois maudit pour le crime de ton cœur.' (*Parfum de Rome*, par L. Veuillot, vol. ii.)

† The attempt to set up a universal pastor is declared by Gregory the Great to be 'an infamous attempt against God's commandment, 'against the Gospel, against the laws of the Church, against the constitution of the Church, against the dignity of the bishops, an insult to 'the whole Church, and blasphemy.' (Ep. v. 18, 20, 21.)

‡ 'Si l'on se réprésente le nombre des magistrats repandus sur le sol de la France, celui des tribunaux inférieurs qui se faisaient un devoir et une gloire de marcher dans leur sens: la nombreuse clientèle des parlements, et tout ce que le sang, l'amitié ou le simple ascendant emportaient dans le même tourbillon, on concevra aisément qu'il y en avait assez pour former dans le sein de l'Église Gallicane le parti le plus rédoutable contre le Saint-Siége.' (*J. de Maistre, De l'Église Gallicane*, liv. i. 16.)

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that it was 'a religion which made game of religion' (*se moque de*), and sometimes, like Hinckmar and Bossuet, they had a noble and instinctive patriotism. For a genuine opposition to Rome mere dogmatic and doctrinal differences do not suffice. The English doctrinal reformation was begun upon questions of dogma and morals by Wickliffe, but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries our Reformation and our Revolution were achieved by a nation determined to be free, to be masters in their own country, and to have no foreign prince, or priest, or potentate, as a ruler or a meddler, among them.

Wherever this national spirit thrives the moral and intellectual interests of the country thrive in proportion. It is the national spirit in Italy and in Germany which makes one sanguine for the religious movements there, and it is the unpatriotic weakness of France that helps to lay her at the feet of Pius IX. In fact the history of the French Church up to the retractation of the four Articles, and the acceptance of the bull *Unigenitus*, is the history of a nation's struggle, when the clergy were learned, and had a great territorial importance and stake in its welfare. The history of Gallicanism is the noblest part of French story, and the history of its defeat has been that of a nation's degradation and a people's decay. Learning, individuality, and courage have since diminished in France, in a land that so long as it possessed these things was as supreme in philosophy and arts as she was victorious in arms. Nowhere is religious liberty so impossible as it now is in the country of Bossuet. Fiction is at a premium there; piety has been replaced by a sickly mysticism, loyalty by Ultramontanism, morality by the code of Gury, and nowhere are the words of truth and soberness more rare than in the country which once so nearly possessed its spiritual freedom. It is true that a great number of her prelates were among the 220 bishops who protested on the 16th July, 1870, against the step which Pius IX. was to take on the 18th; but their later attitude has not been that of courage, and the religious press and the manifold pilgrimages of France show a depth of superstitious inanity, while among her clergy there are to be found some of the most ardent supporters of that monstrous dogma which, when written up on the doors of the Vatican, seems to say to the religious world, *lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate*. That this should be so is amazing, as it is the episcopal body that has been really aggrieved by the dogma of 1870. Its position is prodigiously altered. It would appear as if no man of spirit could now accept of the office of a bishop on such conditions; rather that he would say, with Reinkens, that

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'A mystification has too long been made of the word *church*.* The *ecclesia* of Holy Scripture is simply and solely the congregation of those who are baptised unto Christ, the unity of people and clergy. What, then, has Pius IX. still to do with the true Church as the evangelical *ecclesia*? Why, in the dogmatic constitution of the 18th July, 1870, he solemnly severed himself from it. For in the most formal way he has proclaimed, as *his* dogma of Christianity, that his *ex-cathedra* judgments in doctrines of faith and morals are of themselves irreformable; *but not by consent of the Church*. Hereby he has set himself alone over against the whole Church; *he* is all, and *it* is nothing.'

No one in France however, not even the bishop of Orleans, dares to take up this tone. So fallen is that Star of the Morning, the French Church. Betrayed by her kings, overwhelmed by revolutions, and sold by a Concordat, she is now degraded by too many of her priests. Drunk with the fanaticism of the Vatican and cringing before the power of what they themselves call the *bande noire* (the Company of Jesus), they forget that they are Christians, and that they are Frenchmen. They point with triumph to the spectacle of unity which they present; but the peace and unity of such a Church is that of the grave-heaps in a churchyard, and the obedience of such men is that of a herd of dumb driven cattle, and not the courage, the self-sacrifice, or the dignity of the overseers of a flock.

Bearing in mind both the long life of Gallicanism and its collapse and defeat, we open the books before us with no small interest—with no small sympathy be it added, but still with a predominant curiosity to know what has been recently done in the way of liberating the Church from the power of official Romanism, and what these reformers yet hope to perform in the interests of Catholic liberty. The Père Hyacinthe, for one, does not hesitate to entitle his book 'Catholic Reform.' But what is meant by reform? are such reforms likely to endure? and if they prosper, what has a more liberal Catholicism to offer to Europe, nay to society, which has endured so much and expected so long? We ask these questions; and surely they are not unimportant ones. The most sectarian Protestantism, or the most insular selfishness, cannot refuse its meed of curiosity at least to these problems. More than half of Western Christendom are nominal Roman Catholics, and is it to be said that out of their region of intellectual mist and vapour, out of their land of spiritual bondage, there is no issue? Is the Church, which is now bound hand and foot

* Bishop Reinkens' Pastoral Letter, in reply to the Encyclic of Pius IX. Bonn. Dec. 14, 1873.

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round the chair of Pius IX., never to have any more life? is she never again to take up the psalm of freedom, '*In exitu 'Israel'*?

There are men who say that she can, that she must, and that she will. Only last September the voices of many Old Catholic priests, and of still more Old Catholic laymen, were raised at Bonn; in Hungary towers the gigantic figure of Strossmayer; from the presses of Bergamo and Brescia issue books which demand the secularisation of the Bible; the Abbé Deramay, a priest of the Sorbonne, leads a vigorous movement in the Catholic Jura; and in Geneva an unfrocked Carmelite points to the family and hearth of a Catholic priest, while he quickens faith and practice by the fervour of an eloquence which once held all Paris entranced round the pulpit of Notre Dame. None of these men have left, or wish to leave, their Church for any of the younger communions of Christendom. Their attitude towards her is as affectionate as it is disinterested; and whether considered from the political, the psychological, or the theological point of view, it is striking and full of moment.

Just when the policy of the Vatican has reached, or rather overstepped, the bounds of sanity on its own part, and of endurance on ours, we hear this voice crying in the wilderness, and offering gifts for men. It speaks of a mutual understanding as possible among bodies of Christians, which shall have some better standing ground than the slippery pinnacles of the sects, or than the preposterous claims of an aged Italian priest. It proposes a federation of Churches, where the nationality of each shall be respected, and each shall regard the other as a local phase of the central Christian and Catholic Church. It offers liberty without license, and disciplinary reforms without innovations. The faith is to be cleared of lying fables, and changes are to be made in practice suitable to the requirements of the age, to climate, and to race; yet there is to be in spirit no rupture from that tradition which has carried down the beliefs of the Church through nineteen centuries. The hierarchy and hagiology of the Church are to be preserved, Scripture is to be the touchstone of doctrine, and the Œcumenical Councils the exponents of dogma; but Scripture is not to be wrested so as to serve sectarian ends, or to feed sectarian strifes. The shadow of the Papal Supremacy is no longer to lie across the land, and blight all its harvests; but, on the other hand, the pole star is not to vanish from the firmament of faith, neither are men to be left to drift across the dark waters on their way to the haven where they would

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be, with no other rudder than private opinion, and with no other pilot than their own intellectual arrogance or their still more illiberal passions.

No fairer promises than these (could we for a moment suppose them to be tenable) were ever made to the spirits of mankind. For their fulfilment two things, however, would be needed. First, the genuine nature of the reforms proposed; and, secondly, their stability.

That Dr. Döllinger, as representing the Old Catholics, and Hyacinthe Loyson, as representing what may be called the Liberal Catholics, are sincere in their desire for reforms no one can doubt, and M. Loyson at least has paid dearly for his honesty. 'We live,' says Dr. Döllinger, in his protest signed at Munich in 1871, 'in hopes that the struggle which has 'broken out will be under Providence a means of effecting the 'so long desired and now become inevitable *reform* of the 'affairs of the Church, both in its constitution and in its life. .... By this way alone, and not by Vatican decrees, we 'shall draw near the supreme end assigned to Christian de-'velopment, the *reunion* of other Christian confessions now 'separated from us.'

Here we have the two sides of the Liberal Catholic movement, *Reunion*, or the abandonment of that arrogant and exclusive possession of truth which the Church of Rome asserts,* and *Reform*.

As regards reunion, the subject has been viewed by the different communities of Christendom in three very different ways. There is, first, the Ultramontane version of reunion, viz. the individual recantation and submission of every heretic, who on saying '*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*,' can be received again into the bosom of the one true Church. Visions of success in this line dazzle the eyes of Pius IX.; three or four ecclesiastics have a high reputation for making such model converts, and whenever an English peer, a lady of rank and independent fortune, or a widowed queen is netted by them, there is joy in all the courts of the Vatican. Still the Supreme Pontiff must be very sanguine to hope for a speedy millennium at the rate at which progress is made in this direction.

We have also had in England a specious plan for reunion, which was at its height in this country in 1867 when, if we remember rightly, Dr. Pusey discovered his 'Eirenicon,' a device which the Syllabus and the dogma of Infallibility must ere this have swept away into the limbo of futile and foolish

* Syllabus, Propositions xvii. and lxvii.

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things. Its promoters belonged to the advanced school of High Church theory and practice. Unwilling absolutely to leave the Church of England for the Church of Rome, they fancied that they could split the difference, and effect a fusion on the basis of a, to say the least of it, peculiar reading of the Tridentine articles. But their sympathies were exclusively with Rome and with the Eastern Church. All the Evangelical bodies, the Lutheran, and the Scandinavian Churches were to be rigorously excluded from this the least liberal scheme of reunion that ever entered into the head of a churchman. Its day has passed, and it only remains for those who read the literature to which it gave rise to marvel over the disingenuousness, the self-deception, and the short-sightedness of the men who planned it.*

The third and last scheme for reunion is that to which we have alluded as the Federative one. It is cherished by the Old Catholics, and with it many Anglicans and a few Russians † are in sympathy. This scheme is at least eminently comprehensive. At the Bonn Conference of last September there

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* We refer the reader to a volume of Essays on the Reunion of Christendom, edited by the Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L., with an introductory essay by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. (London. Hayes, 1867.) The book has just become curious from a new and another point of view. During some weeks of this year, Monsignore Capel challenged Canon Liddon to prove that the ultra-Ritualist party in the Church of England were not doing the work of Rome. Canon Liddon disclaimed any such intention, and any privity in the works of the so-called Romanising party. Indeed, he vindicated them from such an intention. On p. 187 of this volume of Essays the following monstrous passage, however, occurs:—'The marvel is that Roman Catholics do not see the wisdom of *aiding us* to their uttermost. Admitting that *we are but a lay body with no* pretensions to the name of a Church, we yet in our belief (however mistaken) that we are one, are doing for England what they cannot do. *We are teaching men to believe that God is to be worshipped under the form of Bread, and they are learning the lesson from us which they have refused to learn from the Roman teachers that have been among us for the last* 300 *years.* We are teaching men to endure willingly the pain of confession, which is an intense trial to the reserved Anglo-Saxon nature, and to believe that a man's "I absolve thee," is the voice of God. . . . *On any hypothesis we are doing their work.*' Surely Convocation might do worse than look over some of these books, which Canon Liddon says he has not time to read, but which Monsignore Capel has found time to quote. Their spirit has nothing in common with that of the Church of England.

† Protokole der Sitzung der St. Petersburger Abtheilung des Vereins der Freunde geistlicher Aufklärung. Wiesbaden, 1874.

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were nearly as many German Evangelical representatives as Catholics; an English bishop spoke, and some American prelates were consenting. It is true that these representatives of foreign churches were not delegates—they were present in an unofficial capacity only, in the hope, as Bishop Reinkens expressed it at Freiburg, 'that the reunion of separated Christian sects would be brought about—not the reunion by an 'outward confession of faith, but by the revival of the Christian 'spirit in all.' He spoke, he added, in the name of the hundred thousand Old Catholics of Germany. At Bonn nothing positive was effected, except the trouble which the members of different communions took to understand each other's position and wishes; and in this, as well as in the increased and increasing activity of the Anglo-Continental Society, we see happy omens for the future,* since Charity was at Bonn and at Constance able to whisper something to Hope.

We now take leave of that part of the Liberal Catholic programme which treats of *Reunion* in order to consider the question of *Reform*. What the projected reforms are to be may be gathered from Dr. Döllinger's declaration at Munich, from the articles of the Bonn Conference, and from the book of the Père Hyacinthe, the English edition of which is honoured by an introduction written for it by the Dean of Westminster. We will briefly enumerate twelve of the points on which Liberal Catholics differ from the ordinances of the Council of Trent, and from the official Romanism of the Vatican:—

(1.) The use of the Scriptures by the laity.

(2.) The use of the vulgar tongue in the offices of the Church.

(3.) The freedom of the clergy to marry, by means of which the Great Latin Church of the West will be assimilated to the practice of the Eastern, the Russian Orthodox, the Maronite and the Uniate Churches.

(4.) Monastic vows when made are to be revocable on fair and reasonable grounds. The whole monastic system as at present existing is faulty and untenable, but at the same time the reformers do not wish to deprive society of this possibility of retreat and association.

(5.) Reforms are to be made in the education of the conventual schools, and above all in the training of the Seminary, which as at present conducted is insufficient, and also of a kind to widen the distinction between the clergy and the laity.

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* Report of the Anglo-Continental Society, 1874, Rivington.

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(6.) Confession is not obligatory, except in the general form which forms part of the Communion office. *Direction*, as practised in the Roman Church, is forbidden. This practice, which has superseded in the Latin Church the old public or quasi public sacrament of *Penitence*, has become the great engine by which the clergy obtain the knowledge which is power, and the power which is lucre. But the reformers object to confession not only on this but on other and more spiritual grounds. They would not deprive any overburdened spirit of the power of seeking advice, and the assurance of the Divine pardon, but they consider the *habit* of auricular confession to be a spiritual infidelity to that 'informing' and indwelling Spirit which is never very far from any of us, and as a hypnotic of the human will to be blunting all the finer moral sensibilities of our nature.

(7.) The restoration of the Cup to the laity. If this has not yet been done in Switzerland it is because the reformers are still waiting for the synodical arrangement of this and many other matters of discipline.

(8.) The right of a council which is not Œcumenical to make laws is denied, and the right at any time to *develope* matters of pious opinion or tradition into dogmas, is rejected. The dogma of the Infallibility is therefore nullified.

(9.) Needless to say that the gross and materialistic version of the purity of the Virgin Mary, promulgated in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and unknown in the primitive Church, does not form part of the reformed creed.

(10.) Worship is not to be offered to her as the *Virgo Deipara*. The mediatorial work of Christ is not to be considered as shared with His mother or with any of the saints. On the other hand, the reformers invite the intercessory prayers of all Christians, members of the Church visible and invisible, in heaven as well as on earth, esteeming that the 'Communion of Saints' extends beyond such relations between Christians as are only seen and temporal. The doctrine of works of supererogation is unscriptural and untenable.

(11.) The validity of civil marriages is admitted, but civil interments are condemned. All casual fees to the clergy are forbidden.

(12.) The doctrine of Transubstantiation is repudiated, as being a philosophical error, and a grossly rationalistic and material rendering of the words of Christ when the Eucharist was instituted, and of His promise to be with His Church until the consummation of the centuries. But by the reformed Catholics the Real Presence is acknowledged and maintained,

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and they would not have it supposed that they know of no other alternative between the unscriptural and unphilosophical doctrine of Transubstantiation (in which the elements are said to be destroyed), and a *real absence* of Christ in the Sacrament, as taught by some Protestants. They differ from all persons who, taking an ultra-subjective view of the Sacrament, teach that in this His great ordinance our Divine Lord confers nothing but what can be secured without it.

These are all important reforms, and did space allow of it, or were the pages of this Review a vehicle for theological and disciplinary discussions, many more points might be mentioned, on some of which the reformers are all agreed, on others of which opinion is suspended till more synodical resolutions can be passed, and on a few of which the representatives of the Eastern Church are not yet prepared to agree with the Old Catholics. The acknowledgment of the validity of Anglican orders is one of these. Enough, however, has been said in this place to show the genuine, we had almost said the sweeping nature of the reforms demanded. But above all things, and before all things, the leaders ask for freedom, and for time—for time, because they do not wish to press upon their flocks innovations for which they are not prepared,* and for freedom from a spiritual pressure which, having steadily grown more intense, has now outstripped the bounds of human credulity and endurance.

We have said that for the Liberal reformers to keep the promises they are making to society and to the Christian Church, *two* things were necessary. First, the genuine nature of the reforms proposed; secondly, the stability of the movement. We have considered the first question, and their answers to it must be considered to be profoundly satisfactory. But when we come to consider the element of stability the prospect is more overcast. To be enduring reforms must not only be genuine, but they *must be felt to be needed*, and as such *demanded* by a preponderating mass of the laity. One swallow does not make a summer, and it does not suffice to have a theologian as gifted as Döllinger, a leader as chivalrous as Strossmayer, or an orator as eloquent as Hyacinthe Loyson. Everyone who wishes it cannot be a Luther; he must have Luther's fire, but he

* 'Civilisation and liberal institutions must be of organic growth and of national development, if they are to prosper and lead to the happiness of a people. Any stage in that development missed, any jump made in it, is sure to lead to confusion, and to retard the very development we desire.' (*Extract from a letter to Lord John Russell by the late Prince Consort.*)

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must also have Luther's *milieu*; there is needed the juxtaposition of the 'hour,' and of the 'man.' The reformer must not be alone, or merely the idol of a clique; otherwise, though he may be the founder of a sect, even of one which, like the Dutch Jansenists, still continues to possess dioceses and adherents in Holland, he will never be the Apostle of a Reformation. For a Reformation a captain is certainly required; but he must have officers (who must not, however, become an oligarchy), and above all he must have soldiers, a rank and file who can be relied on, as feeling that the work in which they are engaged is the very best and noblest that the laity can have at heart. The feeling of the country must go with its Luther in his struggle. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was not sectarian in its spirit. It was a great movement, a pulse that beat in Spain as well as on the shore of the North Sea: it was an all but general upheaval of the European mind towards liberty of thought. It was a general revolt of the lay intelligence against the temporal and spiritual supremacy of the clergy, when they had become oppressive in action, intolerant in teaching, and too often vicious in morals. It is true that the Reformed party broke up later into different communities, for the age was still one of small kingdoms and of great material separations. Each of the Reformed bodies has exhibited and retained some of the peculiarities of the country where it was fostered, or of the leader to whom it owed its popularity. But it is not these narrower distinctions that have made the Reformation immortal. It is immortal because it was a demanded reform; because it was a general emancipation, a growth of the human mind, a modification in the right direction of elements already existing, a vindication of truths founded in the Church of the Apostles, and which rooted themselves in the associations of mankind.

The crown and flower of such a movement was the Elizabethan Church of England. There the watchword was never destruction or innovation; there a simple, scriptural, Catholic, and objective teaching has preserved us from superstitions and dogmatic vagaries on the one hand, and from the subjective weakness of many of the Protestant sects on the other. To the formation of such a Church the nation gave its strength and its intelligence, viz. that of the era of More, of Shakspeare, and of Bacon; and, what is more, the whole nation contributed its good sense, its sobriety, its steadfastness, and its appreciation of a manly and regulated freedom.

To make Liberal Catholicism equally permanent and effectual we must have—not the thoughts of one or two theolo-

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gians, not the convictions of some oppressed priests—but the deliberate determination of a preponderant party among the Catholic laity to put away Ultramontanism, and to obtain and preserve liberty of conscience. Do the Catholic laity of Europe in any numbers demand this? Setting aside the passion for unification which makes Germany see in Rome the political foe of her so much coveted autonomy, is there in any country an overwhelming or even a considerable force of public opinion likely to make way for a Catholic Reform? Are the laity determined to have one? and are they ready to make any sacrifices, however costly, to obtain it, and to maintain it when once procured? Most heartily we should rejoice to think that this was the case; but we must not allow our wish to be father to our opinion. We are persuaded that from four great causes the Catholic laity are not yet so minded and not so prepared.

Of these causes the precedence may be given to the dissensions and instability of modern Protestantism. Hearts that are asking for a reformed Catholicism reject what Gratry called the Babel and decomposition of our hundred sects. We admit the perplexity that they occasion. If a Roman Catholic of average candour and education were requested by one Protestant friend to adopt the nebulous and negative theories of the late Dr. Strauss, and then handed from the illiterate, arbitrary, and subjective Evangelicalism of Lord Radstock to a school that teaches Englishmen that 'God is to be worshipped under the 'form of Bread,'* he would be puzzled, to say the least of it, by finding how far his doctors could disagree. To add to his distress he would find that, though they deny the infallibility of the Pope, and the fitness of a Church to possess authority on points of *faith*, *discipline* and *ritual*, the sects claim for themselves—each one for itself—an unerring insight into the mysteries of the Revealed Word. So long as Protestants exhibit this spectacle, they will fail either to convert the heathen or to convince Romanists that, while collectively unable or unwilling to agree, they possess a peculiar infallibility, by which they can become separately unerring and oracular.

The second obstacle to successful and national reform in Catholic countries is the passion of loyalty to the person of Pius IX. Never was the Papacy materially so weak, or financially and morally so strong, as through this sentiment, or at this moment, when the kingdom of Pius IX. must be allowed to be indeed not of this world. What used to be called Catholic Europe no longer exists as a geographical expres-

* Essays on Reunion, p. 180. Hayes: 1867.

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sion. France, the most Ultramontane of the kingdoms, is but half-hearted, and her preponderance is at an end. In Spain King Alfonso is neither the nominee of Germany nor the elect of the Roman Curia, and Don Carlos has less chance of the Spanish throne than has Henri V. of that of the Bourbons. Austria, since she has sanctioned civil marriages, has greatly modified the zeal of the Concordat. In Belgium, though the Cabinet and the Archbishop of Malines belong to the Vatican party, yet would Ultramontane measures be far from generally acceptable in the country. The attitude of Italy, while it is most wise and respectful, is simply fatal to the Temporal power. In Prussia the Great Chancellor is determined to stamp out a power which he considers adverse to the new unity of the Empire, and he has opened a campaign against the clergy which is not likely to come to a speedy close, for while it defies Rome, it also serves to keep agitations alight at home, and so prevent any democratic or *particularist* activity in the country. In the United States the Roman Catholic population is not so much American as Irish, though there is no doubt the Church flourishes in its freedom, and she has just been rewarded by the nomination of the first American cardinal, welcomed to the Western continent by President Grant. In the South American kingdoms difficulties between the State and the Ultramontanes have already occurred. Even Chili has her Camoys, Actons, and Petres,* and the pretensions of the Holy See have been made to give way, there, to the State. In short, little remains to His Holiness but two fragments of kingdoms—Ireland and Poland—which, distinguished as they are by their periodic crises of impotent disorder, yet alone of all the states of Europe receive the tribute of his admiration. These are the '*deux 'nations martyres, vivantes, et lumineuses*' of M. Louis Veuillot.

In the face of all this, in spite of all this, nay, perhaps in one sense, because of all this, the power of the Pope is greater than it has been for centuries. His friends are as numerous, their combinations are bolder, his pretensions are more egregious, his assertions more groundless, his camarilla more unscrupulous, and his phalanx of able, obedient, and pious emissaries

* The *Ferro Carril* of Santiago thus complains of the disloyalty of the priestly faction:—'Its meaning is just this, that the Church is 'persecuted because it is not furnished with weapons to persecute with. 'Persecuted because it cannot persuade the police to pursue such as 'rebel against its teachings. Persecuted because the civil law is not a 'slavish obedience to Church law. Persecuted, in fact, because men, 'governments, and people fall not on their knees at its feet.'

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is more serried than before. And we think that Mr. Gladstone has strangely mistaken his time and opportunity to address this venerable and sacred person in language which, if it had come from any other quarter, he would have been the first to denounce as inappropriate and unbecoming.

Vaticanism flourishes as yet on what was meant to extinguish it. Protestant bodies which exist alongside of it and which hold up a high standard in England of excellence, and in Germany of erudition, compel it to be moral in tone. Its apologists are men of solid acquirements, and even if they contrast unfavourably with German philosophers, they do not deserve the reproach of ignorance or of obscurantism, except in as far as their learning is apt to run too much in one groove.

'The red fool fury of the Seine' from time to time bursts its banks, and then threatens to carry away the institution of the Priesthood in France; but these inundations, periodic and terrific as they are, have not yet sapped the foundations of the Church in France. Nay, every revolution that weakens the moral sense of mankind through license has added something to the prestige of a religion whose ministers represent order, piety, and property. During the reaction that follows, the yoke of the Papacy is not only endured but is positively invited. Our age is so luxurious, so materialist, so rich, so excitable and so impatient of denial, that a creed which offers some hostages for order and decorum, receives the votes of all who abhor license, and who would willingly place the social and moral ties of mankind under the sanction of faith and religion.

Ultramontanism, as yet, has only thriven on persecution. The coercive measures which Prince Bismarck adopts make his victims personally uncomfortable, but the cause is really only rendered more popular, and so long as the Chancellor adds to the moral strength of his adversaries he is working in the wrong direction. Providence, he has long ago convinced himself, is on the side of the largest battalions, but the church that has the most martyrs, real or imaginary, is as sure to have the strongest hold on the passions, if not on the beliefs, of a nation. Since the German Chancellor took the matter in hand, five Catholic bishops have been imprisoned, 14,000 priests imprisoned or fined, and about as many laymen have suffered for speaking unfavourably of the Falck Laws, but very nearly double the number of Ultramontane members have been returned to the German parliament by a laity determined to stand by their clergy and church. Anyone who covets the crown of martyrdom can now have it cheap in Germany, for Prince Bismarck will be happy to impose a fine of 1,000 thalers, for which

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he has plenty of uses, and which the Ultramontanes will be equally happy to pay, knowing that there is political capital to be made out of the hardship. Martyrdom is become the fashion, and the sufferings, real or imaginary, of the 'Prisoner of the 'Vatican,' appeal to the ignorant and the sensitive. By the efforts of a zealous propaganda, truth has been so extraordinarily distorted, that last autumn in Savoy and the Faucigny *straw was being sold as coming from the dungeon of the Holy Father*, and this with the connivance, to give it no harsher term, of the local clergy. It is incredible, but it is quite certain, that by artifices only a little less preposterous many hearts are stirred and many pens enlisted, as sharp as ever were the swords drawn by the Crusaders for the relief of the Holy Places.

Besides his own court, and the General of the Order of Jesus, Pius IX. can count on the shafts of the *Voce della Verità*, of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and of the *Univers*. M. Louis Veuillot and his subalterns are obscurantists, who make no disguise of their preference for darkness, bigots who do not attempt to disguise their bigotry. Speaking of Rome, M. Veuillot cries out, 'Grant here, O Lord, no more triumphs 'to Nero, to Luther, and to Satan.' Probably the King of Italy is figured under the last of these names; but the virulence and scurrility of this language ought to be damaging to any cause that Veuillot takes up. Yet none the less is he sure of a large circle of readers when he writes such sentences as these:—'The Pope is the Eucharist;' 'The Pope is 'the man with whom God abides continually;' 'The Pope is 'the man who carries in himself the mind (*pensée*) of God.' From such an attitude of blasphemous adulation to the proclamation of a personal infallibility there is but one step, and that one must have been easy to Cardinal Manning when he wrote 'The Pope is infallible solely and apart from the Episco-'pal body, whether congregated or dispersed.' It is through this strange passion of loyalty to the person of Pius IX., that hundreds of his subjects have been led up to a proposition which not only outrages every bishop now in possession of a see, but reflects on the whole past tradition of the Church,* and on her Œcumenical decisions. They proclaim him infallible, and while such utterances fall from such lips, and instead of being hooted down by the laity are echoed and supported, it is impossible not to think with Bordas-Desmoulin that Chris-

* 'La tradizione son *io*,' was the reply of Pius IX. to the remonstrances of Bishop Guidi.

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tianity has fallen as low as it is possible for it to fall without altogether perishing. And to make it more perplexing, there are learned men like Dom Guéranger, of Solesmes, tender-hearted men like Mgr. Bertrand of Tulle, eloquent men like Mgr. Pie of Poitiers, courtly men like Mgr. Deschamps of Malines, and laymen like Carné, Monmigny, and Pécoul, who emulate Bishop Mermillod and Cardinal Manning in this singular passion of loyalty. Pilgrims are animated by the same contagion which inspires journalists. Soldiers like Queleu, Pas, and Guèrin once asked nothing better than to fall for this faith at Castel Fidardo, and strong in a devotion which the Virgin Mary alone shared with the Pope, Colonel Charette encouraged his Zouaves to fight on the banks of the Loire.

In examining the position of the Liberal Catholic party, it will be well therefore not to undervalue the strength of this passion. The fiery eloquence of the old man himself only seems to fan the flame, for the Latin, Celtic, and Sarmatian races do not shrink from an amount of vituperation that is foreign to English or German disputants, be they ever so angry. There are those who, while they deplore these facts, find comfort in the hope that much of this passion will evaporate with the life of this Pontiff, who has so long exceeded the years of Peter. It may be so. It may be that on the death of Pius IX. multitudes of Liberal Catholics will start, like conspirators from behind the wainscot, and swell the ranks of the Liberal party. Up to this time they have lacked in Italy both a head and an organ, but as the time draws daily nearer when Latin Christianity must go through the throes of a fresh Papal election, it may well be that this party, with Baron Ricasoli as its lay adviser, may attain to more coherency and power.

But let us suppose this passion of personal loyalty to Pius IX. as no longer stopping the way, we yet learn from the spectacle of the Catholic Church in Geneva that another difficulty exists for a Liberal Church, viz., its relations with the State. In Geneva the action of the State has been excessive, and it has resulted in the presence in the city of Calvin of three different sorts of Churches, all bearing the name of Catholic. To explain this anomaly it is necessary to state, in the first place, that the Catholic population of this little republic is in excess of its Protestant population to the extent of over 2,000 souls. In the second place, it may easily be supposed that the growth of this Catholic element has long been an object of jealousy to the burghers of the city of Calvin. They had watched it with suspicion, and did not require to be

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provoked by such an ill-timed aggression as was made upon them by the Vatican when Gaspard Mermillod first arrogated to himself the styles and titles of Vicar-General of Geneva (subject to the Bishop of Fribourg), and then as auxiliary bishop of Geneva, declared himself independent of the see under which the Catholics of Geneva had been placed by the law of 1832.

This law had obtained the consent of the Pope at the time when it was passed, and the appointment of Mermillod was therefore in direct contravention to it. How Bishop Mermillod persevered in his *fanfaronnade*, how he was expelled from Geneva, and from the so-called Cathedral of Notre Dame, and how he was rather roughly conducted over the frontier, is known to all; but it requires to be on the spot to see how this 'Exile of Ferney' apes the prisoner of the Vatican, and of how much adulation this shallow, specious, and intriguing personage is the object. He continues to hold a small court, and still leads the Ultramontane party to mob meetings at Les Allinges, and to pilgrimages to Einsiedeln.

The Catholic Church of Geneva was in consequence of his aggression taken in hand by the Government. New laws were drawn up, elections were made more popular and the principal charge in the city was given to another and very different exile—to Hyacinthe Loyson—who with Messrs. Chavard and Hurtault officiated for some months in the old Church of St. Germain. But Geneva contains besides religious passions equally strong political ones, and the Père Hyacinthe found himself officially at the head of a column whose doctrinal tenets were lax, and whose radicalism was of the most advanced sort.

In July, 1874, as he could no longer march with them, he resigned his cure, and he now ministers to an independent congregation of Liberal Catholics, who are more conservative in doctrine, and less Erastian in politics than the State Church of Geneva. What may be the ultimate fate of this little body (about 700 souls) it is impossible to say. They may throw in their lot with the more democratic Catholic reform movement in the Jura, and ultimately with the Old Catholics, obtaining orders from Bishop Reinkens, as he has obtained them from Bishop Heycamp of Deventer. At best the work of the Père Hyacinthe can be but tentative. It is well that it should be tentative, and that previous at least to the death of this Pope, he should not allow himself to be led away by the arguments of M. de Pressensé, or by the example of his many American friends, to adopt, as his motto, complete freedom and absolute separation from the State for all reformed bodies.

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In this matter Bishop Reinkens has set him a good example. He was consecrated at Rotterdam on August 11, 1873, when, instead of the *mandatum apostolicum*, the formal proofs of the legal election of the new bishop was read. The governments of Prussia, Baden, and Hesse have since acknowledged Reinkens as a bishop of the Catholic Church recognised by the State, and the King of Prussia, in replying to his congratulations for the new year, 1874, prays that 'the certainly 'correct conviction shared by the *Hochwürdiger Herr Bischof* 'may win ground more and more.' It is remarkable with what sagacity and moderation the Old Catholics have kept themselves apart from the conflicts between the Chancellor and the Ultramontane clergy, and no doubt they feel how important it is for them not to identify themselves with any political party, or with any such an Ultra-Cæsarism as would trammel the Church they hope to found.

When we had written so far of the difficulties in the way of a general demand for reform, and of the success of the Liberal party, we could have wished that we had exhausted the list. But, alas! it is not so. Schools of negation and affirmation now divide the world, and they do more than divide it, for the very existence of the one invalidates the testimony and weakens the case of the other. Thus Ultramontane Catholicism of the most infatuated and materialistic sort has made many converts since the old formulas of faith have been declared null by those who professed them, and void by those who see that they are opposed to the new inferences of science. We have alteration going on in the Protestant world by a process of elimination which does not always stop short of destruction, and at such a crisis Rome makes many recruits. All that a home represents to the bodies and the affections of men, a church represents to the spirits of thousands of mankind, especially of womankind. It is not only that it appeals to their associations, but it saves them from loneliness, and from the trouble of responsibility. The same flimsy education and nervous sensibility which has given rise to a taste for sensationalism in art, also attracts to Rome many a foolish Philothea. Protestantism and Liberal Catholicism require courage, reflection, and some independence of mind, but the Church of Rome offers herself for the relief of the timid and the weak. The more subjective the training, and the more emotional the patient, the happier is her opportunity. It is when they have been promised absolute certainty, and perfect security as its result, that such men and women come and ask for a passage in the boat of the Fisherman. They believe that in this way they cannot miss

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the rewards which they have long been taught to believe follow on orthodox opinions, and Rome has yearly some converts the more.

Such is the reactionary effect of modern instability of doctrine on minds unable or unwilling to bear the strain and pressure of the time. But we have kept to the last the consideration of the *direct* bearings of modern science and philosophical inquiry upon the prospects of Liberal Reform and Reunion. An immense obstacle to such a reunion and reformation as the Old Catholics are attempting certainly lies at present in the attitude of modern science towards faith, and in the antagonism of the modern intellect to the theological formulas of the past. The would-be reformer finds himself not only opposed by Vaticanism, but confronted with men who occupy a very different position, and who must have a very different influence on the Churches of the future. We do not speak of the political adversaries of Christianity and of all churches: of the Gambettas of religion. But there are schools which rise up and ask our creeds to give an account of their origin. It is not now a question between the Council of Florence, hateful to the Schismatics, or of Trent, rejected by the Protestants, or of the Vatican, questioned by Liberal Catholics. It is not even between the Apostles' Creed as the expression of popular, and the Nicene Creed as the symbol of learned Christianity. The matter is far graver. The axe is now at the very root of the tree. We are asked if our knowledge of God is only intuitive? If intuitive, was that intuition, His own noblest gift to man, intended to become the parent of faith and the touchstone of practice? or is the Divinity whom we now adore only the anthropomorphous offspring of our human possibilities, of our own wish, and of our needs? And if not an intuitive belief, can ours be said to be an inferential one? For, it is now suggested, God is perhaps nothing but His own *Law*, and, therefore, not inferential from science at all. Then as regards inference from Revelation, the chorus of eager questions swells louder still. 'What,' they ask, '*is* Scripture? Is it a book of known origin and of valid 'plenary inspiration? Or is its inspiration at most only an '*essential* one? Did the thoughts that are recorded there 'come as a miraculous gift, or are they the result of an infusion 'of the Divine ideas, proper certainly to the person, but also 'to the epoch and to the race?'

We have waited till the last before alluding to this the intellectual difficulty, to this the last obstacle, to a generally demanded and generally desired Reformation. We have done so because in this very difficulty there also seems to lie some hope

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for the future. In the face of such an examination of our faith surely only those articles will be retained by candid people which can stand such a test. If a reunion of the Churches ever takes place, it must therefore be on a mutual understanding of a much less intricate nature than any that has yet been attempted. At this moment the Churches can only as it were hail each other from the tops of their different mountains. Of these peaks Ultramontanism occupies the highest, having certainly piled Pelion upon Ossa; but all have departed largely from those simple rules for the moral life of man, and aids for his spiritual growth, which formed the teaching of Christ.

A fairer, truer, and more primitive view of His person and mission would reconcile many religious bodies now estranged by polemical hatreds and theological subtleties. It may be that few, if any, of the Churches are at present prepared to make such a change, or to grant such mutual concessions. But they will be. When we consider that ours is a religion, not a fetish-worship; that it is a religion having for its object the Infinite God, and that as such its awful verities can never be fully grasped by finite men; then perhaps we shall cease to wish to dogmatise so very narrowly about it. The *substance* of the Great Spirit, in whom we live and have all our being, cannot be weighed by any man: then how can religious intolerance have any logical basis between us? The quarrels, the wars, and the religious hatreds of the world are really only the proofs of our intellectual infancy, the squabbles of children in the nursery, who know nothing of their Father's aims and designs, and who are occupied with everything rather than with the Divine Example.

The history of the Church has been too long the apotheosis of errors, and we cannot agree with those Liberal Catholics who expect to find a panacea for modern ills in the decisions of the first six Councils. Ancient Christianity is far, very far, from being the golden age which a regretful fancy would paint. The Fathers were not infallible, but as capable as their descendants of thinking, believing, and saying many strange things. Like the Apostles, they could not agree among themselves on points of dogma and discipline, and like the Protestant Churches of to-day, they contradicted and 'withstood' each other; indeed, they were ready with St. Paul, to curse 'even an angel from heaven,' should such a divine messenger arrive to differ from them. It is not with them any more than here among ourselves that unity is to be found, and the extraordinary value set by all disputants on theology is surely misplaced. The Gospel does not contain formulas of theology. Its divine truths are not, especially in

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the synoptic Gospels, disguised by any subtleties of language. For the crowded superstructures built over it, as for the multitude of opinions about those superstructures and 'developments,' the Gospel is not responsible. The Church of the future must discard all such superstructures. The Liberal Catholic party must therefore beware of losing time by attempting to fill old bottles with new wine. Much of what they cherish is untenable, and will daily become more so, and they must look their true situation in the face.

To those pious and tender spirits who venerate in the Church of Rome the glorious heritage of the centuries that situation is painful. It is painful to be made to feel that they are the heirs of many pagan rites, of much effete mythology, of doubtful traditions, of spurious decretals, of Jewish and Gnostic taints, and above all of the coarsely daubed pictures of Christianity which have been popularised among the Latin races. These things, as associated with a venerated past, are not lightly parted with. Even a man like Hyacinthe Loyson admits that the 'sweet poison' of his ancestral faith, as sucked in with his mother's milk, still runs in his veins; but in error, as in infallibility, there can be no degrees. In reverting to the simplicity of our faith as set forth by its Founder, the Church will find more unity and light. If we prefer the darkness, then we shall bring on our churches and on our native lands the wonderful and horrible thing that was once seen in Jewry, and that is now to be seen at the Vatican—a false prophecy, on the strength of which priests rule, and, what is most grievous of all, a people that will have it so.

Note to page 294, *line* 12, *of this Volume.*

The writer of the article on Mr. Theodore Martin's 'Life of the 'Prince Consort' was mistaken in the statement (which he gave as a passage of *unwritten* history), that 'a direct overture was made by the 'Queen of Spain to the Queen of England' in the matter of the Spanish marriage. We are now enabled to state upon the best authority that no such overture was made by Queen Isabella to Queen Victoria. The communication alluded to by the writer of the article took the form of a letter or letters from Queen Christina to King Leopold, which passed through a private channel; but the nature and substance of the communication are, we believe, correctly described in the passage to which this note refers.

No. CCLXXXIX. will be published in July.

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INDEX.

A

Africa, the Heart of, review of Dr. Schweinfurth's and Sir Samuel Baker's works treating of, 209—the question which is the *true* Nile—the Blue Nile or the White Nile, 210—different aims and objects of the two travellers, 211–2—Schweinfurth and his adventures, 212–21—puts himself under the guidance of Mohammed Aboo Sammat, 221—and visits the Mittoo country, the Niam Niam, and the Monbuttoo, 221–4—is visited by the chief, Wando, 225—passes the watershed of the Nile Basin, 226—has audience of King Munza, 227–9—becomes satisfied of the existence of a pigmy race, 229—returns to the north, and reaches Europe, 230–2—Sir S. Baker's object in his African expedition, 233—the *Sett* or grass barrier, 234—Aboo Saood, 235–6—difficulties encountered, 237–9—the battle of Masindi, 239–40—Mtésé, the King of Uganda, 240—Baker's victory at Fatiko, 240—reaches Cairo, 241—his failure to extirpate the slave trade in Africa, 241–2.

Agricultural Labourers of England, review of works treating of, 126—the increasing depopulation of our agricultural districts, 127—the perplexed question of wages, 128—the system of 'perquisites,' 129—increase in wages, 131–4—the English agricultural labourer compared with the Russian, French, and German, 134–3—small-farm and large-farm systems examined, 139–40—the Lincolnshire League and the Farmers' Association, 141–2—the Suffolk lock-out, 143—the future relationship between farmers and their labourers, 144–6—necessity of improved cottages, 147—parish relief, 148—extended education, 149.

Architecture, Modern, 386–416—the civilisation of a country exhibited by its edifices, 386–8—architecture both a science and an art, 389–93—drawings or models—which to be preferred in the preparation of architectural designs, 394–6—faults found with modern architecture and its constructors, 396–9—launch of the 'Great Eastern,' 400-1—many inventions crude and imperfect, 401–2—the International Workman's Exhibition at Islington, 403–4—Mr. Fergusson on essays in the 'Quarterly,' 404—the best method of improving the style of modern architecture, 405–8—great impulse given to ecclesiastical architecture since the accession of Queen Victoria, 408–11—Mr. Eastlake's 'History of the Gothic Revival,' 412—all architecture to be traced to the three ideas of the tent, the hut, and the cave, 413—Gothic architecture in England, 414—iron as a material in building, 415–6.

Arctic Exploration, the, review of works relating to, 447—object of the

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present expedition, 448–9—Arctic ice, 450–2—Dr. Petermann's theory, 452–4—the first German expedition to the Arctic regions, 455–6—the second, 456–60—the Austrian expedition of 1871, 460–2—that of 1872, 462–7—the American expedition of 1853, 468—that of 1860, 469–70—that of 1871, 471–3—speculations as to the probable climate of the Arctic regions, 474–5—islands and currents, 475–6—warm undercurrent, 477–8—meteorological problems, 478–9—the proposed Arctic expedition, 480–1.

B

Baker, Sir S., 233–42. See *Africa.*

C

Catholic Reform, 554–84. See *Papal Rome.*

Constable, Archibald, and his Literary Correspondents, review of, 149—Archibald Constable's ancestors, 150–1—his apprenticeship, 151—his marriage, 152—starts in business as dealer in 'scarce old books,' 153—becomes publisher of the 'Edinburgh Review' and other magazines, 154—his connexion with Mr. Longman, 155—the Messrs. Hunter, 155–6—great number of Scotsmen in London, 157–8—Thomas Campbell, 158—John Leyden and Alexander Murray, 159–61—Murray of Albemarle Street, 161—George Chalmers the antiquary, 162–3—letter from Sir Walter Scott, 163–4—Dr. Duncan Forbes, 165—correspondence between Constable and Dugald Stewart, 165–7—Professor Playfair, 167—David Constable, 168–70—the catastrophe which overtook Constable in 1825, 171, *et seq.*—Scott's unprecedented literary labours, 177—becomes involved in Constable's and the Ballantynes' embarrassments, 178.

Cox, Mr., his history of Greece, review of, 242–72.

E

Ellenborough, Lord, review of his Indian Administration, and his Letters to the Queen during that period, 31—his appointment to the Governor-Generalship of India in 1842, 32—the Chinese War, and the Duke of Wellington's memoranda thereon, 33–4—the catastrophe in Afghanistan, 35–6—Lord Ellenborough's want of discernment of character, 37—his dislike of members of the Civil Service, 37–8—the reoccupation of Cabul, 39–40—hostilities with the Mahrattas and other Indian powers, 41–43—mutiny in the Madras and Bengal armies, 43–5—Lord Ellenborough becomes dissatisfied with the upper officers, 46–7—his administration of military matters a speciality, 48–50—the Duke of Wellington's horror of the newspaper press, 51-2.

F

France, state of, 363–85—extraordinary resemblance between the National Assembly of the great Revolution and the present one, 373–4—state of parties in that Assembly, 375—M. Buffet, 376–7—the task proposed to itself by the majority of the Assembly, 377–9—an elected President unsuitable to the French character, 380—the proposed Great Council or Senate, 381–2—lesson to be

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learnt from the state of France since the fall of the Second Empire, 383–4—James Madison on the mischievous effects of a mutable government, 384–5—a Constitutional Monarchy probably the government best suited for France, 385.

G

Greece, Mr. Cox's History of, review of, 242—his courage in expressing his views, 243—his estimate of the credibility of Herodotus, 243—the geography of Greece, 244–5—race and language, 245–6—myths, legends, traditions, and early history, 247–54—early origin and growth of Hellenic civilisation, 255—the family and the home, 255–8—Draco and Solon, 259–63—the intellectual education of the Greeks, 260–3—the Persian Wars, as described by Herodotus and Thucydides, 263–9—Alcibiades and Themistocles, 270–1—Mr. Cox's graphic narrative of the departure of the Athenian expedition to Sicily, 271–2.

Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., his 'Expostulation with Roman Catholics,' 557.

I

India, the Geology and Races of, 330—the geological history of India one of the most wonderful and curious on record, 330–1—the geographical boundaries of India, 331–2—India's probable geologic history, 333—Mr. Blandford's theory of the upheaval of the Himalayas, 334—Régur, or the 'cotton soil,' of India, 335—the population of India divisible into two great classes—the Aryan and the Turanian, 336–7—probable emigration of the Aryans from Central Asia, 337—their civilisation, social polity, and religion, 338, *et seq.*—the Kashmerians and Afghans, 339–40—the Sikhs and other inhabitants of the Punjab, the valleys of the Indus, the Ganges, and Nepal, 340–3—effects of Mussulman conquest, 344—geological formation of Central India, 345–6—the coal resources of Bengal, 346–8, and *note*—other coal fields and minerals, especially iron ore, 348–53—interesting geological features of the two central zones of India, 354–5—their inhabitants, 355–8—the Dravidians or Turanians, 358–9—remarks on the effects of soil and climate on the minds and bodies of the various peoples of India, 360–2.

K

Kinglake, Alexander William, review of his Invasion of the Crimea and his Battle of Inkerman, 522—position of the Allied forces previous to the battle, 523–7—action of Oct. 26th, 527–8—that of Nov. 5th, called the Battle of Inkerman, 528, *et seq.*—description of the battle-field, 529–31—Menschikoff's plan of attack, 532–3—General Dannenberg's mode of carrying it out, 533–7—attack along the Careenage Ravine and the Quarry Ravine, 537–9—the Russians driven back, 540—fierce encounter on the Fore Ridge and round the Sandbag Battery, 541–2—death of General Cathcart, 542—attack renewed, and the Russians repulsed at all points, 543–5—remarks on Mr. Kinglake's account of the battle, 546–51—four principal causes of our success, 551–2—important consequences resulting from it, 553.

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L

Law Reform in England, progress of, review of works treating of, 179—the Judicature Act of 1873, 179—Cromwell's wise ameliorations in English law, 180–1—minor reforms in the first years of the Restoration, 181–2—the Union with Scotland, 182–3—corruption in the Court of Chancery, 183–5—the Accountant-General in Chancery, 185–6—Royal Commission of Inquiry of 1733, 186—another Commission of 1873, 187—the sale of offices prohibited. 188—the law relating to insolvent debtors, 189–90—salaries of judges and justices, 191–4—alteration in the machinery of law, 194–6—Act of 1776, 196—progress of law reform between 1776 and 1815, 197—sinecures, and payment by fees, 198–200—Act of 1869, 200–4—provisions of the Judicature Act of 1873, 205–9.

Lusio Pilaris and Lawn Tennis, review of works treating of, 52—tennis and tennis-courts, 53–8—the game illustrated and explained in detail, 58–68—lawn tennis, 68—the tennis-ball, 69—balls used by the ancients in their games of follis and pallone, 70–2—criticisms on the game of sphairistiké, 73–8—remedies suggested, 78–81—an African tennis-court, 81–6—best form for rackets, 87—ball-play amongst the Romans, 88.

M

Macready, William, review of his 'Reminiscences and Selections from 'his Diaries and Letters,' 416—motives that led him to become his own chronicler, 417—his infirmity of temper, 418—his schooldays, 419–20—goes on the stage at the age of sixteen, 421—his *début* at Birmingham as Romeo, 422—performs with Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan, 423–4—his first acquaintance with Edmund Kean, 425—his appreciation of Kean in Richard III., 425–6—his first appearance on the London boards, 426—his partial success, 427—succeeds in the character of Pescara in the 'Apostate,' 428—chafes at being kept in the background, 429—his Virginius, Lear, Hamlet, and Macbeth, 430–5—visits France, Switzerland, and Italy, 434—his assault on Bunn, 435–6—is in personal danger at a New York theatre, 437—his management of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, 439–41—his frequent production of new plays, 441–2—his Halbert in 'Glencoe,' 443—his Ion and Claude, 443—his retirement, and private life and pursuits, 444–7.

Malouet, Baron, review of his Memoirs, 363—some account of the author, 363–4—elected deputy of the *tiers*, 364—his letter to M.M. Necker and de Montmorin, 365–6—his interview with Mirabeau, 366–7—Mirabeau's interview with M. Necker, 368—Malouet's reflections on the Revolution, 369–70—his intimacy with Lord Grenville, Pitt, and Dundas, 371—abortive attempt to restore order in St. Domingo, 371–2—takes service under the first Empire and at the Restoration, 372–3—his death in 1814, 373.

Mill, John Stuart, Mr., review of his Essays on Theism, and other works, 1—the school of philosophy represented by him and his father, and by Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin and others, 2–5—Tyndall's Address before the British Association at Belfast, 5–7—John Stuart Mill's posthumous Essays, 8—his definition of the terms *natural* and

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nature, 9–12—his picture of man far from encouraging, 13–4—his views of the character and attributes of the Creator, 15–20—the true bearing of the argument of design, 21–4—Mr. Mill's tendency to favour the Manichean doctrine, 24–6—his views on the immortality of the soul, 26–8—his rejection of all miraculous evidence of Revelation, 29—his high appreciation of the personal character of Christ, 30–1.

N

Note on Article I., 299—on Article X., 584.

P

Papal Rome and Catholic Reform, review of works treating of, 554—ecclesiasticism greatly affects modern politics, 555—Mr. Disraeli's 'Lothair,' 556—Mr. Gladstone's 'Expostulation,' 557–9—the replies thereto, 559–64—Liberal Catholicism, 564–8—the Old Catholics, 568–70—points on which Liberal Catholics differ from the ordinances of the Council of Trent, 571–3—what is absolutely necessary for a permanent reform, 573–6—the Pope never more powerful than now, 576–80—Père Hyacinthe Loyson, 580–1—grave issues at stake in the religious world, 582–4.

Prince Consort, The, Life of, reviewed, 272—the proper limits of contemporary history, 272–3—the lives of the Queen and of the Prince inseparably united, 273—hence Her Majesty's large share in the book under review, 274–5—difficulties of a Court biographer, 275—strict seclusion of Her Majesty's early days, 276–7—Prince Albert a successful suitor, 277—Mr. Anson selected to be his Private Secretary, 278—the question of precedence to be accorded to the Prince Consort, 279–80—his true political position, 281–2—the Eastern question, 282–3—transfer of power from the Whigs to Sir R. Peel, 233–4—Lord Palmerston's feeling against the French Government, 285—visit of the Queen and Prince Albert to the French Court at the Château d'Eu, in 1843, 286–7—the Emperor Nicholas visits England, 287–8—Her Majesty's sketch of the Emperor's character, 288–9—her confidence in Sir R. Peel, 289–92—the Spanish marriages, 292–6—Sir H. Bulwer and Lord Palmerston on the subject, 296–7—Prince Albert deeply affected by the great events of 1848, 298–9.

S

'*Supernatural Religion*: an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation,' review of, 482—the author's enormous pretensions, 483—plan and objects of his book, 484–6—the Canon of Scripture, 487–9—Hebraic and Hellenic elements in the early Christian Church, 490–1—scarcity of its literature in the seventy years between Nero and Hadrian, 491–2—Papias, 492–3—the 'Gospel according to the 'Hebrews,' 493—the Pauline and Petrine parties in the Church, 494–5—the Jewish revolt against Hadrian in A.D. 131, 495–7—Marcion of Sinope, 498—Justin Martyr, 499—Hegesippus, 500—the Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, 501–2—the Canon of the New Testament, 503—the author's positions unsound and pretentious, 504–8—testimony of the early Fathers as to the canonicity

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of the Synoptical Gospels, 509–16—the proofs of Christ's Resurrection, 517–8—the question of miracles, 519—the author's admiration of the character of Jesus Christ, 519–20—conclusion, 521.

V

Vinci, Leonardo da, review of works treating of, 89—the state of Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, 89–93—Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, 93–4—the early days of Leonardo da Vinci, 95–8—his vein of caricature, 98–100—his exquisite expression, especially in his female heads, 101–2—Mrs. Heaton on the neglect shown to him by the Medici, 102–4—his letter to Lodovico Sforza, 105–6—his many and varied accomplishments, 106—his equestrian statue in honour of Francesco Sforza, 107—his celebrated picture the 'Cena,' 108–12—his portraits, 112—his 'Holy Families,' 113—becomes chief military engineer to Cæsar Borgia, 113—his skill as an architect, 113—his varied forms of intellectual activity, 114—his 'Il Trattato della Pittura,' 114–8—his mastery of mathematical and geometrical laws, 119—his engineering and mechanical talents, 120–2—his character not altogether pleasing, 123—his want of patriotism, 124—joins the service of Francis I., and dies at the Château of Cloux in 1519, 125.

W

Wellington, Field Marshal Arthur Duke of, review of his new series of Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda, 301—highly esteemed in England from the Battle of Waterloo to his death, 301–3—his resistance to Catholic Emancipation, 303—revolution meant, with him, war, 304—his Despatches a repertory of good sense and practical judgment, 305—his connexion with Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, 306—takes the place of Lord Londonderry at the Congresses of Vienna and Verona, 306–7—his opposition to the French invasion of Spain in 1820, 307–8—his relations with Canning as Foreign Secretary, 308–11—his answer to Prince Metternich on the political isolation of England, 311–2—his mission to the Emperor Nicholas in 1826, 312–5—his refusal to serve under Canning, 315–8—his interview with the King after having resigned the command of the army, 318–9—his practical view of the question of Catholic Emancipation, 320–23—his difficulties in removing the religious scruples of the King, 323–4—his recall of Lord Anglesea from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, 324–5—his duel with Lord Winchelsea, 326—his remonstrance against the King's conduct, 326–7—Catholic Emancipation gained, 327—his method of managing the King, 327—practically his own Foreign Minister, 328—his dealings with Portugal and Greece, 328–9—his vain struggle against Parliamentary Reform, 329—the epithet *great* fitly applicable to him, 330.

END OF VOL. CXLI.

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